THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SAINT VALEN TINE

Garet Garrett—Albert W. Atwood—Earl Derr Biggers—Norval Richardson
Hugh MacNair Kahler—M. L. Blumenthal—Roland Pertwee—Sam Hellman

GOODRICH

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PROCTER & GAMBLE

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* * *

In washing silk or wool, the entire operation should not take more than five minutes.

* * *

For setting colors, see directions on the Ivory Flakes package.

* * *

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It is easy to determine whether or not a soap is gentle enough to be used for delicate garments.

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I V O R Y

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U. S. SHIPS; U. S. MUD

By GARET GARRETT

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

October 5, 1922.

My dear Chairman Lasker:

I have just finished reading a copy of the report of the American Consulate General's office on the British attitude toward the American Merchant Marine, a copy of which was forwarded to you by the Secretary of State. I consider this extremely interesting and I think we shall have this report supplemented by even more significant suggestions on the British attitude. Without violating the proprieties we must find a way to have this competitive state of mind brought to the attention of the American people.

Very truly yours,

Warren G. Harding

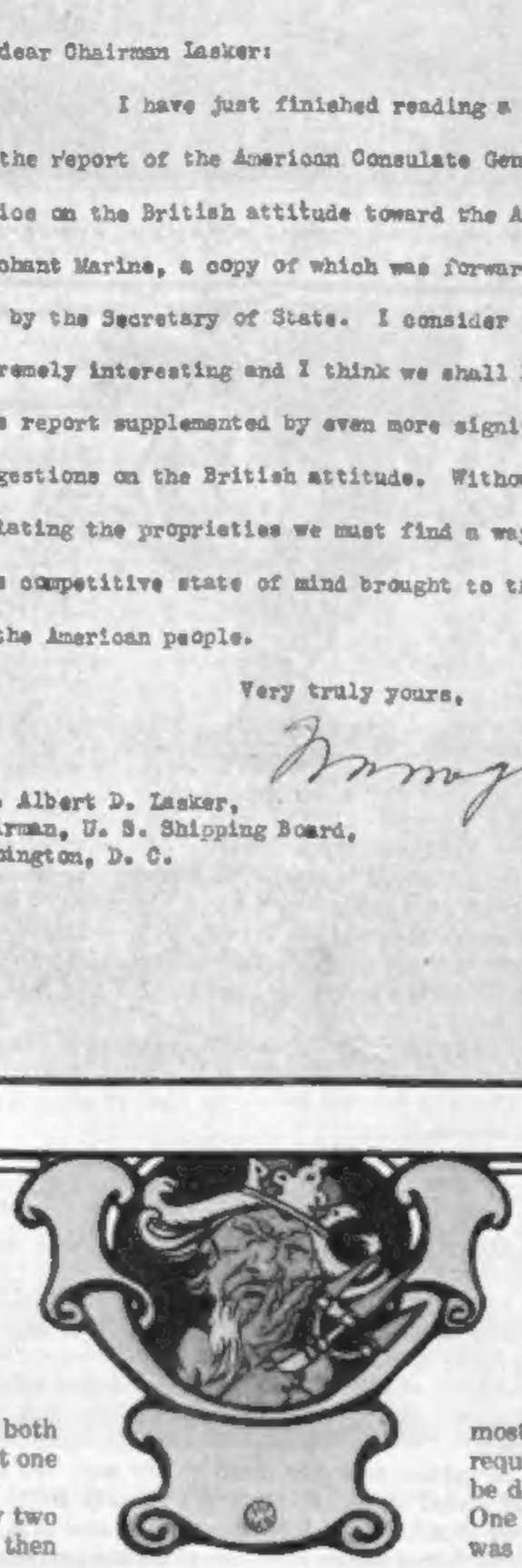
Hon. Albert D. Lasker,
Chairman, U. S. Shipping Board,
Washington, D. C.

WHAT staggers the American merchant marine is an invisible cargo. Every government ship carries it until she groans and her bosom pieces start. Some carry almost nothing else. It is a cargo of rather egotistical inexperience, of irresponsibility, of all the fantastic evils that beset a government in the conduct of a business it knows very little about; and somewhere on the manifest, perhaps at the very end, we should read: Item, defeatist propaganda.

What is that?

It is the most injurious part. Everyone who touches the ship problem talks of it continually. Yet no one precisely defines it. It seems both real and unreal. Some of it we do to ourselves unawares, saying all the time others are doing it to us; again it appears to be something others do to us as if we were doing it to ourselves. It may be illustrated.

Let it be supposed that by defeatist propaganda is meant any way of talking or writing, whether it be honest or malicious, spontaneous or subtle, which tends to discredit American ships or to discourage the national effort toward a merchant marine. And let the illustration begin with a notable case. The Leviathan, at the top of our fleet, the finest, fastest passenger liner on the sea, has been the object of more defeatist propaganda than any other ship that ever lived. She is one of three boats called monsters. The two others are the Berengaria, owned by the Cunard Line, and the Majestic, owned by the White Star Line, both under the British flag. They are all three German built, all of about one size, all prizes of war.



The Leviathan was the Vaterland and new. She had made only two and a half voyages, transatlantic, when the war began. She was then at her berth in Hoboken and was interned there until the United States became a belligerent. Then she was seized and turned over to the Navy Department, having been idle for more than two and a half years. The Navy Department stripped her of everything de luxe and made her a troop transport. She carried 5 per cent of our Army to France and back. You would think there might be some special affection for her on that account. When the war ended she was tied up again at Hoboken. The problem was what to do with her. She lay there for a long time, costing $700,000 a year in idleness. It would cost $8,000,000 or $10,000,000 to make her back into a passenger liner. The Shipping Board received an offer of $4,000,000 for her just as she was, and would have sold her but that Hearst stopped the sale by a court's injunction.

At about this time the rat story started. It appears to have been at first a typical impish afternoon-newspaper story in New York. It became an international story; it now is represented in the archives by an official file several inches thick. The story was that the Leviathan had become infested with rats. Not a few rats; not a great many rats; millions of rats—all the rats in the world! The people in charge of her had tried to kill them with fumes, but the rats ran from one compartment to another. Then it was proposed to fume the whole ship at once; but on reflection this idea most fortunately was abandoned, because the quantity of lethal chemicals required would be so great that the human population of Hoboken might be destroyed. So there were the rats. All the papers printed the tale. One of these on November 29, 1920, gave it a two-column head. It was cabled to Europe of course. A foreign humane society was heard

from. It wrote indignantly to the customs authorities at New York, denouncing us for depraved and wicked people in that cats put aboard the Leviathan to catch the rats were themselves eaten alive by the rats.

The Government's husbanding agent, who was responsible for the Leviathan, became greatly annoyed. It was a silly story and untrue, yet it was having this preposterous international circulation. One day he received a strange caller, who introduced himself as the premier exterminator of the world, none other than the Pied Piper reëmbodied. For gold he would clear the ship of rats.

The Government's agent said, "Good! Now we shall get rid of the rats. How much gold?" The Pied Piper asked twenty-five cents a rat head. The Government's agent said, "But since there appear to be millions of them, can't you take it on a wholesale price?"

The Pied Piper made it fifteen cents a rat and a contract was signed. He went to Hoboken with twelve men, a van load of traps, tons of poison. They worked a week and got eight rats.

A year and a half passed and the Leviathan rusted. Then A. D. Lasker came to the Shipping Board. Both he and President Harding were resolved to recondition the ship and put her on the sea again, for reasons of pride, for uses of prestige and in point of good business. The British were bringing out the two other ex-German monsters on the North Atlantic—the Berengaria and the Majestic—and the American merchant marine was in any case very weak in high-class passenger vessels. There had to be plans and specifications first. A new dilemma.

It is easy enough to strip a vessel down to her skin and bones for use as a troop transport; it is not so easy to put her back again into her first condition. You cannot do it at all without blue prints giving every measurement and detail of the fundamental structure.

We had no blue prints of the Leviathan. The Germans who built her had them. We offered to buy them; they would sell them for $1,000,000, and the war was over. It was a preposterous sum. Rather than pay it we undertook to get blue prints from the ship. This would be somewhat like putting the grown chicken back through the egg to the cockerel's forethought of its creation. For many weeks men crawled about inside the ship, on their stomachs, upside down, like measuring worms, taking minute, exact measurements. These afterward were pieced together and made into blue prints precisely the same as those from which the Leviathan was raised. A job like this had never been done before, save by the British with a small German destroyer. With the blue prints it was easy to prepare plans and make estimates for restoring the ship. Congress voted $8,000,000 and the work began.

There began, at the same time, to circulate a variety of adverse rumors. She had sunk in the mud and could never be raised. That was one.

Her machinery had been surreptitiously damaged by the Germans before they quit her; and although it was true that she had been in service as a troop transport, still, that was only for a short time, and you never could tell. That was another. We couldn't recondition a big ship like the Leviathan. If we did we could not operate her. We didn't know how.

All this and much more of the same character was printed not only in American newspapers, but in those of Europe, until the suggestion must have become fairly world-wide that the Leviathan never could come back to the sea, or that if she did she would never be quite right. Nevertheless, the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company did splendidly recondition her.

The Leviathan's Trial Trip

THEN immediately all the pride of this achievement and all the glamour of bringing under the American flag one of the three monster boats of the world were lost in the heat of a mean and violent controversy as to whether the trial trip was a proper sequel or a scandalous disposition of the taxpayers' money—a joy ride, in short. Chairman Lasker's idea was that not only was it necessary to try the ship; the service also, meaning the work of the stewards' department, must be tried.

Therefore he invited a large company of people—members of both houses of Congress, editors, cartoonists, shipping people, leaders of industry—expressly in order to produce conditions as nearly similar as possible to those under which the Leviathan would immediately go into competition on the North Atlantic with the ships of other nations, all very experienced in an art that was to us entirely new.

MAJESTIC IN MUD
2 HOURS AT COWES

Majestic Runs Aground Off Isle of Wight

Majestic Stuck in the Mud Crossing English Channel

MAJESTIC BURIES NOSE IN MUD, TOO

Mudbank Holds Majestic For Few Minutes

The Majestic Sticks in Mud Off Spithead a Few Minutes

The Majestic Goes Aground in American Newspapers

A New York newspaper started the row, others following, and carried it so far that the chairman of the United States Shipping Board dared not receive his guests as they came aboard, but remained in hiding until the ship was safely out to sea for fear a newspaper would have him served with a restraining order. All this was cabled forth as news.

A few days later the Leviathan appeared in New York Harbor with the speed record of the world tacked to her mast. She was saluted by every kind of ship save one. No Britisher saluted.

When British shipping people were reminded of this a long time afterward by an American in London they asked, "Why should we have saluted her?"

The American replied, "Since you ask that question, why shouldn't you have saluted her?"

The British replied, "Why, because it would never occur to us to do so. We're very sorry. We didn't know you expected it. You see, we don't do it ourselves. We take that kind of thing for granted. We never saluted the Majestic and she is our own. We salute only British warships."

The Leviathan took her place on the sea. On her first trip eastbound she was followed by nasty little rumors about her plumbing, her food, her service, and that she was a rum ship full of orgies. On her third voyage westbound a reporter who had met the ship went back to his office and said in the story that he wrote:

When the liner arrived in port passengers on board were outspoken in their criticisms and complaints against the laxity of the service and discipline aboard the Leviathan. Their remarks were partly borne out by the condition of the decks, strewn with papers and débris, as though a picnic had just terminated, and by the careless manner in which the stewards and other attendants lounged about the saloon and corridors, their uniforms far from the trim outfit they were intended to be.

The Associated Press is a coöperative news organization and takes its news in each city from the galley proofs of member newspapers. It picked up this Leviathan story from this newspaper's proofs and sent it to all the other Associated Press newspapers in the country, and this was the home-port reception of the finest ship in the world—our own.

Sometime later a distinguished American woman was dining at a private house in London. Her host asked her how she was going home.

"The Leviathan," she answered.

"No, don't," he said. "The service is bad, the food is poor, the plumbing overflows. Ugh!"

The American woman said, "Pooh, my lord, that's British propaganda!"

Her host replied, "No, no! I read it myself this morning in the Paris edition of an American newspaper."

The Finest Vessel Afloat

IN SPITE of it all, the Leviathan flourished on the North Atlantic. There was always that kind of American who would take her in preference to anything else, no matter what was said, because she was American territory. And that kind of American was never disappointed really. She is undoubtedly the finest vessel afloat. Her defects are unimportant and curable; never was a big ship without at least as many. Her comforts are amazing. The service is proper. The food is so good and so bountiful that some English reporters, interviewing the chairman of the United States Shipping Board in London, asked him if he thought it was quite nice for the Americans to be so extravagant—so much more extravagant with their ships' tables than British boats, with so much of the world ill fed.

The tale is moving. On the October voyage eastbound her reverse turbine engine on the port side went wrong. This was owing to a demerit in the original German construction. The steam intake is a very long line with several sharp angles in it. These angles are water traps for condensed steam, and when a head of new steam is turned on suddenly the water is hurled against the blades of the engine with terrific force and they are wrecked. That had happened. But such things often do happen. Only an engineer knows all the things that can happen to a turbine engine. However, the reverse turbine is used only in maneuvering the ship. The Leviathan slowed down to twelve knots while the engineers crawled into the engine and removed with their hands several tons of ruined copper blades. While she was slowed down the Olympic passed her and reported by wireless that something must have happened to the Leviathan.

On hearing this the Shipping Board's responsible representative in New York communicated with the Leviathan's captain in open wireless for all the world to hear, to this effect:

"Report immediately what your trouble is. Have you thought of putting in at Halifax?"

An alarming message put broadcast on the air. Everybody got it. An hour later the newspapers in New York and London were issuing bulletins on the Leviathan's breakdown at sea, and there was really a great deal of general anxiety about her. If the same thing had befallen a British liner you would never have heard of it. Not long ago a well-known British ship had to put back to her home port and transfer her passengers. The British newspapers never mentioned it until the damage had been repaired and the ship was smoothly in service again.

When the copper blades had been removed from the reverse turbine engine the Leviathan resumed her full speed and was only a few hours late at Southampton, where she made the quickest turn-around on record and then lowered her own time for the westbound passage on her run home. Later, when it was announced that after the Christmas voyage she would be hauled out for the rest of the winter to have a going over, all newspapers adverse to the merchant marine made exulting news of it, canvassing again all the defects they had ever heard of, estimating the frightful cost and wagging their heads, apparently unaware of their own stupidity. This must occur from time to time with every ship; it is occurring continually to British ships, several of which were hauled out at the same

time for more or less similar reasons, and nothing said about it. Besides, any reason is good enough for laying up a big transatlantic liner in midwinter. It is cheaper than to run her.

One thing more was yet to happen. At the end of her Christmas voyage, coming up the harbor, the Leviathan stuck her nose in the mud and lay fast until the next tide. The news was needlessly and sensationally extended, ran for two days on the front pages and was full of adverse judgment.

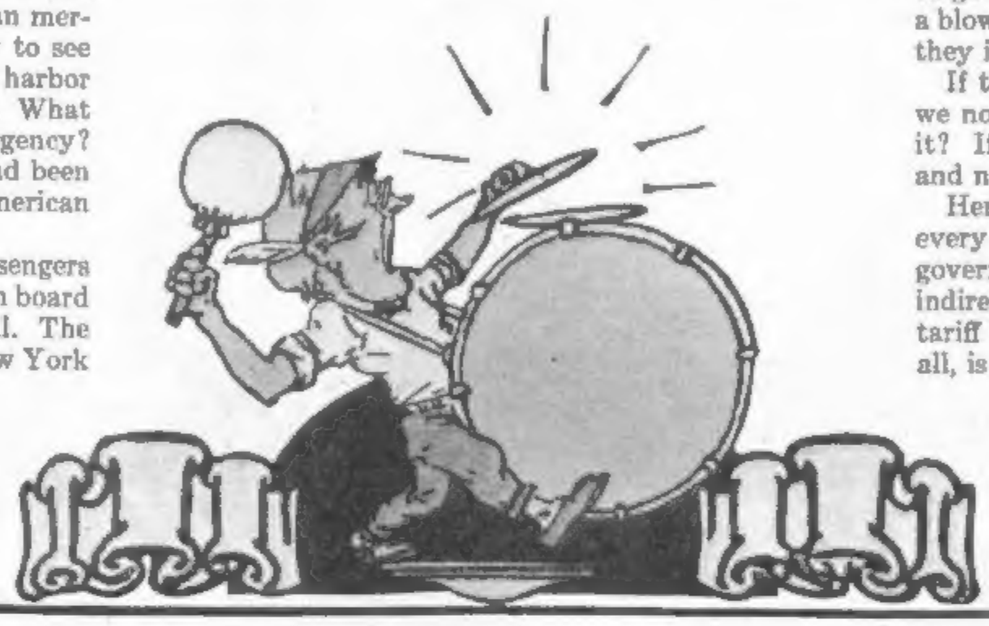
One New York paper, in its news story, referred to the mental condition of the captain. He was "reported on the verge of a nervous breakdown," it said, and then added, "Efforts to interview Captain Hartley were unsuccessful. It was said he was disturbed too greatly mentally to receive anyone."

It would be hard to imagine a more insidiously damaging thing to say than that the captain of the Leviathan, at the top of the navigating personnel of the American merchant marine, was too greatly disturbed mentally to see anyone because his ship, in her own port, with a harbor pilot on board, had stuck her nose into a mud bank. What would such a captain be like to lean upon in an emergency? It was most unlikely on its face to be true. If it had been true it would not have been characteristic of the American sailor.

The incident itself was not serious. Some passengers were taken off in tugs; others preferred to remain on board and await the tide. The ship was not injured at all. The mud bank on which she stuck is the nuisance of New York Harbor. British ships have hit it, too, without any publicity. It is never serious; it cannot be. It is only mortifying. The British papers, if it were a British ship, would either not mention it at all or dismiss it with a paragraph. That you would expect. The inexplicable fact is that the American newspapers, if it were a British ship, also would dismiss it with a paragraph or two.

Only two weeks after this mishap to the Leviathan another of the three monsters—the Majestic—went aground on the Isle of Wight. That was a little more serious owing to the position, almost in the open Channel; but the Majestic was a British boat, and therefore her stumbling on the mud was very small news. The New York newspapers almost ignored it. Two of them did not print it at all. One gave it nine lines at the bottom of Column 4, Page 2. Another gave it twelve lines at the bottom of Column 3, Page 6. One morning paper alone had a short story on the front page.

That the Majestic went aground on the Isle of Wight does not prove that the British are not the best sailors in the world. It may only prove what every seafaring person knows, which is that when the elements know their moment, and seize it to put a ship on the ground, all the navigating skill in the world will not avail to keep her off.



What we are interested in is a certain contrast: Invisible publicity or none at all in American newspapers for that kind of mishap to a crack British vessel—front-page columns given up to the news of the Leviathan's chagrin. The story was kept running high for three days, and on the third day an evening paper printed a two-column cut of Captain Hartley at the wheel, under the line "'Mud Turtle' Leviathan's Chief."

Mud Turtle Leviathan!

A fine ship, but American and our own.

There ends the illustration. What shall one make of it? Prejudice, awkwardness, impishness, indifference, a want of pride in our own, some newspapers so violently opposed to government operation that they cannot forbear to deal a blow at their favorite black beast even though in so doing they injure the prestige of American ships. What else?

If there is British propaganda in it, as some think, are we not very silly to let them do it to us, however they do it? If there isn't, are we not sillier still to think there is and not to know what we are doing to ourselves?

Here is the beginning of perplexity. It happens that every American argument against a ship subsidy, against government ownership and operation of ships, against such indirect aids to shipping as preferential railroad rates and tariff rebates, against an American merchant marine at all, is also a British argument. You cannot tell where one begins and the other ends. Nor can you tell how much one is acted upon by the other.

There are many Americans who hold doggedly to the old prewar notion that we do not

(Continued on Page 111)

LEVIATHAN PILOT BLAMES LAND ORDERS FOR MISHAP
Claims Liner Would Not Have Struck Except for the Instructions Sent by Radio---Officials Deny It---
LEVIATHAN STRANDED IN MUD
"MUD TURTLE" LEVIATHAN'S CHIEF
LEVIATHAN PULLED FROM MUD
ORDERS DRAW FIRE OF PILOT
Proceeding in Fog Against Own Judgment and That Of Captain, Says Man at Wheel When Sea Gi
Goes Aground O
and
Charge
Deni
LEVIATHAN IS BADLY DAMAGED BY GROUNDING
LEVIATHAN HITS REEF IN HARBOR; CALLS ALL TUGS
Queen Ship of American Fleet
LEVIATHAN AGROUND IN N. Y. BAY
AS 18 TUGS BATTLE TO FREE HER;

The Leviathan Goes Aground in American Newspapers

THE DOLLAR CHASERS

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IT WAS a lovely, calm evening in San Francisco, and the sun was going down on Simon Porter's wrath. An old habit of the sun's—often it rose to find Simon in an equally turbulent mood, for twenty years of daily newspaper editing had jangled Simon's nerves and wrath sprang eternal in his human breast.

He crossed the city room in quest of the youngest—and, as it happened, the ablest—of his reporters. The boy he sought was seated before one of the copy-desk telephones, gazing fondly into the transmitter and speaking honeyed words.

"Say, that's mighty kind of you, Sally. . . . No, haven't heard about it yet, but I probably will. . . . Tomorrow night at six. Pier 99. I'll be there. And I may add that in the interval, time will go by on lagging feet. No, I said lagging. It's poetry. See you tomorrow, Sally. Good-by."

He turned to meet the chill eye of his managing editor.

"Ah," Simon Porter said, "so you call her Sally."

"Yes, sir," Bill Hammond answered respectfully. "It saves time."

"Does old Jim Batchelor know how you address his only child?"

"Probably not. He's a busy man."

"He'll be a lot busier when he hears about you. He'll have you boiled in oil. A newspaper reporter at fifty a week!"

"A mere pittance," Bill Hammond agreed, and would have pursued that topic further.

"All you're worth," added the editor hastily. "I suppose the girl told you. I begin to see now. The whole idea came from her."

"She mentioned a delightful possibility," said the boy. "However, I take my orders from you."

Simon Porter relapsed into wrath.

"Gives me about enough reporters to get out a good high-school magazine," he cried. "And then sends one of them off on a picnic to please a girl!"

"Yes, sir," put in Bill Hammond brightly.

"I'm speaking of our respected owner. He's just called up—you're to go aboard Jim Batchelor's yacht for a week-end cruise to Monterey. Golf at Del Monte and Pebble Beach; and if there's anything else you want, ask for it. The launch will be at Pier 99 tomorrow evening at six. But you appear to know all this."

"It sounds more authentic when you say it, sir."

"Bah! It's an assignment. I don't suppose she told you that."

"No, sir. She didn't mention sordid things."

"There's been an Englishman named Mikklesen afflicting this town for the past week. He's just back from ten years in the Orient and he isn't fond of the Japs. Neither is Jim Batchelor. Neither is our beloved owner. You're to listen to Mikklesen talk and write up his opinions."

"Sounds easy," commented Bill Hammond.

"It's a cinch. Listening to Mikklesen talk is what those who hang round with him don't do nothing else but. All rot though. With real news breaking every minute—and me short of men!"

He started to move away.

"Er—I presume I don't come in tomorrow," suggested the reporter.

His chief glared at him.

"Who says you don't? That line you got off about time going by on lagging feet—you spoke too soon. It won't lag. I'll attend to that—personally. You report tomorrow as usual."

"Yes, sir," answered Bill Hammond meekly. A hard man, he reflected.

"Who Said Anything About Blackmail? I Was Just Going to Add That Whatever You Get, You're Overpaid, for You're the Stupidest Whippersnapper I've Ever Met"

"And listen to me." The managing editor retraced his steps. "About this Sally Batchelor—I suppose she's easy to look at?"

"No trouble at all."

"Well, you keep your mind on your work." His expression softened. "Not a chance in the world, my lad. Old Jim Batchelor couldn't see you with the telescope over at Lick Observatory. It's money, money, money with him."

"So I've heard."

"He's still got the first dollar he ever earned. He'll show it to you. Where is the first dollar you earned?"

"Somebody," said Bill Hammond, "got it away from me."

"Precisely. That's where you and old Jim are different. I'm telling you. I don't want to see a good reporter go wrong."

"A good reporter, sir?"

"That's what I said."

Bill Hammond smiled. It brightened the corner where he was.

"Tomorrow," he ventured, "is Friday—the day before the pay check."

"I'll give you an order on the cashier," said Simon. He wrote on a slip of paper and handed it over.

"Twenty-five dollars!" Bill Hammond read. "And I was thinking of a yachting suit!"

Simon Porter smiled grimly.

"You take your other shirt and go aboard. Your rôle is not to dazzle. I've just got through telling you."

And he strode away to the cubby-hole where he did his editing.

His departure left Bill Hammond alone in the city room, for this was an evening paper and the last edition was on the street. Jim Batchelor's prospective guest remained seated by the copy desk. He was, to judge from his expression, doing a bit of thinking. Some of his thoughts appeared to be pleasant ones, while others were not so much so. The grave mingled with the gay, and this had been true of his reveries ever since that exciting day when he first met Sally Batchelor.

Sent by his paper to cover a charity fête for the benefit of some orphanage, he had caught his first glimpse of Sally's trim figure while she was yet afar off. Instantly, something had happened to his heart. It had been, up to that moment, a heart that had lain singularly dormant in the presence of the opposite sex. But now it leaped up, threw off its lethargy and prepared to get into action. It urged him to fight his way at once to this young woman's side.

Arrived in that pleasant neighborhood, he realized that his initial impression, startling and vivid as it had been, had not done the poor girl justice. She smiled upon him, and his heart seemed to say that this was the smile it had been waiting for. She was selling flowers, her prices were exorbitant; but the soft, lovely voice in which she named them made them sound absurdly reasonable. The somewhat unsteady Bill Hammond became her steady customer. Gladly he handed her all the money he had; and in other ways, too, it would have been evident to an onlooker that he was ready and willing to take her as his life's companion. If not, why not?

The answer was not slow in coming. Some busybody insisted on introducing them, and at mention of her name Bill Hammond knew that this girl was, alas, not one of the orphans. True, she had at the moment only one parent—but what a parent! Jim Batchelor, president of the Batchelor Construction Company, was the sort of man who never let an obstacle stand in his way; but as an obstacle he himself had, off and on, stood firmly in the way of a good many other people. And he would certainly make the stand of his life in the path of any practically penniless young man who had the audacity to admire his daughter.

This bitter thought clouded the remaining moments Bill Hammond spent in the girl's company, and presently he left the charity fête, resolved never to speak to her again. But as time went on it began to appear that the afternoon had been more eventful for him than for anyone else, the orphans included. He had fallen in love.

Love comes to many as a blessed annoyance, and so it came to Bill Hammond. Up to that moment he had been happy and carefree; which is to say, he had been young in San Francisco, no more appropriate city in which to spend one's youth having as yet been built by man. Now he had a good deal on his mind. Should he give up all thought of the girl and go his way a broken man? Or should he get busy and acquire such wealth that his own paper would speak of the subsequent marriage as the union of two great fortunes? Generally, he favored the latter course, though the means to wealth did not appear to be at hand, as anyone who has worked on a newspaper will appreciate.

Meanwhile he was accepting dinner and dance invitations of the sort he had previously eluded. If his plan was to avoid Sally Batchelor, it did not work. She was frequently among those present, and, seemingly unaware of the vast difference in their stations, she continued to smile upon him. A sort of friendship—nothing more, of course—grew up between them. She accepted his escort occasionally, had tea with him at the St. Francis. And now she had arranged for him to go on this yachting trip and meet her famous father. He was to beard the mighty lion in his palatial floating den.

He was, there in the dusk of the city room, a bit appalled at the idea. Ridiculous, of course. Why should he fear Jim Batchelor? As far as family went, he had all the better of it. His ancestors had been professional men and scholars, while Jim Batchelor's were neatly placing one brick in close juxtaposition to another. But money—ah,

money. Those few bonds his father had left him, the paltry additional bunch that would be his when Aunt Ella died—chicken feed in the eyes of Batchelor, no doubt. In this cold world only cash counted.

Cynical thoughts, these; he put them from him. The spirit of adventure began to stir in his broad chest. Sally had been kind enough to arrange this party; she would find he was no quitter. He would go and meet this demon father face to face. He would discover what it was all about—the awe with which men spoke of the money king. Probably a human being, like anybody else. Yes, as Simon had suggested, he would take his other shirt ——

Suddenly his thoughts took a new and more practical turn. He pictured himself arrayed for dinner on the Batchelor yacht. In what? There was, he recalled, not a single clean dress shirt in his room, and his laundry would not be returned until Saturday. As for buying new linen, the dent in that twenty-five dollars would be serious. What to do?

He pondered. Beyond, in the cubby-hole known—secretly—among the reporters as the kennel, he saw Simon Porter frowning savagely over a rival paper's last edition. Should he ask more money from Simon? The profile was not encouraging. Then into his mind flashed the picture of a Chinese laundry on Kearny Street he had passed many times. It was, according to the sign, the establishment of Honolulu Sam, and a crudely lettered placard in the window bore this promise:

Laundry Left Before Eight A.M.
BACK SAME DAY

What could be fairer than that? Honolulu Sam solved the problem.

Bill Hammond rose, called a good night to the man in the cubby-hole and was on his way. It was his plan to go somewhere for a brief and lonely dinner, then hurry to his apartment, gather up his laundry and place it in the hands of the speedy Honolulu Sam at once. After which he would return home and get a good night's sleep. It had been a long time since he'd had one, and he felt the need of it.

But such resolutions are rarely kept in San Francisco. Men hurry to their work in the morning, promising themselves that it will be early to bed that night for them. And then, late in the afternoon, the fog comes rolling in, and vim and vigor take the place of that cold-gray-dawn sensation. As a consequence, another pleasant evening is had by all.

Bill Hammond met some friends at dinner, and when he finally returned to his apartment it was too late to disturb the Chinaman from Hawaii. He made a neat bundle of his proposed laundry, set his alarm clock for six and turned in.

"Get lots of sleep on the yacht," he promised himself.

At 7:30 next morning he stood at the counter of Honolulu Sam.

"Back 5:30 this afternoon," he ordered loudly.

"Back same day," corrected Sam. "Maybe seven, maybe eight."

"Five-thirty," repeated Bill Hammond firmly.

Sam stared at him with a glassy eye and slowly shook his head.

"Dollar extra for you if you do it," added Bill, and laid the currency on the counter.

Sam appropriated it.

"Can do," he admitted.

"All right," said Bill. "I'll depend on you." He had meant the dollar only as an evidence of good faith, to be paid later. But no matter. A Chinaman always kept his word.

He went out into what was practically the dawn, feeling confident of the future. With five clean shirts and other apparel in proportion, let them bring on their yacht. Easy, nonchalant, debonair, he would make himself the pride of the deep—and of Sally. Ah, Sally! At the corner of Post and Kearny, the flower venders were setting out their wares. Bill took a deep breath. Life was a garden of blossoms.

When he reached the office, Simon Porter robbed the garden of its fragrance by sending him on a difficult assignment. All day he was kept hustling, with no time for lunch. It was exactly 5:30 when he grabbed his suitcase and set out for the bounding wave. Simon met him at the door and bowed low.

"Bon voyage, little brother of the rich," he said. "By the way, I've just heard you're to have a very distinguished fellow passenger."

"Of course. The Prince of Wales."

"Nobody so jolly—Henry T. Frost."

"What? Old Henry Frost?"

"Our beloved owner, our dear employer, the good master who has it in his power to sell us all down the river—and would do it without batting an eye. Here's your chance. Make the most of it, win his love and respect, and when I die of overwork, as I certainly shall inside a week, maybe he'll give you my job."

"I can't say I'm yearning to meet him," admitted Bill Hammond.

"You're talking sense. I've met him at least three hundred times, and I've always had cause to regret it. You know, something tells me you'd better stay at home. You could develop whooping cough, and I could send one of the other boys."

"Nonsense!"

"Today is Friday."

"What of it?"

"Friday the thirteenth. Does that mean nothing to you?"

"Not a thing, sir. See you later."

"Well, fools rush in ——" began Simon, but Bill Hammond had disappeared.

II

YOUNG Mr. Hammond felt not at all foolish as he hurried down Market Street, bound first for the establishment of Honolulu Sam and later for Pier 99. The going was slow, for the street was crowded with commuters on their way to the ferries. This little cruise, he thought, might very well prove the turning point in his life. The next few days were as bright with glittering possibilities as a Christmas tree decked for the great occasion.

He turned down Kearny Street, that thoroughfare of adventurers, and at Post an adventure befell him. The traffic was held up, and he was hurrying to cross in front of a very wealthy looking automobile, when a familiar voice called, "Whoo-hoo, Bill!" He looked, and from the window of the car he beheld protruding the head of Sally Batchelor. It was a lovely sight, but one he would gladly have dispensed with at the moment. However, he had gazed straight into her bright blue eyes, and to pretend not to see her was now out of the question. He circled a plebian taxi and reached her side. She was holding open the door of the car.

"This is luck," she cried gayly. "We're on our way to the pier. Jump in."

Jump in! Without his laundry! A cold shiver ran down his spine. Luck, she called this meeting, but he was not so sure. He noted that there were three other people in the car—an elderly woman and two men. One of the latter was undoubtedly Jim Batchelor, and—yes, the other was Henry Frost. Millions sitting there!

"I—I'm sorry," Bill stammered. "I've got a very important errand first. I'll see you later."

"What sort of errand?" inquired Sally.

"It's—it's just round the corner ——"

"Get in. We'll take you there."

He shuddered at the thought of this fifteen-thousand-dollar car, with two Japanese servants on the driver's seat, pulling up before the headquarters of Honolulu Sam, laundry left before eight A.M. back same day.

"Oh, no, no, really—you go along, Sally. I'll follow in a taxi."

The traffic cop had signaled for an advance and a presumptuous flivver was honking indignantly just behind Jim Batchelor's magnificence.

"Go along, Sally," urged Bill Hammond nervously. A passing car flipped his coat tail.

"We'll draw up at the curb in the next block and wait for you," she answered, smiling sweetly. Obedience wasn't in her, evidently. "Here, give me your suitcase. I'll keep it for you."

"Ah—er—no—no." He hugged it tight. "I'll keep it. I need it."

Another picture anguished him—the vision of himself rushing back into Jim Batchelor's presence with a large package all too obviously laundry. The clamor in the rear increased; the traffic cop was approaching.

"What's the idea here?" he wanted to know.

"Go along, Sally," Bill pleaded again.

Now that he had the law on his side, she obeyed. Sinking back into the car, she closed the door in the policeman's face.

"Don't be long, will you?" she smiled.

The car began to move, and Bill dodged between it and the flivver, holding the precious suitcase close. Leaping for his life, he made the opposite curb, while angry chauffeurs inquired as to his sanity. He hurried on, groaning. Of all the inopportune meetings ——

A bell clanged loudly behind him as he entered the steam precincts of Honolulu Sam. He tossed a red check on the counter, and plumping his suitcase down beside it, began to unfasten the clasps.

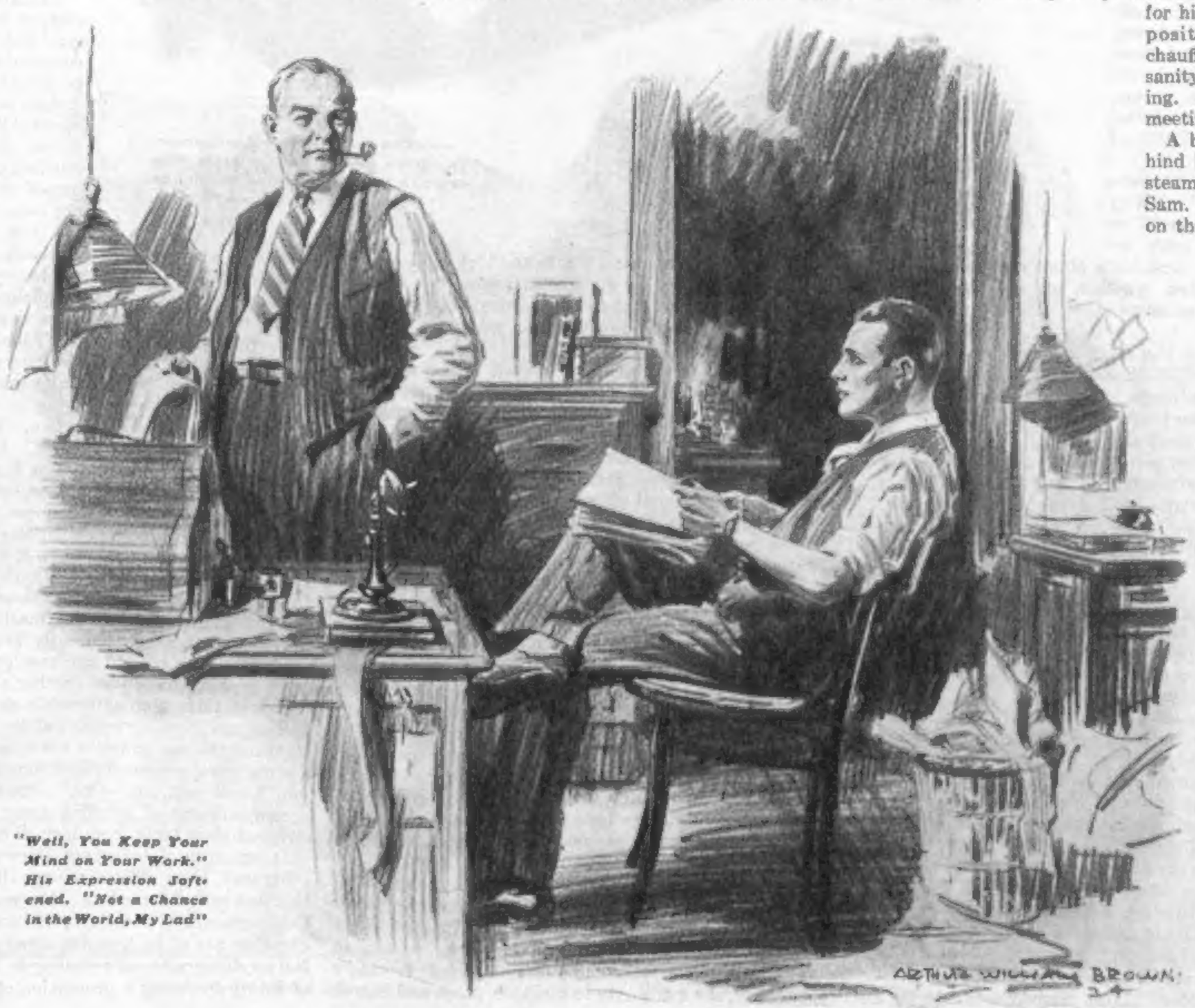
"Come on," he called. "Little speed here. Give me that wash."

The figure that emerged from the rear was not that of Honolulu Sam, but of a bent and aged Chinaman wearing a pair of badly steamed spectacles. Sam, having business over on Grant Avenue, had left the place in charge of his uncle, down from Sacramento on a visit.

"Hurry, man, hurry!" cried Bill Hammond, waiting impatiently above his open suitcase.

But speed was not one of uncle's inborn traits. He deliberately wiped his spectacles on the tail of a handy

(Continued on Page 99)



"Well, You Keep Your Mind on Your Work." His Expression Softened. "Not a Chance in the World, My Lad"

NOT JUST NOW!

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

ER—DON'T, dear—not just now!" This because his wife slipped an arm round Hervey's neck and stooped to kiss his cheek. Joan, with a sigh only loud enough for herself to hear, turned to the inevitable newspaper—the newspaper which was always filled with other people's little troubles magnified to their proper size by enormous headlines. Hervey Carrington completed the entry of a dividend of three shillings and ninepence in his private cash book. It did not occur to him that by doing so he had sacrificed an expression of wifely devotion not to be bought by the treasures of the Ind. Had it occurred to him, he would still have made the entry. There was plenty more devotion to be had from the same source and he could afford to postpone reception. He had a positive gift for these postponements—polished to perfection during the five absurdly easy and contented years of their married life. The amount of love he had willfully neglected to receive was sufficient to have made a dozen men happy. Their domestic hearthstone was littered with small and great demonstrations of her affection and sudden impulses of sentiment for which he had no immediate use at the moment of conception. Hervey Carrington never bothered to take stock of his spiritual possessions. They were assured. If there was a leakage it really didn't matter, for he was far too rich to concern himself with trifling considerations of economy. As a young man he had made a deal in sentiment and his invested capital of courtship was showing a gratifying return.

He would not have asked for a better wife than Joan. She was admirable, efficient, adoring. She ran the house to perfection, listening to and profiting by the small daily suggestions or complaints which, at the breakfast table, he was in the habit of making.

"You really ought to have that stair rod seen to." "Why can't we have thinner toast?" or alternatively, "Why can't we have thicker toast?" And hints about marmalade, how bacon should be cooked, whether he liked haddock or didn't, and why were sausages —— And so on.

All most helpful.

She would enter into the spirit of these suggestions—ambitious to achieve, with his help, a breakfast so perfect as to confound human criticism. Sometimes, as an earnest of faithful endeavor, she would put her hand in his when he was trying to reach the butter ——

"Er—don't, dear—not just now!"

An excellent wife, and pretty—so pretty in his eyes that he never failed to draw attention to defects in her appearance.

"What is wrong with your face today? It's ——" Or "Isn't your hair ——" Or "You used not to have that—er ——"

If there was nothing wrong with her face; if her hair was—if she hadn't got that—er—why, then he would say nothing. He would preserve that close silence which, sooner or later, all wives must be reminded, is evidence of untempered satisfaction and approval.

Hervey Carrington's days were profitably spent in the city. Unhappily, his business, which—during working hours—found him lively, energetic and competent, attacked him on his return home with waves of unnatural fatigue. The punctual appearance of this lassitude was very strange and alarming. One moment he was a keen-eyed man, swinging along the pavement with steps that rang; and the next, in the hall of his own house, behold a drooping figure warding off warm greetings with, "Don't, dear—er—I'm rather tired—not just now!"

Once when Joan failed to catch the sound of his key in the door he called to her. But Joan did not realize or profit by the significance of that small incident as most women would have done. Most women estimate to a nicety how much a husband wants and look to it that he has a good deal less. By such contrivance they increase their spiritual comfort and material gains. But Joan was not like most women—she was too womanly and not feminine enough.

Also, she was too sincere to be clever. She possessed a warm and generous heart, which is a very poor weapon to go to war with—or get married with. Metaphorically, she was without arms; her husband disarmed her every time she sought to put them round his neck.

There were no limits to Hervey's genius for effecting her temporary disarmament—temporary, because never once had he suggested anything permanent in that direction. It was no more than "not just now."

That was his cleverness—or a fluke. It discouraged and encouraged in a single breath. The good moment was always in abeyance, and like an idiot Joan kept trying to find it up and down a pathway of years not unfilled with a barely realized but daily growing disappointment.

Joan had married young and without experience. Her life had been sheltered. She had been taught to cherish the very least of herself. She had not discussed the reformation of the divorce laws at the age of fourteen. She had not gone for rides in side cars with young men more marvelous to look upon than aëronauts. She had not expressed unfaith in the Bible, disbelief in the marriage system and confidence in free love. She had not whiled away the tedium of dances exchanging kisses with comparative strangers in conservatories and taxicabs. She had not been cuddled in cinemas. She came to Hervey, her youthful bloom untouched and without a bruise upon her innocence. Good, pure and adoring, she came with a thundering great banking account of unexploited love, which, in defiance of common sense and the Married Woman's Property Act, she made over to him lock, stock and barrel.

"Joan, This is Happening Everywhere. The Deep End is Full of Folks Who Can't Swim, Just Splashing Round and Going to the Bottom"

In return he gave her—what? Preoccupation in the morning, evidence of fatigue at night and—the benefit of his experience in matters dietetic? No, that was not all. He gave her protection, a home, a silent but real affection, a solid fidelity that earthquakes could not shatter. He gave her the society of a man who was making his way in the world as much for her sake as for his own. He gave her a marvelous character to his friends. He gave her his unspoken belief in the absolute success and assurance of their relations with each other. In fact he gave her all and everything that a sensible woman should have known was worth having—if one excepts children, if one excepts chivalry, if one excepts response.

These were matters for time, arrangement and adjustment, and Joan did not complain of their absence. Chivalry and response were subjects of which she was ignorant, although of course she knew about children from that inner sense which informs. Joan did not complain about anything, since in her blindness she believed herself to be more generously bestowed with the world's goods, the gifts of man, than any other woman.

She did not complain, but she yearned, wondered and puzzled her head as to what had been left out of her life. She racked her brains like a man who is seeking a forgotten line in an otherwise remembered poem.

Perhaps the problem was a state of health—a lack of interest; but violent exercise and a course of sensational fiction failed to provide a solution.

And so the fifth year of her married life found her miserable, down, disappointed, dejected. She had ceased to be amusing to herself and in consequence could not hope to be amusing to anyone else. She took to lying awake at night, staring sleeplessly at the ceiling and getting up with dark hollows to her eyes. Three times in a single week Hervey had complained about those hollows, and Hervey's complaints were never without cause.

He had said, "You mustn't lose your looks."

He had said, "You are losing your looks."

He had said, "You've quite lost your looks."

It was not very encouraging.

Joan was by no means a fool. Her trouble lay in simplicity and want of experience. Many times it occurred to her that Hervey, first-class husband though he was, did not actively contribute to her gladness of heart by gifts of charm and attentiveness. Instinctively she felt that were he to do so her happiness would be multiplied beyond calculation. She knew it was not the way of men to be demonstrative and that they rarely offered their wives more than a kind of statuesque affection as cold to the touch as marble. Other married couples with whom she was acquainted studiously avoided the revelation of any tenderness toward one another and showed about as much enthusiasm for one another's society as the male and female sections of an automobile clutch. They were united and engaged by the mechanical device of marriage whereby they and the machinery of house and home traveled along a given track in some form of compact mass. They did not join hands and run—they united and proceeded to an accompaniment of grinding gears, which sooner or later stripped their teeth from lack of lubricant and attention.

It was absurd to expect Hervey to be different from other men, since other men were the same as Hervey; but this fact notwithstanding, Joan could not choose but feel that somewhere, somehow, in some subtle way life was cheating her of its benefits. And since a woman cannot feel anything without revealing it, Joan revealed her sense of injury by losing a proportion of her looks and most of

her spirits, and finally by getting so ill that Hervey was reluctantly compelled to cancel a City appointment and carry her off to be overhauled by a physician in Wimpole Street.

On the way to this doctor's abode Joan betrayed an astonishing improvement in health. She talked gayly, flushed some color into her cheeks and rather offended Hervey by appearing to be very well indeed. He, poor fellow, could not have been expected to fathom the cause of this sudden improvement. Had she told him it was due to him being with her at a time when routine dictated his presence elsewhere he would have regarded the explanation as frivolous and foolish. To him it remained a mystery, although to the consultant, Dr. Egbert Arthur Stavely, it was no mystery at all. Doctor Stavely went through all the motions with a stethoscope and a trained intelligence. He diagnosed Joan's case inside fifteen minutes. There was nothing remarkable about that, since all day long processions of tired, disappointed faces confronted him, and in most instances the cause of their disappointment was the same. Doctor Stavely made a point of having the husband in the room while he overhauled the wife. Under cover of casual observations, quite three-quarters of his energy went to examining the husband. It is a great help to deal simultaneously with cause and effect

From Hervey's point of view, the fellow was a trifle unprofessional. He made no use of long words or grave faces; he did not write notes on a chart, and he did not shake his head and put his finger tips together in the way you would have expected at a four-guinea consultation.

Instead he talked about theaters, the tennis at Wimbledon, carnations, of which he was a great devotee. He gave Joan a beautiful specimen from one of his greenhouses—it was lemon-yellow with purple edges to the petals. She colored delightfully when accepting it. In fact the whole affair was absurdly friendly and casual.

It is doubtful if he would ever have arrived at the diagnosis stage had not Hervey put a direct question. Joan seemed disappointed to have so delightful a conversation interrupted for the purpose of reverting to anything so trivial as her health.

"What do I think of her?" replied Doctor Stavely. "I've seldom seen a woman with a finer constitution than your wife's."

"Ah," said Hervey, "just as I thought. There's nothing wrong at all."

The doctor became suddenly grave

"On the contrary, as I see it, there is considerable danger."

"Danger?"

Joan slipped a hand into Hervey's.

"Not just now," he said; and repeated, "Danger?"

"Certainly—of a kind. She is in a very receptive mood. The most unlikely things—or persons—would react upon her. In my opinion she requires a great deal of attention."

"If it is a question of nurses ——"

"Nurses! Good gracious, no!"

"Look here," said Hervey, "let me understand."

"Certainly! Perhaps you would wait in the next room, Mrs. Carrington."

Hervey sat there he did not intercept Joan's loving glance. Doctor Stavely opened the door with polite alacrity. Nice of him

"Don't you worry," he said to her, all mixed up with a little bow. "There's nothing the matter with you." Then he closed the door

"I don't get this," said Hervey. "You speak of danger and then say she's right as the mail."

"The danger isn't hers," was the reply. "Take her to the South of France—get the color back to her cheeks—run her round—make a fuss over her."

"Then who is in danger?"

"You, of course."

"I?"

"Why, yes—if you don't want to lose her."

"Good God, you don't suggest she's dying!"

"My dear sir, death isn't the only way of losing people." Hervey simply looked mystified. "I told you she was in a receptive mood. Well, there's the trouble. Something is lacking somewhere—maybe a mere trifle—some little friendly refinement—I don't know. Women set store on these things. My advice to you is to find out what it is and remedy it. There, that's simple."

Hervey planted his feet and set his head at an angle.

"If you're suggesting anything is amiss between my wife and myself, let me tell you here and now ——"

"I shouldn't bother. After all, marriage is a very complicated business and ——"

"Doctor Stavely, I didn't come here to discuss the complexities of marriage. Thank God, there are no complexities in mine. I came about my wife's health and you say she must go to the South. Very good, she shall go to the South."

"Yes; but go with her, Mr. Carrington."

"That's a matter for arrangement. Your fee?" With a good deal of dignity he placed his guineas on the mantlepiece and went to the door. "But I will say I regard your interference as a piece of ——" He left the sentence unfinished, dropped the high tone and became suddenly human. "Damn it, man, we're devoted!"

"That's the best news in the world," said the doctor

Joan and Hervey took a taxi and she dropped him at his city office. "You will go to Cannes next week," he said.

"And you?"

"I shall have to see."

"You will try?"

"There is a big deal on just at present." She nodded obediently. "I shall know better in a day or two."

And that brings us back to the entry of the sum of three shillings and ninepence made by Hervey in his account book. This done, he wiped his pen, closed the inkpot, used a blotting pad, shut the account book, put it in a drawer, turned the key and moved over to the sofa.

Joan let the newspaper flutter away, rose and came towards him. Automatically, Hervey put up a foot and filled in the other half of the sofa. That was a winter device. In the summer he would have said. "Isn't it rather warm, dear—for two, don't you think?"

Joan bit her lip and returned to a stool before the fire It had seemed needlessly rude of him. Of course it wasn't rude really; it was just his way. If a wife uses her wits she must know that a husband's habits are never rude in the sense which affronts, but are merely a stiffening in the joints of politeness. A great many people will tell you that bad manners are clear evidence of good fellowship.

There was an impressive silence. Then, being unable to contain herself longer, Joan put the question, "Shall you be able to come?"

"I'm afraid I shan't - just now," he replied. "There's so much doing and it's a pity to neglect things."

Joan agreed with the sentiment in its more personal application.

"But you said — "

"Yes; it couldn't be arranged. Besides, there are plenty of people at Cannes that you know. The Potters are there, and Mr. and Mrs. ——"

"Still, it would have been jolly ——" she began.

"Very; but as the doctor said nothing was really the matter with you, I didn't see —— Of course, nothing I'd enjoy more than for you and ——" He broke off. "Isn't that a cobweb in the corner there?"

"Oh-h!" said Joan, and went out of the room.

A week later she went South alone, sinking back in the cushions of the railway carriage after a frustrated effort to kiss Hervey good-by through the window. She had wanted to kiss him good-by and be kissed. Her face and mouth felt strangely neglected. She experienced the absurd belief that she had left nothing behind, which was doubly strange, for in all the years of their married life she and Hervey had never been separated before

Whatever may be said against the sea, it cannot fail to be admitted she is a hostess whose gift for throwing her guests together is without rival. Persons who on dry land would not dream of addressing one another, coming under the benign or angry influence of the sea, make friendships arising out of common appreciation or common suffering with a brevity truly astonishing.

(Continued on Page 87)

"I Swear—I Swear I Shall Do Something Violent if You—if You ——" She Turned. "Violent to Me?"

HON. DINK O'DAY

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"You Got Something New There, Feller, and It'll Start All Kinds of Talk and Arguments"

REMEMBER that fairy yarn about Allie Dean and her wonderful lamps—the gal that only hadda rub 'em to get what she wanted outta the johns? I'm the him of her with reverse English. All I gotta do is to make a wish and then sit down and rub the place where Kid Opposite hits me. That's how my luck's been running in Doughmore-on-the-Sound. I'll bet if I was dying of thirst around here and expressed a desires for a drink of water, it'd start raining dried herrings and salted peanuts.

You lads knows how the frau snagged me into moving to this upstage Long Island jerk-water and the honest efforts I been making to get in bad enough to get us both rousted outta the place. So far nix ain't come heraus. I begs and begs for bricks, and they keeps slipping me cakes. I starts a rough-house up in the gallery, and instead of giving me the air they leads me to a box. If I steps on a bobo's corns in this dump, he quick apologizes for having 'em and getting 'em in the way of my dogs. If I tells a dame she looks ten years older'n she is and twenty older'n she says, she just laughs hearty and shushes me off in a corner for a extra shot of the prewar. I been figuring some on torching the new clubhouse, but it wouldn't do no good. The chances is they'd elect me president and make me take half the insurance jack for thinking up the idea. The service here is wonderful. I can get anything I don't want whenever I don't want it.

But when it comes to handing me the real meringue I gotta pin the tin on Luke Cravens. It was him that done me the worstest dirt of all, and here's how come:

I'm down in the village one morning, making a call on a tiger friend of mine that can't see a thing, when I runs into this lad. I'd noticed him around some previous and maybe passed a few here's hows with him, but outside of that he was a closed book in a padlocked library to me. I kinda had him doped as a bootlegger or a broken dick and let it go at them, but this time I finds out he ain't no more neither than he's both.

"O'Day," says he, "has you ever had anything to do with politics?"

"Some," I answers, modest. "A lotta years ago a feller I used to know pretty well was running for constable in Hot Hound, Arizona. He asked me to look after the vote in the gulch end of the precinct, the which he figured was agin him, and I done it. I got 'em both soused, and by the time they got their eyes fingered open the election was something that only the old settlers remembered."

"Just two votes there, eh?" inquires Cravens. "Did your horse cash?"

"No," I tells him. "He lost out by one. In Arizona in them days you couldn't let a coupla guys drink alone, and I ——"

"That's a swell red-time tale," cuts in Luke; "but seeing as you is used to being on the short end of a count, you oughta fall in quick with what I'm gonna suggest."

"I can't stop you suggesting," says I; "but I, maybe, is got enough influence with Dink O'Day to keep from falling in. Shoot the piece."

"How," asks Cravens right out, "would you like to run for the legislature?"

"Nothing I can think of offhands," I replies, "could come near giving me more pleasures, unless it would be a kick on the shins and a double earache."

"You're a Democrat, ain't you?" goes on Luke.

"How do I show it?" I comes back.

"It's my business to know," says he. "I'm the county chairman and I got you picked for the ticket."

"Was it something my old man done to yours?" I inquires. "Or was it ——"

"Huh!" growls Cravens.

"I'm willing to do the decent thing," I explains, "if you been treated shabby by me or my folks, but this revenge stuff is ——"

"Come on! Come on!" yelps Luke. "Give the comedy its day off. Me and the boys talked it over and we lit on you to make the race. Don't you owe the party something?"

"Not me," I tells him, prompt. "I checked up the other day and we was exactly even. I gave 'em my vote four years ago and they paid me off with a package of watermelon seeds, a book on hog cholera, and a copy of a speech by some cuckoo congressman on how rotten conditions in Europe was gonna get if the Government didn't widen the creek that run through his farm down in Alabama. I figure my vote done Cox exactly as much good as the tripe I got from Washington done me, which makes us all square to date."

"Now listen," says Cravens, "and let me tell you the situation. They is a vacancy in this district on the account of Zeb Hurley grabbing off that judge job last fall. The way we is got things laid out ——"

"Who's we?" I interrupts.

"We's me," he answers, "when it comes to the Democrats in this county, and if you says the word you can stagger home for lunch, nominated. Doughmore ain't never had no one up for the legislature and it's their turn."

"How'd I happen to get the blackball?" I inquires, curious.

"Well," explains Luke, "we hears you is pretty popular with the silk socks up there on the hill, and besides you is retired from business, ain't you?"

"That's the first half, bo," I admits, "the last one being I'm gonna stay that way. You kidding me? I only been in this dump a short time, I don't know politics, and I couldn't make a speech even if my wife depended on it. I'd look great, wouldn't I, getting up in the legislature and ——"

"You wouldn't expect to be elected, would you?" gasps Cravens.

"Ain't they no chance of me winning if I was to run?" I asks.

"You got a better one of beating a jack rabbit three laps in a two-lap race with your feet in a sling," says he. "They is about six thousand votes in this district, and back in the landslide of 1912 a Democrat that was related to everybody in the county, running against a bobo that was a 50 per cent wit, was only beaten by thirty-eight hundred. That's the best we done so far."

"What," I wants to know, "is the use of entering a horse in them cases?"

"Just to keep the record straight," explains Luke, "and so the boys under the big dome won't forget us altogether when the plum pie's being cut. Now'll you run? We don't really want nothing from you excepting a monniker to slap on the ballot."

"What you doing, feller?" I asks. "Selling lottery tickets guaranteed not to win? Not for Dinkus. They is one political trick you can work on me, though."

"Yeh?" says Cravens. "What's those?"

"Count me out," I answers. "Suppose something was to happen and I was to cop?"

"If you does," replies Luke, "I'll give you my right eye and ——"

"Forget it," I cuts in, final. "What other subjects you got today?"

"All right," agrees Cravens. "I guess you're wise at that. Thinking it over, I can see where getting in the race'd put you in bad with the high hats on the hill."

"How do you mean, in bad?" I shoots back quick.

"Oh, you know," says Luke. "That gang of coupon-clippers is got a idea that anybody thet gets into politics is either a bum or a crook. Every time they goes to a voting place they thinks they is slumming. They'd probably razz you outta the joint if you got mixed up in a campaign. Let it drop."

I Can't Make Out What They is Saying and What the Rah-Rah's All About

"Drop nothing!" I comes back. "I'm just getting interested. You sure they ain't no chance of being elected?"

"If you get more'n a thousand votes outta the six," answers Cravens, "it'll only be because the boys has voted three times instead of the usual two."

"Who the Republicans got up?" I asks.

"Preston Wilberforce," Luke tells me.

"What kinda bimbo's he?" I continues.

"He's got fat wet hands and flat feet," answers Cravens.

"I ain't never seen him or heard of him before," I remarks; "but I knows him intimate. Member of every lodge in the county, a pillow of the church, was a four-minute man during the war, thinks Sunday movies are released by the devil, and ——"

"Gosh," says Luke, "you take a wonderful picture! That's Wilberforce. He'll get a big vote, though. On the quiet, I think he's the grand kligrafter or something of the Ku-Ku Klan and all the nightie knights'll turn out and whoop it up for him. But what do you care?"

"I don't," I replies. "He can even have my vote if I wakes up in time."

"Getting in bad with the hill willies don't seem to worry you none," remarks Cravens.

"Not none," says I. "In facts, they ain't nothing I'd rather do than."

"I kinda figured," returns Luke, "that you didn't fit in with them knicker-nuts. Then you'll run for the job?"

"No," I answers, "but I'll do like them English politicians does."

"What's that?" inquires Cravens.

"Stand for it," I tells him.

II

I DON'T say nothing to the frau that day about what I has let myselfs get let in for, on the account of us not having started talking again yet after the bridge game of the night before with Jim Magruder and his help, helpmate Lizzie, but the next morning I makes the keyhole speech of the campaign to Kate. They is a piece in the paper about me being nominated by the anonymous vote of the committee and I tosses it, marked, over to the misses. She don't say nothing, but the kinda look she gives me starts Kansas farmers on the run for cyclone cellars.

"As I looks into your bright and intelligent faces this evening," I ahems, "I would be of the opinions that you ain't so pleased over the high honors which has been confirmed on me."

"What does it mean?" asks the wife, cold.

"It means," I tells her, "that the voters of this district, the unterrified and military Democracy of this grand old county, the party of Jefferson and Lincoln and the so forths, has picked your pet provider to ——"

"You look picked," cuts in the frau. "How much did it cost?"

"Nothing but a struggle," says I, truthful.

"You expect me to believe," comes back Kate, "that they put you up for a job without getting nothing from you?"

"They gets my services, don't they?" I returns.

"Figured extravagant," says she, "they oughta be worth nearly so much as the thing that turns a one into a ten. How'd it all happen, anyways?"

"You shoulda been there, pearl without the price," I answers with enthusiasms. "I wouldn't never forget that scene down in the village yesterday if I was to live to be a hundred and four years, three months and seven days old. There I was, walking along, with nothing on my mind——"

"You two sure keeps steady company," remarks the wife.

"—— with nothing on my mind," I resumes, "thinking of you, and what I would buy you for last Christmas, when all of a sudden like a bolt of blue the whistles starts ringing and the bells blowing and before I knows what's why and for who, a committee of leading citizens grabs me by the arm and hustles me over to the town hall. Was I surprised? That's putting it wildly. You coulda knocked me over with a breath."

"Yours?" inquires the misses, polite.

"Well," I goes on, "the place was packed, and when I enters, it begins raining pandammonia. The cheering musta lasted part of a hour. While it's going on I notices signs on the walls reading, Swim or Sink, We Want Dink; O'Day, the People's Pick in Every Way; Dink for Those Who Think, and ——"

"Funny," interrupts Kate, "I don't see a word in the Doughmore News about any of them excitements."

"Huh!" I snorts. "What would you expect from the capitalistic press? You don't think they is gonna let the world know how I, a friend of the thorny-handed sons of the soil, swept the crowd with my elegance, how the children threw flowers in my path! Can you imagine the News telling its readers that I ripped the hide offa them rich, golf-shooting ——"

"You didn't say anything mean about the folks around here, did you?" cuts in the wife, excited.

"Try and find the record," I shrugs, "and see for yourselfs."

"I only wanna hear one more thing about this nomination," says Kate.

"My speech of acceptance?" I asks.

"No," returns the frau; "what this Luke Cravens person says when you tells him you ain't gonna run."

"Ain't gonna run!" I yelps. "How do you get that say? Listen, gal, you may be starting on a trip that'll land you right in the White House mint bed. No matter what you thinks, I ain't gonna turn down no chances of becoming a great statesman and getting the school kids a day off on my birthday. I kinda owe it to 'em."

"You're a great statesman already," says Kate.

"Yeh?" I eyebrows.

"Yeh," replies the wife. "I understands a statesman is a dead politician, and you passed out sudden the minute I read that piece in the paper."

"What," I inquires, "is your objections to my going into public service?"

"My respect for the public, for one thing," snaps the hobble. "For a other, I ain't gonna have you spoil everything for me in Doughmore. I'm just beginning to know the nice people around here and getting you trained so that a nearsighted person standing a block or so away and looking in the other direction might mistake you for a gentleman, nd I'm not gonna have everything mussed up by you getting mixed up with a lotta low politics."

"What's low about 'em?" I shoots. "If you'd 'a' seen the crowd cheering and ——"

"I couldn't 'a'," slams back the frau, "on the account of drinking not affecting me the same way it does you. You don't think I fell for any of that rah-rah ragtime you been telling me! They ain't two people in the village that ever heard of you, and you probably got the nomination by matching that Cravens for it. The chances is, too, it's been offered to everybody in the county from the caddies down to the town simp."

"Just the same," says I, looking at her narrow and with deep meanings, "as long as we stays in this neighborhood I'm gonna fight for the rights of the common people, if any. Of course," I finishes with a gestures, "if we was to move away from ——"

The doorbell cuts in and I goes to answer. They is a young feller on the porch.

"You the Honorable Dink O'Day?" he inquires.

"I'm him," I admits.

"The Doughmore News sent me to interview you," says the lad.

I leads him back to a room we calls the study, on account of the telephone book being kept there, and squats him down.

"I ain't got much time," I tells the boy, "being as I is working on some figures for the President, but what can I do for you and yourn?"

"What issues," he asks me, "is you gonna make in this campaign?"

"Is they more'n one?" I comes back, surprised. I'm sparring for time, but all at oncet a idea hits me that oughta get me in as good with the Doughmorons as a mad dog in a kindergarten.

(Continued on Page 68)

Cordelia Blodgett Gets Up, Smiles and Slips Me the Mitt

A MONROE DOCTRINAIRE

By Norval Richardson

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

BILLY spent a fortnight in Paris before starting out to find—as he expressed it—that remote capital to which the State Department had assigned him. Everyone he mentioned it to looked rather vague and said "Oh, really, are you going there?" in a way that gave him to understand that they had never been there and never intended going. Even at the embassy, where he thought he would surely find some suggestions that would be useful, he got no really satisfactory information. None of the secretaries had been there; none of them congratulated him on the assignment; in fact all that they could tell him was that they had heard that the country was in a very bad way and facing some sort of a crisis on account of desperate financial difficulties.

"At any rate, it ought to be a rather amusing experience for you," the counselor of the embassy said—a veteran diplomat, according to Billy's way of thinking, as he had been ten years in the diplomatic service. "As far as relations with the United States go, there probably are none and never will be. All you'll have to do will be to enjoy the picturesqueness of court life to the fullest, and the rest of the time float about on the Adriatic and dream the time away. I've always had the idea the department sent secretaries there as a sort of punishment for something they'd done. Have you been up to anything that made you deserve such an assignment?"

Billy's face clouded.

"I asked the minister to ask for my transfer."

"Ah, then that explains it! If you want a bit of advice from one who has been at this game a long time don't ever ask to be transferred. The department would much rather make changes without being requested. They have the feeling in Washington that they know better about such things than we do. Perhaps they do. At any rate, I find it good policy to let them decide. When a man goes in for diplomacy he might as well make up his mind to accept anything given him. After all, there's a great deal of interest in any capital of the world. No place need be wasted time—if you keep your eyes open."

"I Want to Talk to You Man to Man. My Name's Jones. And Yours—What's Your Real Name?"

Wasted time! Billy thought it was anything but that. He had been at it only two years—really not quite that long—and what he had seen, experienced and—he added the last with an expression that suggested he had looked into the depths—suffered, would already fill a book. However, two weeks in Paris cheered him up immensely, as it does most of us, and helped him throw off the depression of the past month. He even began to view it philosophically. After all, he had acted from the best motives. He had meant to be helpful and do someone a good turn. That the someone had turned out to be unworthy of his efforts was not his fault; and taken as a whole, the experience was of inestimable advantage to a diplomat. It had shown him that he must not let himself be blinded by superficial things; he must look deeper than the surface; he must keep a careful rein on his feelings—in a word, upon his heart; he must be the exact antithesis of trusting and frank and warm-hearted. No successful diplomat admitted the existence of such feelings; nor would he from this moment on. All of which only proves that he was still very young and very impressionable.

The night before he took the Orient Express he dined at the embassy and heard, quite incidentally, the first encouraging words about his new post. After dinner he was talking to the admiral of the Mediterranean Fleet, who told him that it was most likely that he would put into the port of that country—which was also the capital—if Billy would let him know how conditions were; that he had met the young king at Cannes the previous winter, had played tennis with him and liked him immensely.

"He urged me to bring my ships in there and show his people what we had in the way of a navy, and I'd like nothing better than to do it. We'll be at Malta in about six weeks. Perhaps it will be possible to run up there."

If Billy had thought the Central American republic to which he had been sent at the outset of his career had looked exactly like a stage curtain, he was sure now—as the last stretch of the journey was being made on what might be called a prehistoric boat—that he was actually on the stage. He had never seen such atmospheric effects. Mountains, harbor, luxuriant terraced gardens and a rambling town of white and yellow houses were all dreaming away in the most extraordinary light he had ever imagined.

From the ship the place looked like fairyland; and on shore the beauty was hardly lessened, for there were an amazing old cathedral, a picturesque central square and a grouping of villas and gardens that was quite fantastic and unreal and dramatic. He wondered why Belasco hadn't reproduced the scene in some play; all those orange and purple and golden lights would have been a perfect find for him. And why people didn't go there, why it wasn't crowded with tourists, puzzled him tremendously—at least during those first hours of his arrival.

The first fly in the ointment appeared when Billy reached the legation and found it one of the grubbiest houses in the town. There wasn't even a garden; and the minister and his wife—who had been there four years—had evidently made their sojourn one of the strictest economy.

"What's the use of blowing in your salary in a place like this?" the minister at once confided to him. "These people don't know there's a United States—and care less. All they're interested in just now is how to get something to eat. There's some sort of a bread riot going on every week, and the government—just about the rottenest you ever heard of—is doing nothing to relieve the situation. Something's going to happen pretty soon, and it's going to be rather nasty. There's some sort of a movement on the part of subversive elements to make the country into a republic and get rid of the royal family; and according to my opinion the king will have to look out or he'll pretty soon lose his crown. Not much of a loss though: there are only about two million people in the whole country. I'm glad enough to be getting away before the storm bursts. My successor has already been appointed, and we're leaving next week. Would you care to see the cable from the department?"

Billy did want to see the cable very much and read it with absorbed interest:

> The President wishes to appoint Mr. Josiah Wabash Jones as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. You will bring this to the attention of the government to which you are accredited and ask for the agreement of Mr. Jones, who, you may state, is well known in American financial circles and is considered one of our most outstanding figures of American progress. You are instructed to present this matter at once as the President is desirous of sending Mr. Jones' nomination to the Senate next week.
>
> SECRETARY OF STATE.

"Do you know anything about this Mr. Josiah Wabash Jones?" Billy asked.

"Only what's there." The minister indicated the cable. "At any rate, the matter's gone through. The government here accepted him, his nomination has been confirmed by the Senate and you'll probably soon be notified of his pending arrival. You might as well begin making arrangements for his assuming office at once."

Billy's brows drew together in sudden consternation.

"But—I've never been in a legation when a minister arrived. What do I do?"

"Before I leave I'll present you to the foreign minister and inform him that you are left in charge of the legation until the new minister arrives. There's a lot of rigmarole about his presentation. The foreign minister will tell you the whole thing. You'd think—from all the form they go through here—it was London or Rome or some important place. But it's easy enough if you follow instructions."

Billy could not resist the temptation of printing on a piece of paper—that night when he was alone in his

room—the name of his new chief and his title. There was something about "Josiah Wabash Jones, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America" that, written down, sent him off into uncontrollable chuckles. Could any country but his own great America produce such an extraordinary combination? Could Mr. Jones himself by any possible chance come up to what his name and title suggested? However, when a cable came the day after the retiring minister had left, Billy read it with a feeling that after all the combination of name and title was not going to be so overpowering as he had first thought. The cable was brief but suggestive:

Expect to arrive in about two weeks. Rent best furnished house to be had. Engage full staff of servants. Spare no expense.
JONES.

At least, Mr. Josiah Wabash Jones intended to live in the proper diplomatic way, thought Billy, and immediately set out to find the best furnished house to be had—which turned out to be a much easier thing than he had expected. A few days after he had consulted agents and mentioned to those colleagues whom he had met that he was looking for a new legation, he received a communication from the master of the royal household informing him that a villa which was crown property might be rented if a satisfactory price could be agreed upon. The satisfactory price struck Billy as being somewhat staggering and drove him into cabling Mr. Jones, who immediately replied succinctly "Take it." And so the contract was signed.

Though there were very decided inadequacies in this villa—such as very sketchy bathrooms, a leaking roof and drains that appeared to be permanently out of repair Billy felt that on the whole it would make an impressive legation. There were whole suites of reception rooms and banqueting halls and terraces, and a garden that extended straight down to the sea and furnished a view of town and harbor that he felt sure would go far towards meeting the requirements of even a Mr. Josiah Wabash Jones

He had hardly got a staff of servants engaged and in the villa before Mr. Jones arrived. Accompanied by a representative from the foreign office, Billy sallied forth to meet his new chief, who at first sight struck him with considerable alarm. How accentuated this alarm was going to become he hadn't the vaguest idea; but as he looked back on the episode afterwards he always remembered that the very first vision of Mr. Jones had been pregnant with a certain feeling of ominousness. His somewhat extraordinary bulk was the first thing that struck Billy; it actually created an impression of considerable presence. Beyond this was a costume—it could hardly be called anything else that accentuated the bulk. White spats, gray derby, shepherd's plaid suit, an enormous light-yellow stick, suède gloves and a soft collar made Mr. Jones look very much like an attempt to live up to an unfamiliar rôle. Billy had met a good many American diplomats—and he had heard a good many stories about those he hadn't met—but nothing that he could think of at that moment approached his first impression of Mr. Jones, an impression that became all the more bewildering as he felt himself unaccountably liking him at first sight. He was so tremendously hearty, even breezy, that he was irresistible.

Billy bowed ceremoniously in greeting his new chief and felt his hand clasped in a way that made him wince.

"Hello, Mister Secretary," boomed Mr. Jones' deep voice. "Mighty glad to find you on the job. Everything ready for me?"

Billy turned quickly towards the representative of the foreign office. "May I have the honor of presenting Count Castlesheldt, who has come to extend the welcome of the foreign minister?"

Mr. Jones boomed again.

"Mighty glad to meet you, count. Pretty place you've got down here. Ought to get considerable water power out of that chain of mountains. Got many factories?"

"He doesn't speak English," murmured Billy

"Then what's he meeting me for? Does he think I talk any of this lingo?"

"It's only a form to be got through—courtesy of the government—that sort of thing," Billy tried to explain hurriedly as he got Mr. Jones headed towards the gangplank and down to the pier, where, after many bows and professions of delight at welcoming him on the part of the foreign-office representative, they were at last alone.

Mr. Jones sank back in the motor Billy had procured for the occasion and drew a deep breath.

"Much of this folderol going on down here?"

"A good deal. But it's easy to learn."

"Who wants to learn it? I didn't come here for that sort of thing. I've only got a few months to spend here and that time has got to be given over to business exclusively. They told me in Washington that you knew all the fancy steps of this job, so it's up to you to go through them."

"Even so," Billy interposed mildly, "you will have to do certain things."

"Oh, I'll do whatever you say. Only remember I'm here for a purpose. The President asked me to come here and put something over, and the sooner I do it the better I'll be pleased. How do you like my get-up? Got it in London The best they could do in a week. Said it was the proper diplomatic traveling outfit. Do I look like an ass?"

"You look very impressive, sir."

Mr. Jones' head went back and an explosion of laughter shook the motor.

"Mister Secretary, you're on to your job I can see that." Then, with a quick change to seriousness, "Did the department tell you what I've come for?"

"Not one word, sir"

Mr. Jones shot a glance towards the chauffeur, looked back of him and on either side of the car; then, with his hand shielding his mouth, he turned to Billy.

"Something that's going to make them all sit up and take notice at home."

Billy's amazement—first at Mr. Jones himself and then in speculation over his mission—increased with leaps and bounds. It was easy enough to see that this was going to be an experience in diplomacy quite different from anything he had yet been through. As a matter of fact, Mr. Jones alone was a rather unusual experience.

"I didn't think we had any relations at all with this country," Billy began. "I've been reading the legation correspondence since I arrived—it took me a very short time to do it—and I ran across nothing in the least important."

"No, you wouldn't. But I'm going to make the relations important from this time on."

Again Billy wondered what under the sun could possibly be of any consequence between this little tucked-away

(Continued on Page 38

"You Did It!" He Roared, Still Holding Billy Tight

AN ELUSIVE PANACEA

SOUGHT IN THE QUAGMIRE OF TAXATION

By Albert W. Atwood

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

SOMETIMES it seems as if life were just one long series of discredited remedies, of disappointments and disillusionments at the failure of social and economic reforms to bring about desired results. This is no argument against trying to improve conditions, but it is a very good argument for not expecting miracles or believing in fairies. There are a lot of panaceas and reforms which aren't so bad, if the truth were known, but the way we overwork them is simply scandalous.

What mankind seems incapable of learning is that all these sweeping reforms produce unexpected consequences, which are not always bad by any means, nor are they always good. But generally the fact can be counted upon that they won't be the results which had been hoped for.

So many proposed measures read attractively on paper; they sound well; they appeal to theory and logic. But somehow no one seems capable of figuring out the consequences of their practical application, and thus new, different and unthought-of problems present themselves, often as serious as the evils for whose correction the prescription was written.

No reform is more frequently urged than the more equal, even and widespread distribution of wealth. Of course if the poor could be made richer the question would be solved. But the cure of poverty is a long, tedious process. A short cut which is very often advocated is to make the rich poorer—that is, to reduce or abolish what are called swollen fortunes.

It is doubtful if any subject is of greater general interest, either theoretically or practically. It enters into the discussion of socialism, which in this country is pretty much theoretical. But the more equal distribution of wealth—the business, so to speak, of leveling fortunes—is not merely a phrase for soap-box orators to frighten the conservative with. It applies to the affairs of rich and poor alike, because it forms much of the background, much of the very foundation of the whole theory and practice of taxation, which affects us all.

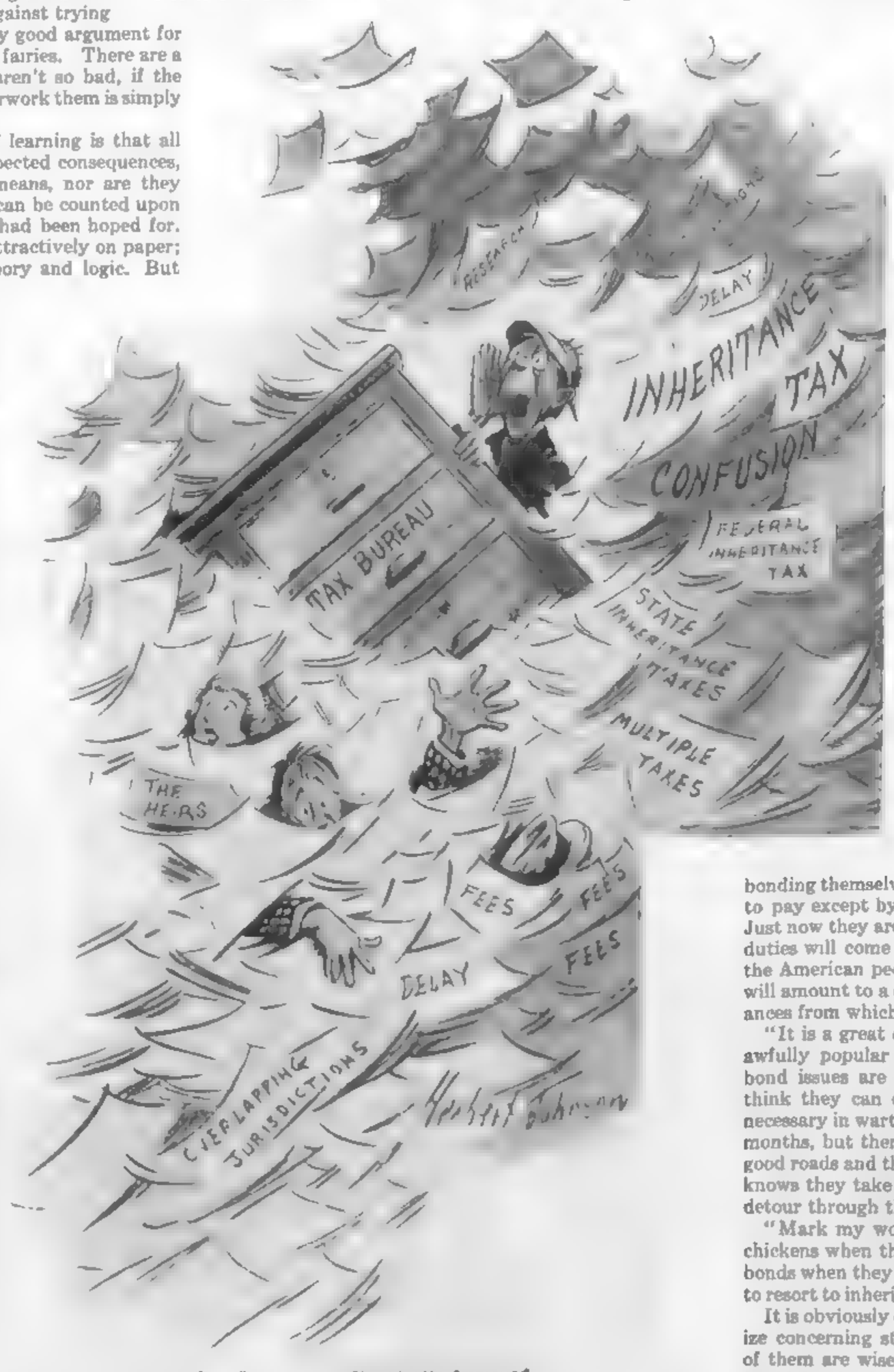
The Death Duty

THIS article is written just as Congress is getting to work. The writer does not know what Congress will do about taxation, but every citizen knows that the subject looms big and will form a very large part of the deliberations. It is a safe prediction, the safest that can be made, that whatever is done, there will be in the back of the minds of the legislators, or perhaps in the front of both their minds and their speeches on taxation, a philosophy of wealth, an eagerness either to reduce and punish it or else a belief in its functions and services.

Nor must it be supposed that supertaxes on large incomes and the unsolved problem of tax-exempt securities, both of which are such bones of contention, constitute by any means the whole of this question. It is doubtful whether they strike as close to the heart of the dispute concerning the distribution of wealth as another and entirely different form of taxation.

People in general seem curiously unaware that the tax which has made the most progress in this country in recent years is probably not that on incomes at all, but on inheritances, or, as it should be called, the death duty. It has been adopted not only by the Federal Government but by all the states of the Union except two, and will be one of the chief fighting grounds of nearly all movements for social reform, so designated, for the next generation.

Inheritance or death duties in this country have as yet attracted only a fraction of the interest and attention given the income tax. As far as the Federal Government is concerned only some 12,000 or 13,000 estates are affected each year, as compared with 7,000,000 income-tax payers.



Tax Bureaus are Chronically Swamped

But the general failure to realize the meaning and possibilities of this system of taxation has another explanation.

Though a person may pay income taxes each year for most of a lifetime, he or she dies only once. Therefore a person's estate pays but one death duty. Otherwise expressed, this form of taxation is so new, relatively speaking, that it has not had time as yet to get all the way around. Its fact, and the consciousness of it, have thus far reached only a small minority. But time is going to remove any ignorance which now exists regarding this form of taxation. Besides, the general trend of rates appears to be upward, an increase on the part of six or seven states in a single year being in no way unusual. If all forms of governmental expense decrease in the future it is possible, of course, that inheritance as well as income tax rates will follow suit. But is not the whole tendency of state and local expenses upward? Aside from any question of a Federal soldiers' bonus, the states and municipalities must find an ever-increasing tax revenue to meet the interest on bonds issued to pay for state soldiers' bonuses, good roads, schools, state universities and other institutions.

A tremendous hurrah is made, and justly, because the Federal Government has reduced its war debt from some $26,000,000,000 to $22,000,000,000. This has been accomplished only by the most Herculean efforts, by an insistent focusing of national attention upon the necessity of debt reduction and economy. Successive Presidents and Secretaries of the Treasury have shouted to the people from the housetops, and highly talented directors of the budget have worked themselves into a frenzy for this worthy object.

As President Coolidge says, the budget system has involved real sacrifice by department heads and a great concentration of effort by both Congress and the Administration. Or as Secretary Mellon says, to keep the expenses of the Federal Government down to the $3,500,000,000 figure there "must be continued pressure all along the line for the utmost economy and efficiency in government operations."

But what the deuce is gained by my saving money if my wife and children incur new debts of equal amount? What the Federal Government has saved the states and local jurisdictions are spending.

The Last Resort

"I THINK you will find it will take you about a month to ascertain what the total public debt of the United States is," was the statement made by a leading authority on governmental finance. "By which I mean all public debts, state and local. I predict that these jurisdictions are bonding themselves for figures which they will never be able to pay except by recourse to enormous inheritance taxes. Just now they are kiting. When these bonds mature death duties will come to have a very real significance, because the American people will be called upon to pay over what will amount to a capital levy, the serious economic disturbances from which no one can predict.

"It is a great old game, not paying your bills, and it is awfully popular right now. These state and municipal bond issues are just a politician's trick to make people think they can eat their cake and have it too. It was necessary in wartime, when we had to lick the enemy in six months, but there is no reason why we shouldn't pay for good roads and the like by taxes as we go along. Goodness knows they take long enough to build and we all have to detour through the woods for a year or two.

"Mark my words, the only way to take care of these chickens when they come home to roost, to pay for these bonds when they come due and the roads have worn out, is to resort to inheritance taxes on the scale of a capital levy."

It is obviously outside the scope of this article to generalize concerning state and municipal expenditures. Many of them are wise and necessary. The increasing demand for high school and state university education, the better care of the insane, criminal and other defective classes, together with the insistent demand for roads and highway bridges—these all make large expenses inevitable. But it is easy and convenient to put out forty and fifty year bonds with no adequate provision for payment, and yet the time will come when interest and principal must be met.

There may be reasons in the administration of the inheritance tax for keeping the rates at a moderate level, but the fact that it has about it all the earmarks of a fabulous productiveness will certainly not be overlooked when necessity arises to meet the great charges which are now being incurred. In the opinion of a great many people no tax comes so near perfection as that on inheritances. In certain respects such a tax is amazingly easy to collect.

It is estimated that one-thirtieth of the wealth of the country changes hands each year through death—say, roughly, from $5,000,000,000 to $7,000,000,000. The fact that all such properties must pass through the courts gives the state a convenient opportunity to collect a tax. There lies the dead man's property, for the first time completely

exposed to view, and literally in the hands of the state Since by law the property cannot be transferred to heirs until the taxes asked for are paid, there is no possibility of escape.

If the state chooses to browbeat the heirs into paying an exceedingly heavy tax, should that be considered public policy, what is to prevent? A few argue that more or less undiminished inheritance is biologically desirable, or that it is a natural right, handed down to man from heaven. More say that it is a strictly statutory affair, to be regulated by the state. But whatever theory anyone may hold, the state does in actual fact receive all property upon death and holds it until the heirs have paid over to the state such taxes as the law provides for.

"Of course it's a good tax," said a high official of a New England state. "A man who made his money and did business elsewhere, but had a legal residence here, died, and all his executors did was to write out a couple of checks to the state treasurer for nearly $1,000,000. And for all practical purposes all this state has to do to take in money like that is to keep one official with a couple of clerks in a little room in the statehouse."

Then, too, the tax, in theory, at least, is easy, convenient and painless to pay or bear. It falls in most instances upon an entirely new ability to pay on the part of those who are most flush, a condition created by the very act of inheritance. It calls for a minimum sacrifice because it comes out of funds parted with by the dead man and not yet in the hands of the heirs, who in fact have never had the money before. Such a tax cannot be shifted; it is not supposed to be a business tax.

When Heirs Do Battle

IN MANY cases the heirs have contributed little, often nothing, to earning or creating the property. Not having established the right to property through earning it which the father has established, the heir, so it is held, cannot complain if the state recognizes this fact and takes a portion from hands which have as yet given no evidence of ability to handle such wealth.

One assumes that not having earned the property, heirs do not find giving up part of their windfall as arduous as if they had worked for it. It follows supposedly that they will protest less at being forced to divide with the state than if an equal sum were taken away from what they had actually earned. Besides, it hurts less to have something taken away before you get it than long after you have been in undisputed possession.

The argument obviously is all the stronger, in the case of indirect, remote, distant, collateral, or, as the Germans have called them, the "laughing heirs." Inheritance is, or should be, much more unexpected in the case of distant heirs, and there can be no such feeling of unfairness at being heavily taxed as in the case of direct descendants, especially those associated in business with the father or already living on a scale made possible by the father. Under modern conditions the ties among cousins or even the uncle-and-nephew relationship is often very slight indeed, and the social foundation of inheritance among distant cousins is not very solid.

But back of all this is popular concern over the growth of large fortunes and a desire to reduce or distribute them. There is a feeling that the inheritance of such fortunes is essentially undemocratic, that there is something freakish about it, that those who inherit large wealth have an unfair advantage over their brothers. "Democracy wishes to see men and individuals put to the test, not profiting forever by the deeds of their forbears." The dead parent, it is felt, has no right to leave a child undue financial power.

Then, too, it is pretty generally conceded that large inherited wealth often weakens, injures and destroys character, or at least brings out the worst in one's character. There is no more common remark than that a lot of inherited wealth has spoiled So-and-So, who is said to be a typical rich man's son. Possibly there is an inconsistency here. If inherited wealth gives advantages to the few over the many it is a little difficult to see how it can be such a moral and mental disadvantage to inherit. But the inconsistency, the discrepancy, is more apparent than real.

The effect of inherited wealth, of course, depends upon the character, upon the caliber of the heir. If he wants to loaf, have a riotous time and go to the devil generally he has distinct advantages in such pursuits over the average man. If his ambition is to make more money and acquire more power he also has advantages. In any case he has the added weapon of money, for which nearly all men are working, without having to work for it. Naturally other people are covetous and envious, feelings which can be expressed in punitive taxation if in no other way.

Associated with the instinct of envy is a somewhat vague and perhaps unconscious but very real impulse to punish the idle, nonearning heir. Nor can the stoutest defender of large fortunes deny that heirs frequently deserve punishment greater than any which existing laws mete out to them. Year after year the papers are filled with accounts of long-drawn-out litigation among heirs, exposing to the world a degree of greed, jealousy and malice in high places which would shame the most sordid miser types to be found in French and Russian novels.

The Will-Breaking Industry

BROTHERS and sisters already in receipt of wholly unearned incomes of upwards of $1,000,000 a year quarrel in the courts over a few hundred thousand like fishmongers' wives.

In one great estate thirty-five separate law firms, including the most expert and therefore the most expensive, are representing one or the other of the numerous heir litigants.

In instances where the founders of fortunes have left ample sums to their heirs but have likewise provided generously for worthy educational and charitable institutions, we often have the base spectacle of a long-drawn-out effort to break the will to enable these same worthless heirs, often the most distant of relatives, to obtain all the money and use it in lives of trifling vacuity, if nothing worse

A few years ago the more conservative members of the United States Senate were fighting to the last ditch a proposed increase of an extreme nature in the rates of the Federal tax upon large estates. A Middle Western senator pointed out how a certain important manufacturing company, privately owned by a family, but employing great numbers of men, might well have been placed in an embarrassing position by the onerous taxes which

(Continued on Page 46)

An Inheritance Tax is the Easiest of All Taxes to Collect

STUB

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THERE was one winter which will never be forgotten by seafarers, seamen or shipping men as long as memory lasts. Coasts were littered with wreckage, harbors jammed with sheltering ships, the air a-jangle with radio calls of distress. Men will remember when the liner staggered into port so sheathed with ice that she slowly turned over as soon as she came to rest in her dock. They will recall how her terrified passengers, headed by the big stockholder of the line, presented to her white-faced captain a purse and a fine testimonial for his courage and magnificent seamanship; how the big stockholder mouthed fulsome praise of the officers and crew, which none of them wanted, boasting that the firm's policy was responsible for the gathering together of such a splendid lot of men in one ship; how the captain, still trembling from the terrific ordeal of the storm, stammered something simular about the splendidly liberal policy of the owners which made all things possible. A few folks may remember that many shipping men expressed surprise when the fine things spoken were printed in the news. Bit by bit the truth filtered through. First, injured seamen talked in hospital.

Then a battered foreign bark limped into port at the end of a lighthouse tender's towline, and ——

But that is Stub's own story.

Stub never remembered the time when he pulled a full man's weight on life's rope. From boyhood he was picked upon. Even when he rebelled, dared to hit back at the school bully and found him unexpectedly susceptible to a walloping at the end of a righteous fist driven by a courageous heart, he received nothing but whispered suspicion from his schoolfellows. They whispered to one another, and to the defeated champion, that Stubby had something in his hand. He had. It was a good hard doubled-in-desperation fist. A bigger lad would have succeeded to the bully's place as cock of the school. The bully was reinstated when his black eyes paled. True, he left Stub alone, so his championship was a poor thing. But Stub never took the trouble to assert his rights. He was on the register of the school as Joseph Stubbs, a good thumping he-man name. Other lads never called him anything else but Stubby. When he left school to go to sea they simply said, "Stubby's left. Gone to sea. Won't make a good mouthful for a shark."

At sea they said he was like the butt of a cheap cigar. Strong, nothing to look at, not much account anyhow. They called him Stub. It stuck.

When he stood on the deck of his first ship, the China clipper, Surprise, gaping aloft in open-mouthed amazement at the soaring mastheads and the apparently inextricable chaos of rigging, a young giant of a third mate, built like an untrimmed spar, rugged and weathered, flush with the pride of a first promotion, looked down contemptuously from the sacred eminence of the poop and catalogued Joseph Stubbs once and for all.

"Hey! You sawed-off stub of ——"

"Stubbs, sir," Joseph suggested respectfully.

He knew instinctively that respect was the due of an officer; he felt that he ought at least to try to get started under his right and proper name. That was due to him. Mr. Pledge grinned with tight lips over big, strong teeth. The grin stopped at his eyes.

"Guessed right first, didn't I, sonny? Well, Stub—Stub, I said!" He snapped as Stub opened his mouth again. "Stub you are, and Stub you'll jump to when you hear it called. Get a tin of oil and brick dust, some rope yarns and waste, and get busy on the brass work."

"Look Out for Yourself, Bill!" Yelled Stub, and Then the Lightship Reeled to a Terrific Impact

So Stub started on his career as a sailor. By the time he had earned his promotion to third mate of the Surprise he had learned much. He had seen the captain retire and Mr. Garth, the mate, succeed him. He saw a second mate discharged for drunkenness, and Mr. Pledge made first mate. That had a lasting effect upon Stub. It was just another of the things he never forgot, even when life seemed to hold nothing for him but humiliation. It saved him from turning humiliation into degradation.

Though Mr. Stubbs on deck, Stub was the familiar name off duty. Mr. Pledge saw to that. Even the captain did not trouble to forget the name that had stuck to the third mate since joining the ship a greenhorn. When the new second mate reported, a ruddy-faced, striking young fellow, he too, adopted Stub as too catchy to be replaced by Mr. Stubbs. Mr. Fargo was an owner's man. He was destined for rapid advancement. Everybody knew that. After the barest minimum of sea experience, he was already second mate of a fast clipper without ever serving as third mate. And one of the owners bade him bon voyage at the wharf as if he were already skipper with a long winning record behind him. Captain Garth was not too pleased about it; nor was Mr. Pledge. But they, at least, were not yet being overhauled in rank by the newcomer. The bitterness lay in Stub's heart, for he had the same experience, the same qualifications as Fargo; undoubtedly more professional merit. He saw in the appointment nothing less than a sweeping vindication of all his gloomy forecastings.

"He's bigger, and looks more of a man," he muttered.

Then he saw Bill Hawkes, the boson, across the deck. Bill smiled whimsically, and it was as if a subtle message had passed. Stub straightened up, set his head erect and went to work grimly resolved to show the world that a man's a man, no matter what size hide he's parceled up in.

Strike th' bell, secon' mate, let's go below;
Look well t' win'ward an' yuh'll find it'll blow.
Reliefs may be late, but 'tis all very well,
Ef on'y you will hurry up an' strike, strike th' bell!

Old Bill sang as he slung his boson's stores down the forepeak. Every now and then he glanced at Stub, measuring off a new log line on the poop. There was no need to hush his musical bellow, for the ship was alongside the dock. He noted the third mate's businesslike movements and nodded his grizzled head sagaciously.

"Th' battle's startin' fer him," he muttered. "Fair winds foller him, f'r he's a decent lad."

Mr. Stubbs was still Stub to his brother officers when the Surprise rounded Anjer Point, racing home with the first crop of teas. He was even Stubby to Mr. Fargo. He fed his soul on bitterness. He hated Fargo for his tall body, his blond head, his smiling readiness of speech. Most of all he hated him for his prospects. Many a time he told himself he would never stir a hand or utter a word to set Fargo right in the things he lacked as a sailor, and these things were many. Fargo went to sea because he thought he would like to feel the importance of command, not because he had to earn a living. Stub knew that an owner's man was slated from the start to go ahead. Only palpable incompetency could hinder such a favorite of fortune, and he despised such progress. He refused to join any of the various orders usually cultivated by the ambitious of the professions. He would go ahead on merit or not at all. He told Bill Hawkes so. Bill agreed with his principles; but the wise old head wagged doubtfully as to the commercial value of the resolve.

In the big seas of the Agulhas Current off the Cape of Good Hope, a dismasted bark hove in sight, a distress signal fluttering in two flags from the stump of a mizzenmast.

"Hoist out a boat, Mr. Pledge. We'll look her over," said Captain Garth, focusing his glass. "H'm! Don't see anybody aboard her. Mr. Stubbs, go aloft and look. Can't waste time over a deserted derelict."

Stub was aloft with the agility of a born sailor. He had thrilled at sight of the wreck, wanting nothing better than to be sent in the boat.

He saw from the mizzen royal yard, wide clean decks unbroken; spars trailing alongside the derelict hull, held by their rigging, seemed to hint that the ship had been dismasted by one terrific squall. The bulwarks were only broken in two places.

"Don't see any people, sir, but the boats seem to be all there," he hailed.

He trembled with the fear that he would be left up there on the yard when the boat went away, and yet he knew he was by far the best boatman in the ship. The boat already hung in the tackles. The Surprise was maneuvering to windward of the derelict, to give the boat a lee for getting

clear. When the boat reached the wreck, the ship would run down to leeward to give the rowers a fair sea for returning.

"All right, Mr. Stubbs. You can come down," the skipper hailed.

Stub flashed down by a royal backstay, scorching the skin from his hands and burning a hole in his trousers. He knew nothing of it. He went to the boat. Surely that would be his job. He would show all hands the sort of man he was.

"You take the boat, Mr. Fargo," said the skipper. "You've handled boats in a seaway, I know."

Captain Garth had been instructed to give Mr. Fargo every chance to show up well. Perhaps there was a little bit of irony in his remark, for if the new second mate was a poor boatman the piling seas of Agulhas would show him up very thoroughly. If he were a good boatman, he would have his chance. All would be pleased. And Fargo stepped over to the rail in such a manner that anything might be assumed from it. He made no terrific haste; nor did he appear to be uneasy, although Bill Hawkes, first in the boat, standing by the stern tackle block ready to release the hook, glanced keenly into the officer's face.

"Lower away smartly!" the mate sang out.

The crew tumbled in, fending off from the ship's side, alert for the moment of taking the water. Stub shoved a slow seaman aside as the falls began to screech and took his place at the bow oar, taking the forward tackle block.

"Not you, Mr. Stub!" cried Captain Garth irritably. "Come out of the boat!"

But the running seas licked along the boat's keel, jarring her heavily. As the ship leaned to leeward, dipping deep, the seas threatened to upend and smash the boat against the side.

"Lower away! Lower away! Oh, let go!" roared Mr. Fargo, his eyes staring wildly. He pushed at the ship's side with his hands.

"Let go!" the skipper said, and turned away angrily.

When he looked at the boat again she was speeding over the tremendous seas, her oars sweeping rhythmically to the stroke set by Bill Hawkes. Stub sat his bow thwart like a part of the boat. His strong shoulders and arms matched any man's when sitting down. No oar in the boat was handled more cunningly than his. As for Mr. Fargo, there was no fear in his attitude. There was only a terrible unfamiliarity with his task. An enemy, gazing at him, looking for faults, would be forced to concede the man courage. But even his best friend could never hope to have made good for him a claim for seamanship. Mr. Fargo was one of those men who always fall a bit short in a sea emergency. He lacked the sailor instinct. There was no brine in his blood. He belonged on the bridge of a liner rather than the poop of a sailing ship. Certainly not in a boat on Agulhas seas.

Alongside the dismasted vessel the boat crew fought a way through murderous wreckage—spars which threatened to stave in planks, snaking ropes which tangled and tore at the oars. And the great seas hoisted the boat high, swept her giddily into the trough, hurled her towards the laboring hull with a fiendish suddenness that sent a chill through the spine of the boldest oarsman.

"There's nobody aboard her! Back off! No use risking the boat and all hands! Back off!" shouted Mr. Fargo. He looked down upon the reeling derelict's empty deck from the height of a terrific sea. "Back all!" he yelled. "Stern oh! There's nobody there!"

Bill Hawkes had watched over the boat every moment since she left the Surprise. Steering her with his stroke oar, he had subtly guided her through many an error of her steersman proper. Stub, in the bow, had kept his eye upon Bill; together they had the boat in control, no matter what Fargo did. Now when Bill glanced over his shoulder to see if the men backed evenly with him, he saw Stub hanging to the derelict's side by a broken brace pennant. Mr. Fargo saw Stub dipped deeply into the sea twice before he hauled himself up to the bumpkin and thence over the rail.

"Jump overboard, you idiot!" yelled the second mate angrily. "What the hell did you do that for?"

"Stand by t' pick up Mr. Stubbs, fellers," growled Bill.

He acted as if Mr. Fargo didn't exist. But Stub disappeared over the bulwarks, and though the boat backed away into greater safety than the proximity of the ship afforded, nothing could be seen of him on the deck except once when he was seen running from the stern to the forecastle. Five minutes later he leaped to the rail again and sent a hail ringing across the sea, even down to the Surprise, rounding to to leeward.

"Thirty sick men below decks here! Stand by, I'll send you a line!"

That was a memorable rescue. With a line and breeches buoy rigged between the ships, with Stub and Bill Hawkes taking care of the slinging, and Mr. Fargo in the boat keeping guard over possible spills, thirty fevered men were saved to sail again. They had been stricken with fever, a spell of hard weather had come, and the ship was knocked down and dismasted with not a soul on deck to help her through. And the ship's hull was tight. It was loaded with unspoiled silk and rattan from the East. It was valuable. Captain Garth took it in tow for Table Bay, certain that his share of that rich piece of salvage would far more than compensate him for loss of the tea-race bonus.

It did that, and all the crew shared in the award, too. Of course, Mr. Fargo received a larger share than Mr. Stubbs, for he was not only higher in rank but had been in command of the boat. Stub did not mind that very much. He knew, when they came to meet the owners of the Surprise to listen to a pretty speech prepared for them, he would come into his due. He knew that but for his impulsive action in making that daring leap from the boat to the derelict against orders, not a man of that thirty would have been saved, not a penny of that salvage would have gone into the pockets of his owners

"They'll make yuh secon' mate, Mr. Stubbs. Can't help themselves!" said Bill Hawkes.

"Did they?" he hoarsely demanded of Stub when he came out.

"They don't admit I'm alive!" snapped Stub savagely, and burst past his old friend into the street.

Bill missed him in the crowd. He waited anxiously aboard the ship for his return. When that came about, Bill opened his eyes wide and swore as he had not sworn for years.

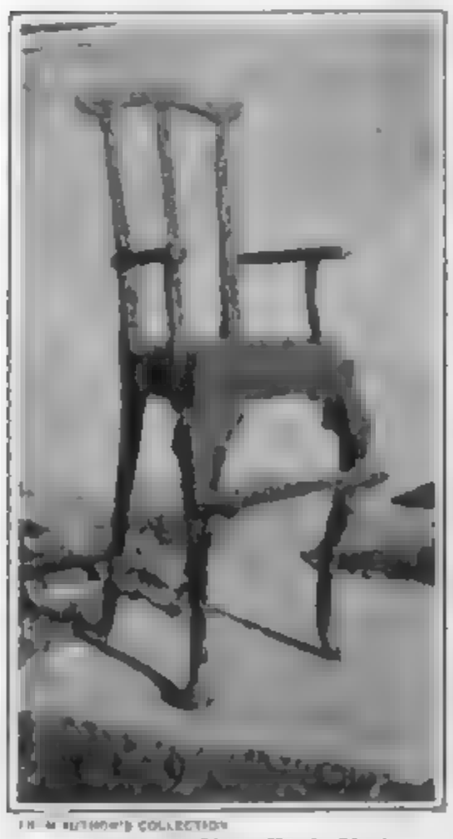
(Continued on Page 126)

That Was a Memorable Rescue. With a Line and Breeches Buoy Rigged Between the Ships, Thirty Fevered Men Were Saved to Sail Again

ANTIQUEERING—By M. L. Blumenthal

A Gate-Leg Table in the Author's Collection

ANTIQUEERING has its own language—a jargon—a line of very individual patter. I'll use it a great deal, so let me tell you the most important words and phrases. Collectively antiques are known as "stuff," sometimes as "things"; in the case of furniture, "pieces"; more affectedly "plunder." Never say "my collection"; that stamps you as the rawest of the raw. A piece in its original condition is said to be "in the rough"; fixed up for use or exhibition it is "restored" or "repaired"; added to, to deceive, it is "doctored." In the seller's description a piece is a "museum piece"; in the buyer's estimate, before negotiations are completed, it is "junk." Again, according to the seller a piece is "over a hundred years old"—an "heirloom." The effect of time, long time, on a surface is called "patina"; the little holes in very old wood are "wormholes." A spurious piece is a "fake." A copy is a "reproduction." If the copy is made to imitate an old piece it is "antiqued." A poor, fairly modern piece is a "dog" or sometimes a "brute." These two terms are also applied, in the privacy of your own home, to the other fellow's stuff. An auction is a "sale." A sale that is held in a private home but made up of pieces from dealers is said to be "planted." A buyer who does not buy or haggles when buying is a "customer"; one who buys easily is a "client." An old portrait, no matter of whom, is, after you buy it, an "ancestor." A piece that you buy for much less than its value is a "find." Further, there are lots of words and phrases, applying mostly to individual pieces, with which it will not be necessary to bother you.



The 1950-Mile High Chair

The List

AROUND Philadelphia, where we live, as around all large Eastern cities with historical backgrounds, there is a circle of country antique dealers. These dealers, about whom I shall have much to say hereafter, run their shops as clearinghouses. They travel out into their districts, buying the old pieces directly from the farmers, village and town people and from auction sales. This stuff they are willing, for the most part, to turn over at a fair profit to the private collectors and the city antique dealers.

The circle of dealers around Philadelphia became our prey, and in our little auto we made round trips covering from one to five days, furnishing the dealers more amusement and more cash at first, and less amusement and less cash as our education progressed. We had our adventures; funny little things happened to us and funnier little things happened to the dealers.

This is the procedure: You make out a list of the things you want to find—this kind of chair, that kind of desk, the other kind of table, and so on. Then you ride gayly out into the helpless country to your first stopping place. More often than not it is a barn back of the dealer's home; sometimes it is a barn and house combined, sometimes just the house with a couple of rooms used as a shop, sometimes a combination roadhouse and shop. I have seen an entire house used as a combination home and shop—stuff packed to the ceilings in dining room, kitchen, bedrooms, bathroom, parlor, garret and cellar. The amount of stuff these dealers collect is amazing. Often their places literally bulge with it, and the variety of it makes you gasp. Some of them will buy anything that is offered to them and they will put all of it on display, or at least on sale. I know one dealer near Philadelphia—one of the roadhouse-and-shop-combination variety. He has two large barns, one stable, one shop and his entire big hotel crammed, jammed full of stuff at all times. I have never seen his stock low and it is constantly changing.

Here is a typical line of attack!

We march in boldly to our first victim. "Good morning, Mr. Dingus," I announce. "Got anything good?"

"C'rt'n'y. Everything I got's good. What d'y' want?"

"How about a large gate-leg table?"

"Now, ain't that too bad? Tch! Tch! Jes' only last week I sold the finest gate-leg I ever seen, an' I been in this business twenty-eight years. Sold it cheap too!"

"What did you get for it, may I ask?"

"I don't mind tellin' y'! Two hundred 'n' a quarter; an' that was givin' it away. Bought it cheap an' could afford t' sell it cheap." (Classic phrase.)

"Isn't that too bad?" I moaned. "I would have given you twice as much."

"Would you really? Well—now, come to think of it, that feller called me up this mornin' an' said he thought the table was too big. Mebbe I could get it for you. You'll pay twice as much, you say?"

"How big is it, Mr. Dingus?" I begin to perspire.

"Five feet, opened up."

I see a loophole. "Pity we can only use a four-foot one." My breath comes easier.

"Now, come to think of it, mebbe 'twas only four feet; believe 'twas, at that. I'll call the feller up now an' ——"

"Wait a minute!" I struggle. "What kind of wood is it?"

"Mahogany—solid mahogany, an' ——"

"Can't possibly use it," I sing. "We must have a walnut one."

"Ain't that a shame?" says Mr. Dingus. "Ain't that a shame? Fine table that—fine table!"

We agree with him readily. We consult our list

"What about Windsor chairs?" I ask. "Got any?"

"Got a couple of beauties. Come back into the shop."

We follow Mr. Dingus, our hearts singing blithely. Windsor chairs at last, and good ones; Mr. Dingus had said so.

"Wait a minute, please," says Mr. Dingus.

He plunges Samsonlike into a mess of forlorn furniture and manfully extricates two-thirds of the lower part of one Windsor chair and three-sevenths of another. He places them proudly on the top of a dilapidated chest and confidently awaits our paeans of joy.

Shop Talk

THE silence is thick. The one cardinal point about buying antiques is never to enthuse before the purchase. Remember that! After the purchase go ahead and enthuse to your little heart's content; it'll help to perk up your courage. There seems to be just so much enthusiasm extant. Before the purchase the dealer has it all; after the purchase you have it all.

"Them's beauties, ain't they?" Mr. Dingus observes.

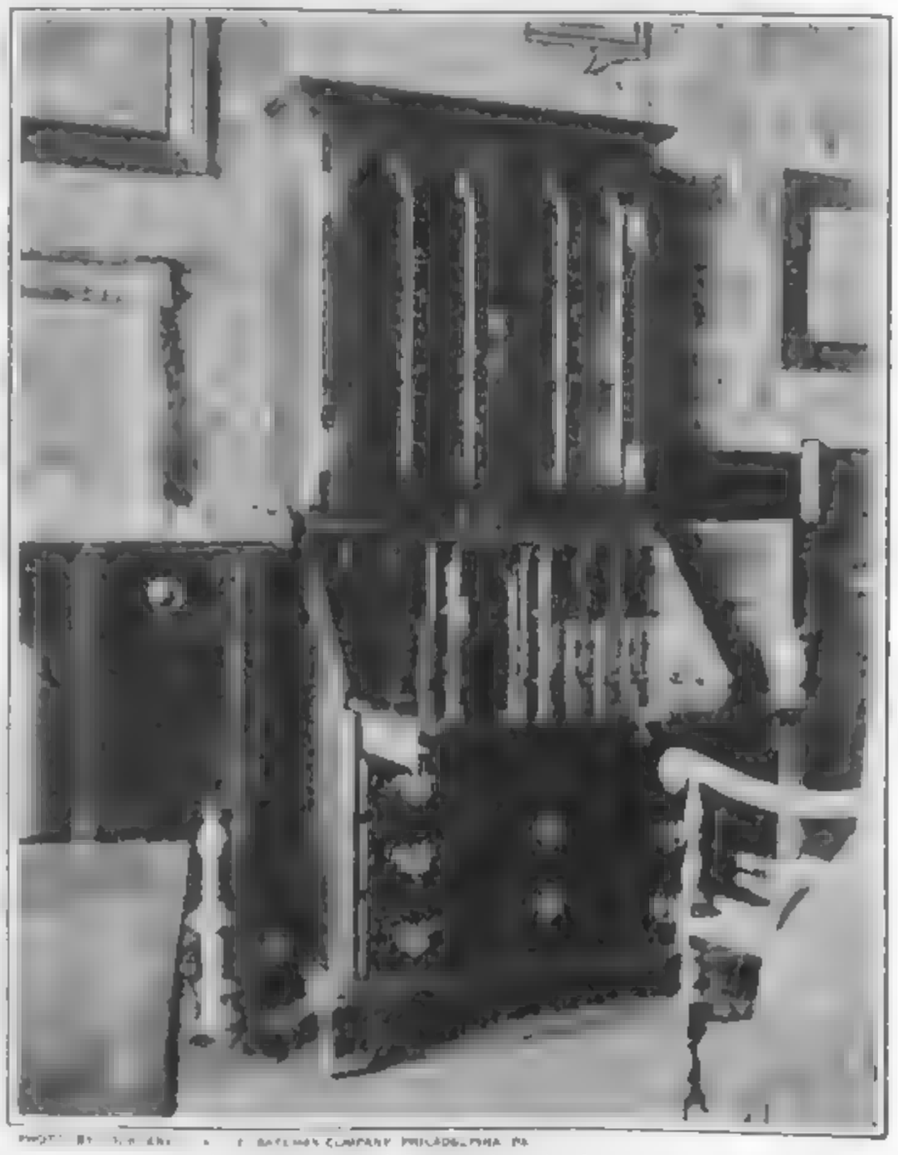
"What?" I ask absentmindedly.

"These here Windsors. Did y' ever see finer ones? Turned legs, saddle seats—nine spindles turned stretchers."

We deign to give them a glance. "Have you the rest of the pieces?" asks Mrs. Blumenthal

"Nope, but they's hardly anything missin'. Take this one here. All it needs is a new back, one leg, two stretchers, part of the seat—mebbe a new seat—an' then you'd have something!" He holds up the wreck and turns it about respectfully. "Had to fight for them chairs," he says. "Old lady—fine old family, too—had 'em. I made seven trips to her place nineteen miles back in the country. Terrible roads. Seven trips, mind y', before I could even get her to talk about sellin' 'em. Fin'ly she give me a price on 'em an' I mos' fell dead. Tried a whole forenoon to make her come down. Nothin' doin'. She said 'Take 'em or leave 'em.' I paid as much for these here chairs as I paid fer a dozen ten years back. They's beauties, ain't they?"

"How much?" I ask. We know we do not want them at any price, but Mr. Dingus is having such a wonderful time with his yarn that we haven't the heart to stop him.



A Splendid Old Pennsylvania Secretary

A Rare Dutch Table and a Good Windsor

"Forty-five dollars each, restored 'n' crated. Y' can't beat that, can y'?"

"Dirt cheap!" I lie. "But we can't handle"—classic phrase—"any fan backs; we're collecting comb backs."

"Anything else y' need?" asks Mr. Dingus.

"How about a pine butterfly table?" I reply. A pine butterfly table—a rarity of rarities—is far beyond our financial reach.

"Sold six of 'em to one dealer last week. Beauties, an' cheap," boasted Mr. Dingus.

"How much?" I ask.

"Fifty-two hundred dollars for the lot."

"Cheap," say I.

"Extremely," says Mrs. Blumenthal.

"Anythin' else?" asks Mr. Dingus.

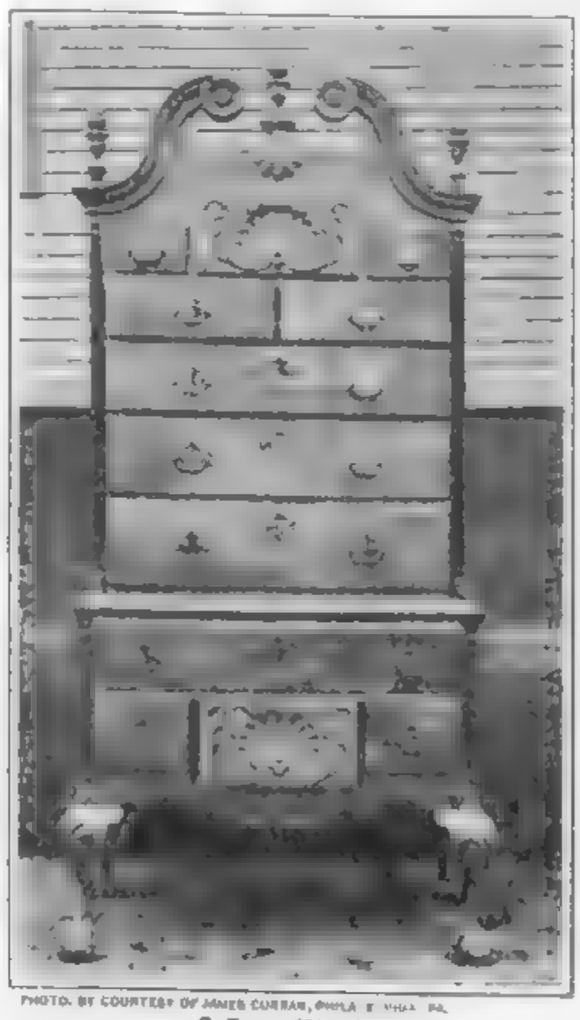
"How about a lowboy?"

"Now y're talkin'!" cries Mr. Dingus. "Everybody wants lowboys. Them's rare birds, but what would y' think of a beautiful gen'n Savery lowboy—crotch walnut—all original handles—absolutely perfect condition—never been touched—not a scratch on it—been in one fam'ly hundred 'n' fifty years—dirt cheap an' ——"

"Show it to us!"

"Sold it," says Mr. Dingus. "Sold it last August. Sorry!"

"What else?" I ask.



A Rare Highboy

"See the secretary-desk y're sittin' on? Over a hundred years old. Got it from old lady—fine old family—twenty miles back in the country, rotten roads. Had to ——"

"Yes, I know," I cut in brutally. "You went there ninety-six times—had to fight for it—paid forty times as much as it is worth, and everything. We already own a good secretary-desk."

"Do you?" says Mr. Dingus, losing his smile for the first time. "What's it like?"

Yarns That Lure Collectors

I DESCRIBE our secretary-desk to him – one of our most prized possessions.

"Sounds pretty good," says Mr. Dingus, "but secretary-desks is a drug on the market now. Everybody wants to get rid of 'em. I could buy a dozen 'most every day. Nobody wants 'em"

"I thought they were scarce," I ventured feebly.

"Sure they're scarce. Scarce as flies in July. You thinkin' about sellin' yours?" asks Mr. Dingus.

"Sell anything," I say. "What's your offer?"

"Oh, I couldn't use it at any price. But if y' want to deliver it at my shop I'll give y' ten dollars for it as a favor to you. Prob'ly use it for repairin' wood," says Mr. Dingus, the smile still not in evidence.

"Guess I'll keep it," I say.

"Jes' 's you like," says Mr. Dingus; "y're the doctor."

"Think we'll have to be going now. Just making a little trip around," I say. "See you on our way back."

Antiques, you know, are an investment first, a money outlay second; that is to say, you feel or are supposed to feel that when you put your cash into an old piece you are performing exactly as you would when you are putting it into some security that is dead sure to enhance in value. This is immense consolation for the antiquer, and it comes in handiest at the psychological moment—the little annoying period when you're sorriest for your purchase—when you consider whether it wouldn't have been far wiser to spend half as much for a modern piece.

"But, but," you plead with yourself, "I only paid forty dollars for this chair. Say I had bought a modern chair at twenty. If I keep this old chair for five years I can sell it for eighty dollars, and still buy a modern one for twenty dollars. Then again, new furniture is flimsily built, and I'd need another chair in five years. Guess I'd better buy it." And you do. So that's settled. Antiques are an investment—classic phrase. You can always resell at a profit—big profit. That is quite true, I take it, although I have never put it to the test. Not that I'm afraid to try, but—well—I never have, that's all.

Seriously, though, the proposition that antiques increase in value isn't all nonsense. You hear some wonderful stories as you buzz around heckling these poor dear innocent antique dealers. One of them told me this story, and he mentioned enough names and circumstances to make its verification sure and easy: In his travels he came across an old colored woman who had in her cabin the most part of what he thought was a genuine very rare seventeenth-century American-built court cupboard in oak. He bought the piece for ten dollars. Then he communicated news of his find to one of the largest museums in the North. They sent an expert to see it and the museum paid the dealer twenty-five hundred dollars for it. The dealer's profit, if you let me save you some intricate arithmetic, was twenty-four hundred and ninety dollars. Not so bad, not so bad! A very fair increase, you must admit.

Just the other day I received from a dealer, also in the South, a photograph of a tallboy made in America in the late seventeenth century, at which time it cost probably ten pounds to build. The dealer's price, I was relieved to learn, is only five thousand dollars, and he will doubtless get it, or very near it. A year or so ago a highboy made in Philadelphia in the eighteenth century sold at a New York auction for forty-nine hundred and fifty dollars.

And I could go on and on from here with stories of increases just as wonderful as those. Of course, and obviously, your profits are not always quite so staggering. Sometimes you are forced to be satisfied with an increment of a thousand dollars or eighty-five cents or less or even minus. We draw the veil.

Back to our travels. As your experience grows fat and your exchequer thin, you gradually gather a sizable list of dealers. One generously sends you to another, your friends grudgingly tell you of new ones they've found, you search in the telephone books and among the advertisements in the antique magazines, the trade journals of the business. You work this list consistently and often; one week-end in one section, another in another section, and so on.

Your list of antique dealers is a sacred thing, to be guarded in awfulest secrecy. Should you find a new name you may tell it to your wife, perhaps to your mother or your undertaker, but there your generosity ends. You may trade new ones, one good one for two not so good, or three indifferent ones, as the case may be, but you do not trumpet your discoveries forth; indeed you do not.

No Trouble to Show Goods

ANTIQUE dealers are a various lot, but I have never met one who was not interesting from one angle or another. For the most part they have graduated, if you will, from the ranks of cabinetmakers, auctioneers, secondhand-furniture dealers and ladies who yearn to keep a shop. The transition of the cabinetmaker class is easy to understand. Folks have brought them pieces to repair or restore, they hear marvelous tales about prices and profits, and quickly begin to buy and sell on their own account; and they remain cabinetmakers, too, repairing some of the pieces they sell. Auctioneers are called upon to cry pieces of old furniture; they are amazed at the prices, and their downfall is clear. Secondhand dealers sell a few queer old things at the prices of secondhand modern pieces, and they very quickly wake up.

Good Windsor Side Chair

As I said, all dealers are interesting people; at least they are to me. You meet dealers who are quite ignorant of almost everything in the world except the things they buy and sell, and their knowledge of these things is often amazing. In the great majority of cases a real love for antiques goes along with their knowledge of them. For this reason you seldom encounter a dealer who does not take an actual pleasure in showing you his stock and in making you very welcome whether you buy anything or not. Many of them furnish their own homes with some of the stuff they buy and are just as deaf to your pleadings that they sell as are people in whose family pieces have been for hundreds of years.

(Continued on Page 135)

The American Empire Period Produced Some Graceful Sofas

THE CLEAN WHITE PAGE

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

NOTWITHSTANDING the pronounced flavor of the Russian cigarette, Philip Weldon's senses registered the taste and smell of strong yellow soap. He knew, of course, that it was pure illusion; by no possibility could anything so crude as yellow soap profane these premises, these almost sacred rooms that templed the person of Sidney Levin. He rebuked himself for the fancy, all the more unworthy in one who had been admitted so far into Sidney Levin's intimate fellowship as to have seen the bedroom and bath that completed the apartment, and who knew, therefore, that Levin's taste ran to extravagance in the matter of costly perfumed soaps; approached effeminacy, indeed, in respect to crystal flasks of scented waters and unguents for skin and hair. Even now, from the porcelain jar on the taboret the pungent smell of burning sandalwood rose in spicy whorls of smoke. Yellow soap—a fine, appropriate thing to be thinking about, with this chance to hear the plot of Levin's new play from Levin's own lips!

"And then, for the curtain, we have Mikail sitting there by the fire, beside Maka's corpse; Kitchka, the idiot half-sister, is fumbling in the cupboard, mewing and bubbling to herself, but Mikail doesn't notice her. He sits there with his old astrakhan cap on his knees, and his bloody fingers hunt through the fur for fleas. Whenever he finds one he flicks it between his finger nails into the fire and mutters: 'She loves me—she loves me not!'—the game he used to play with Maka when the steppe was covered with daisies. He doesn't look up when Kitchka finds the meat chopper, and she creeps up behind him, dragging her paralyzed leg, till ——"

Weldon's attention came back to the baffling mystery of that taste and smell of soap, so convincing that he removed the long cardboard mouthpiece from his lips and explored them experimentally with the tip of his tongue. He joined mechanically in the outburst of applause when Levin spread his hands in eloquent conclusion.

"Realism!" He spoke with becoming reverence. "Relentless, devastating truth, Levin!"

Yellow soap—the ugly stuff they used in the kitchen; long, loathsome cakes in the wire rack over the iron sink; the whole house would smell of it at cleaning times and on wash days. The memory lifted a vision of the ordered back yard, the whitening squares of linen patterning the turf, the propped clotheslines between the pear trees, waving their bright banners against the grim harsh hill that overhung the village.

An absurd thing to think about, here and now, especially with that silly sense of something dimly pleasant in the memory, in spite of the persisting, loathly taste of soap!

It Was Futile of Levin to Insist on Talking to Her—You Might as Well Argue With a Flower for Its Failure to Bear Fruit or Urge a Butterfly to Lay Up Honey

It seemed to prove that even Levin hadn't quite freed Philip Weldon of that stupid cult of cleanliness that had enslaved his race—a religion, as Levin put it, that had never managed to distinguish clearly between its gods and its washtubs!

Weldon forced his thoughts back to Levin, once more engaged with the pitilessly realistic theme of his play, elaborating with lip-smacking relish the detail of its stark photographic depravity. He envied Levin that ability to use any word he chose with no squeamish change of look or tone when the choice fell on terms that still embarrassed Philip Weldon, even when there weren't any girls about. Right now, Weldon admitted, after all these months of enlightening association with Levin, he couldn't have explained that plot without stammering and stumbling; a plot that ——

He remembered suddenly. Considered as the theme of a play, a play designed for production even in the splendidly fearless atmosphere of the Box Stall Theater, it was breath-stopping, to be sure; but as a story it wasn't altogether new, even to Philip Weldon, whose bigoted upbringing had limited his familiarity with such anecdote. He had heard that story before, somewhere—a little different in setting, and given, in its climax, a coarsely comic turn; but the same story, none the less. His memory cleared He was, for the moment, a seven-year-old boy, flicking a mounted horse tail about the off hind leg of Old Bet while Sim Gibson fitted a new-forged shoe to the near hoof and gave ear to the talk of the farm hand who waited his turn beside the cooling tub.

It was all marvelously distinct. Weldon could see the frayed posters against the smoky walls, chromos of impossible trotters advertising spavin cures, alluring advertisements of bygone county fairs and circuses; the smell of burning horn came back to his nostrils; he saw the dull, sly face of the farm hand above the blue-checked shirt, the droop of the corn-silk mustache; he even remembered that Sim Gibson's bald scalp, exposed as he bent over the hoof between his aproned knees, had been brilliantly clean in contrast to the hairy hands and forearms. The story had been new to Sim; he had guffawed over it; the farm hand had stroked the corn-silk mustache and winked at the little boy with the horse tail, and told him to be sure and remember that story so that he could tell it to his Sunday-school teacher.

Philip Weldon understood, now, why he had smelled and tasted yellow soap. After all the years, he could still resent the injustice of that affair. Even people who had never learned to question the absolute truth of their little conventions ought to have seen that he'd been wholly innocent. Wasn't his father always telling stories at the dinner table, stories that a little boy sometimes didn't understand, but at which company always laughed, at which, sometimes, even Phil's mother's straight lips would droop and tremble? Wasn't it natural for an imitative little boy to bring home that new funny story and share it with Cousin Hattie and old Mrs. Jessock? They ought to have understood, ought to have explained and warned and reasoned, instead of ——

In recollection Philip Weldon's knees went stiff and straight; again he dug his heels into the rag carpet, resisting that impelling hand that clutched his shoulder. Again he gagged and sputtered at, the sickening taste of the soaped towel that scoured his outraged mouth. His mother had been thorough about it; she was always thorough about any cleansing process; there was something in her look and manner as she swept or washed or dusted that revealed a cruelty complex—she manifestly derived a real pleasure from persecuting anything she classified as dirt!

Well, at this distance in space and time Philip Weldon could remember and forgive. According to her obstinately dimmed lights she'd been a good mother; it wasn't her fault that she'd been bred in an age and place that accepted at face value an intolerant bigoted certainty as to the absolute rightness or wrongness of almost everything. Her son, escaped from this warping environment, could make allowances; he was broad enough to be tolerant of intolerance itself! He made a pleased mental note of the

phrase; he'd get it into the talk, pretty soon, when Levin got tired of telling about the play.

He considered the other listeners, now, as a prospective audience for this and other speeches he had polished up for this evening's general conversation. He was beginning to be reconciled to Levin's popularity, to get over that feeling of jealousy toward the others who sat at Levin's feet, to enjoy their approval of those epigrammatic remarks, so carefully rehearsed, so carelessly flung into the talk—almost as spontaneous-seeming, he told himself, as Levin's own purely impromptu brilliancies. He had almost managed to feel at ease with the women who dropped in as casually as the men, women who had triumphed over all the absurd old conventions as magnificently as Levin himself, who listened to and talked about all sorts of things that had been unmentionable day before yesterday, without batting an eyelash. He regarded them with a touch of envy; in some respects they were clearly more advanced than Philip Weldon—some of them, at least.

He wasn't quite sure about Winnie Doane, however, although he had seen her flat cheerful face at half a dozen of these informal readings. She chose to wear her mud-colored hair very short, and you might have mistaken her for a man, in that tailored jacket and polo shirt; but Philip Weldon had felt uncomfortable, sometimes, under her bright attentive eyes, had been disagreeably suspicious that she was watching and listening rather as playgoer than as player. He shifted his glance, now, away from her stubby nose and competent jaw to the face of the tall girl who had come in with her.

There was no doubt whatever about Shirley Webscott, he told himself; you could see that she was still in complete bondage to all the old fetishes—an old-fashioned girl, he decided, the kind of person you found in the fiction of the early twentieth century. You didn't have to talk to her to guess that she believed in—in God and things. He repeated the phrase mentally; it sufficiently described her, he decided; described her far better than the old way of cataloguing features and dress. You could put this girl down on paper without mentioning the straight gray eyes, the childlike mouth, the boyish lines of the figure in that carefully simple dress, the queer way in which the light tangled itself in the fine bright hair.

Her presence here irritated Weldon. Winnie Doane ought not to have brought her; the sight of her was a restraint on the glorious freedom of speech essential to realistic conversation; although, of course, she probably couldn't understand more than a quarter of Levin's talk and would shut her mind against that, as all such women could do when they chose—protecting their soft, cushioned little brains from shock by the device of the ostrich. He guessed that she wasn't listening to Levin, that she was preoccupied by the superficialities of which her life was a tissue, by what seemed eccentricities of dress and conduct in these people. She found them mildly interesting, no doubt, because they didn't look and talk like the respectable citizens of her acquaintance, but she'd speak of them, when she went back to her own kind, with just the faintest contraction of the nostril—the way she'd speak of a visit to the zoo!

It was futile of Levin to insist on talking to her—you might as well argue with a flower for its failure to bear fruit or urge a butterfly to lay up honey. Levin was just wasting breath trying to make her understand, simplifying his idiom, pausing to define his terms.

"Yes, of course." She nodded slowly. "It's perfectly clear, except that I'm afraid I don't know what you mean by that word lib—lib "

"Libido?" Levin was remarkably patient with her He explained the word minutely, adapting his speech admirably to her comprehension. Listening, Philip Weldon again remembered the taste of yellow soap; he actually wriggled, as if he could feel a hand gripping his shoulder and see his heels sliding over the kitchen floor, pine boards fretted to yellow velvet by the unsparing scrub brush.

The level eyes moved unhurriedly to meet his own and he felt his ears heat and tingle under their even, contemplative look. He envied Levin his opaque yellow-gray skin that didn't give away every trifling change in the tempo of the pulses under it; not that Levin was the silly sort to blush, visibly or otherwise. You had to pay for a New England conscience, for the effect of the prim New England climate on a breed that had been regrettably Nordic in the first place.

There was, he fancied, a slight change in the quality of the glance that would not release his own; he seemed to find in it a trace of recognition, as if Shirley Webscott thought she saw him as another outsider in this assemblage. He couldn't blame her, he told himself; she must have seen that asinine flush. Relief quickened in him as she rose, a graceful rising, one fluent movement bringing her to her feet.

"We've had a wonderful evening, Mr. Levin." Her voice was defined, in spite of its low round softness; she pronounced "wonderful" in three distinct syllables "I hope you'll let us come again."

"Why not?" Levin laughed. "I'll come to your place when I want to you've got the same right to come to mine. You'll get over the idea of privacy as you outgrow the rest of the rotten claptrap you've been taught."

Weldon was admiringly familiar with Levin's ability to be brutal in his talk to women. He knew, in theory, that the high hand pleased them better than the sugared courtesy in which most men enveloped them, but he resented this new demonstration. This girl ought to have taken offense at the tone and words. You couldn't help seeing that she wasn't used to

"Splendid!" Again she divided the word neatly. "I do hope you'll come—often. I'm stopping with Winnie, you know, for as long as she'll let me. I never realized till tonight how frightfully much I don't know."

Her glance seemed barely to touch Weldon's, but again he felt in it that effect of identification. He fancied that Winnie Doane wasn't altogether pleased; she seconded the invitation with a proviso: "We close at 10:30 sharp. I'm a hard-working woman and I need my sleep."

"I'll come in the daytime, then." Levin grinned. "Unless you're a working girl too." He slanted his head at Shirley Webscott and chuckled at the absurdity of the suggestion.

"Splendid!"

She distributed friendly little nods about the circle, ending with Weldon. For some reason he was disappointed; she might have included him in that invitation, as a courteous gesture—not, of course, that he wanted to go. Her departure, curiously, failed to set the talk at liberty; it seemed to Weldon that the constraint of her innocence was more perceptible now that she had gone. The group disintegrated; Levin and Weldon were left to themselves, extraordinarily, with the evening hardly half spent, but Weldon found himself unable to profit by the opportunity, and Levin had lost interest even in his play.

"Let's go down to the Forty Thieves," he said "I don't feel like talking."

Weldon agreed with something like eagerness, the prospect of the short walk promising relief for the stupid restlessness that possessed him, but he was still frowning a

(Continued on Page 54)

"You Thin-Lipped, Water-Blooded Nordics Can't Get It Through Your Hard Heads That All Beauty Is Just an Affair of the Senses"

UNWRITTEN HISTORY

By Cosmo Hamilton

ON THE night that Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier gave a command performance of The Merchant of Venice at Windsor Castle with their company from the Garrick Theater, I dined there, among a number of other guests. I was told by Lord Churchill that I might get there early and prowl about that grand old place that I had seen so often from the Thames and from the winding cobbled streets of Windsor, whose placid life is only churned into excitement when a royal function brings out soldiers on horse and foot, the Household Brigade and the Guards, with their marvelous drill and bearing, or there is a race meeting on that extremely pleasant course. I rarely missed one—a very easy drive from my house.

Miss Margery Maude

King Edward and Queen Alexandra were, I think, entertaining the King and Queen of Denmark, and it was as well, perhaps, that the play chosen for the occasion was not Hamlet. The choice was, in any case, a good one, not only because there are few in any language so fine, so dramatic and so moving and with such delicious comedy, but because Arthur Bourchier's Shylock was the best thing that he ever did among his versatile list of parts, except possibly the gentle, charming curé in The Bishop's Move, by John Oliver Hobbes, in which he played like a Frenchman, so delicate and certain was his touch. His was a sound and admirable company, too, most of his actors having served in the Benson school, as all the best of the actors of that period had done except Du Maurier, who is a born actor, and Lawrence Grossmith, who had it in his blood. I liked Violet Vanbrugh's Portia very much. It was picturesque, and full of warmth and feeling. They were all there worrying a good deal as to how on earth to get their scenery, which was heavy, onto the just-erected stage, and being looked after by old Lord Clarendon, with his bangles, and his son, Lord Hyde, both attached to the household, as Lord Churchill was.

Quieting Creditors

I VERY quickly discovered that there was not much prowling to be done, though. Every time I walked off the beaten track and endeavored, with the attempted air of one who belonged in some capacity to the castle, to explore, out popped a red-coated, tall-hatted servant with a cold and fishy eye and a no-trespassing hand. There were sentries everywhere, too, with fixed bayonets—not very nice things on which to be stuck. But I was permitted to dress in the Tower, from whose narrow slits of windows there was a fascinating and unusual view of the town. How pleasant to see the sky through the trees. But only the angels see the trees through the sky. I felt rather like a very temporary angel then, perched up in that high spot.

Dinner was not served at one long table, but at a number of small ones in the dining hall, so that it looked like a restaurant but for the age and beauty of the room; and at the moment when the royal party entered all the lights flashed up and made the gold plate glisten on the screens. In the middle of dinner the ancient custom took place of drinking wine with the King, a somewhat nervous and disconcerting custom which kept one on edge until the moment came, of which one was duly informed by one or other of the gentlemen in waiting, who slipped about in the brown Windsor uniform, in pumps. Then, catching the King's also duly informed eye, the deed was performed and the remainder of dinner eaten with an immediate return of confidence.

The people at my table and others near by were the King's neighbors—on the list, landed gentry, as the papers had it before the war altered all that and put their houses on the market—who lived between Windsor and Ascot, the headmaster of Eton and the officiating clergyman. At the proper moment the King, with the Queen of Denmark, walked to their gold chairs, facing the stage in the old room hung with full-length portraits of departed kings, and I went, too, among the also-rans. Not in order to escape from listening to the play—I had heard it—but because I was keen to find the room and table at which, as my grandfather had told me, Macaulay, invited to dine and sleep, had written on the castle note paper to his dunning tradespeople a reproachful line or two, I left the room. I thought the idea a good enough one to follow. I tiptoed off, went across a wide place on the polished floor, on which the lights in the cases of pistols threw long streaks, and wandered into a room covered with painted fishes, with a fine old mantelpiece; and as I was enjoying a cigarette, in lonely guilt, a magnificent person came in from the other end, in gorgeous uniform, his pouting chest decorated with a row of miniature medals, and eyed me friendlily. Crown Prince of Denmark at the very least, I thought. If he speaks to me how on earth do I address him? Sir, your royal highness—what? It was a nervous moment for a tyro in these surroundings, though I noticed a certain hesitation on his part. Suddenly Lord Churchill skated in with his mind on something, and showed his excellent teeth beneath a tonged mustache.

"Having a puff?" And I said yes, and snatched at the chance to obtain a little advice. "Who?" he asked and to my amazement whirled round upon my homogeneous prince. "Who the—what the ——" cried out Churchill, and ordered the crestfallen encroacher to get back to the servants' quarters; and thus was I prevented from a bad faux pas. When I was alone once more I emulated the Macaulay idea and wrote a cold short note to a long-suffering tailor, who must have been considerably impressed. His tone, at any rate, was nicer when he ventured to call my wandering eye next time to his outstanding bill.

Sir Herbert Tree and His Daughter, Miss Iris. Above—Miss Beryl Faber, Wife of Cosmo Hamilton, as She Appeared in the Play, His House in Order

Work and Play

ABOUT this time, having nothing to keep me occupied except the writing of books and plays, as much serious attention to golf as I could give it, the occasional attempt to win prizes at the horse shows with a beautiful little mare called Sal Gal—which generally came off—and tennis, I perpetrated a novel in which I took up the cudgels for the second son. I gave it the title of Duke's Son—"Duke's son, cook's son, son of a hundred Kings," as Kipling had sung in The Absent-Minded Beggar—and it was published through the instrumentality of Curtis Brown, the literary agent, by William Heinemann, an excitable little man of most fastidious tastes, whose name stood high among London publishers. It caught on very well; and seeing, as I thought, a play in the story, I dramatized it, and had just got through the curious process of giving it a copyright performance, at which it was necessary for one member of the theater-going public to pay a guinea for a seat, when Mme. Pierre Berton came over from Paris to ask whether I would consent to make a contract with her for the adaptation of the novel into French. I need hardly say that I did so with great pleasure.

Her husband was the author of several successful plays, among which Zaza had blazed a way into almost every language, and as soon as he had read her quite admirable adaptation he telegraphed to me

(Continued on Page 153)

Dangerous Game—The Big Four

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

THERE are a number of controversial subjects in the world of thought and theory. I do not mean ephemeral and unimportant matters that may well be moot questions today but forgotten tomorrow, like reparations or the tariff or socialism or religious belief or art or poetry or musical form. I mean serious things that have never been settled and never will be settled and are always demanding settlement even unto the small smoky hours of the morning. There is the single or double cinch question for stock saddles; and the dry or wet fly; and the best

The Lion—The King of the African Big Four

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A Captive Elephant in a Frenzy of Rage

medium-priced-car controversy; and the revolver versus automatic pistol row; and the small bore versus large bore fracas; and the relative percentages of luck in mah jongg, bridge and poker—to name but a few. Such questions can always be identified by these characteristics: They are debated by means of dogmatic statement; they are mainly supported by personal experience; and they are never decided or even compromised. To be sure, some of the nonessential questions have these characteristics too; but that is different. The amateur prospector may mistake mica or pyrites for gold, but no one could ever mistake gold for anything else.

One of these questions is as to which game is the most dangerous to pursue. The choice, by weight of scorn, almost always narrows down to the African big four—the lion, the buffalo, the elephant and the rhinoceros. Sometimes someone pipes up feebly in favor of our own grizzly bear, but that never gets very far. The grizzly proponent has never hunted in Africa; if he had he would not be a grizzly proponent. The African hunter listens to him tolerantly, allows him his experience of the man he saw himself, the whole side of whose face and the muscles of whose breast and thigh were just scraped away by one blow of the beast's paw, sir; and then calmly raises him his Indian or old white trapper by two white men—one of them a lord—and a half dozen natives for good measure. There are also a limited number of tiger enthusiasts, but the proportion of tigers potted from perfectly safe elevations on elephants or trees or such as compared to those shot afoot on a still-hunt is so large that the best Stripes can hope is a grudging admission that he is not greatly dissimilar to a lion.

A Vote for the Lion

THE contest generally narrows down to the African big four. Each animal has its partisans. A man has usually been made a partisan by his personal experience, and the more limited his experience the more partisan he is. Animals vary so in individual temperament, the circumstances in which they may happen to be encountered are so diverse, sheer hazard plays such an extraordinary rôle in the hunting field, that it requires a pretty extended experience—and experience greater than most sportsmen can hope for—to break through the modifying circumstances to an average which will give him a reasonable basis of judgment. In the meantime he is entitled to his opinion and to its statement. Here is mine:

Of the four, the lion seems to me the most deadly. It is my notion that the man who thinks otherwise has either had a short experience or else, as in the case of several old Africanders I know, he has specialized so strongly on one of the others that his judgment is overbalanced. It is only human nature to consider most dangerous that animal which has scared one the worst and oftenest. Naturally, a man who has made it a business to hunt elephants and who has only run against incidental lions or buffalo has been in more tight places with the former than with either of the latter, and has quite a different notion of the relative merits from the man whose hobby is the exciting sport of still-hunting lions afoot. In the case of the elephant, he has been at it so long that he has broken through the fortuitous to the average, and therefore he has quite a good idea of the elephant's formidability. For accurate comparison he should have had the same experience with the lion or with the buffalo. That is rarely the case.

Frederick Selous was rightly considered one of the greatest of African hunters. He spent his life at it, and his general knowledge of the whole subject was surpassed by very few. Nevertheless, it so happened that by a combination of luck and locality his lion experience was very limited, more limited than is that of a number of men who have spent only a sportsman's term in the country. I was told in Nairobi that he had in all killed only about a dozen lions. Be that as it may, it is undoubtedly a fact that in Selous' African career the lion represented a thin spot. I do not know, I must hasten to add, how Selous ranked the big four. I merely wish to show that specialization may, even in such a case, leave certain species in the penumbra of chance rather than in the certainty of average.

What right then have I to an opinion? None, except that I cheerfully acknowledge to each the right to an opinion also. I have been quite sufficiently scared by all four of these animals. Indeed, I have been more scared by elephant and buffalo than by lions. But I do believe that of the four the lion deserves first place. He is quick, he is strong, he is intelligent, he has abundant courage when his mind is made up to fight, he has occasionally great vitality, he cannot be discouraged by mere hammering. And all in all I believe that were a poll to be taken more hunters would vote for him than for all the others combined.

Of the remainder perhaps the buffalo would get the next largest vote. He can certainly scare you badly enough at times. His typical haunt is a thicket where you cannot see over fifty feet in any direction, and he is a gregarious creature, loving to consort with anywhere from a dozen to several hundred of his kind. When disturbed in this sort of place he rushes madly back and forth, either seeking

(Continued on Page 161)

The Lone Survivor of the Countless Herd of Wild Buffalo That Once Ranged the Big Horn Basin, Wyoming

RUIN

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

VI

CREIG permitted Gregor to escort him home without fully perceiving that he was being guided. They landed at the Ridgely pier and lifted the canoe to safety; and when they came up the steps to level ground Gregor saw Lois on the veranda of the cottage up the hill. He lifted a hand to her and called a greeting, and she came toward them, half running for sheer exuberance of spirits, and held out a hand to Gregor in greeting.

He asked, "Are you swimming?"

But she shook her head and said, "No; I had a long swim this morning—enough for one day. Besides, the tide's not half in yet, and I hate it at low tide." She turned to Creig with a quick question. "Did she like it?"

Creig, already steadier for the clear air and the exertion of paddling, shook his head.

"No," he said curtly.

Gregor asked quickly, "What? The play?"

The other man nodded

"Yes; she turned it down."

Gregor was astonished; Lois was indignant.

"What's the matter with her?" the girl demanded loyally. "It's fine! Even I can see that. Why didn't she like it?"

"She said it wouldn't act!" Creig uttered the words in a furious burst. Maddelin's damning phrase had stuck in his mind, returning again and again to torment him. "She said it wouldn't act!"

Nothing could be more irrevocable than that verdict, if it were true; but it infuriated Creig to think that Maddelin, for whose judgment he had small respect, should thus coldly damn a play from his experienced and stagewise pen. She might have called it trash, might have said it was unworthy or untrue or uninteresting, without striking half so deep a wound.

Lois looked at him with wide eyes.

"But how can she tell?" she asked. "It seemed to me awfully interesting."

"She can't tell," Creig retorted. "She can't tell. What right has she to judge?"

The girl smiled. They were ignoring Gregor; and that young man stood a little aside, watching Lois with gentle eyes, listening to what passed between them.

She suggested, "Perhaps she didn't like the story."

Creig nodded almost hopelessly.

"That was it. She wasn't big enough to see the kick in it. All she could see was that it showed her in a bad light. Oh, she went into a fit, I'll tell you!"

"I wish I could have seen her," Lois chuckled.

But Gregor said slowly, "I don't know anything about it, of course. But I think Miss Tueset would be apt to be a good judge. Why should she be prejudiced?"

They looked at him in surprise, as though they had forgotten he was there; then Creig said shortly, "She had an unsympathetic part. The audiences would go out hating her."

Gregor seemed puzzled.

"That wasn't very tactful, was it? Doesn't any woman like to be loved?"

Creig made a hopeless gesture. Now that his brain was clearing, anger and despair were once more laying their grip on him.

"Well, she turned it down," he said. "You can't go back of that." With a sudden memory he added, to Lois, "Oh, by the way, her husband came today. You'll meet him at dinner."

"Oh?" Lois replied, faintly surprised.

"He's Doctor Paugh, you know"—Creig explained meaningly—"Dr. David Paugh. Carolyn knew him when she was in France."

The girl's eyes widened and she turned to look toward the house and then toward Creig again; and Gregor, whose eyes saw a great deal where Lois was concerned, perceived that she had paled beneath the clear tan that overlaid her cheeks.

She felt his regard upon her, and recovered herself at once, and said, "Oh, isn't that nice? I expect Carolyn will like seeing him again."

They Found the Rock Underfoot Loose and Crumbling; and When They Were Halfway Up, Creig Following Her, a Portion Gave Way Beneath His Weight and He Slipped Back to the Bottom

"I told him you'd be coming to dinner," Creig explained; and Gregor saw the swift thanks in her eyes and was puzzled by what he saw. He felt an undercurrent of intelligence between these two without being able to interpret it.

Lois turned back up the hill toward the cottage, and Creig and Gregor went through the close-growing spruces, along the narrow path to Creig's camp. Creig remembered, on the way, that he had left his manuscript behind; he spoke of it.

"Might as well tear it up now though," he commented. "If she won't have it, she'll see that no one else takes it."

Gregor said sympathetically, "It's tough, old man."

"These women"—Creig replied—"you never can count on them."

"You can surely find someone else to do it," Gregor urged.

Creig shook his head.

"Maddelin claims I've put her in it," he explained, careless how much he might reveal. "I guess she could convince a jury. And she claims it's a libel. Oh, she could stop it, all right; and even if she couldn't no manager's going to monkey with that fire." They had reached the camp, stepped inside. "Have a drink," Creig invited.

Gregor shook his head.

"I'm going to save mine till dinner," he said good-naturedly. "You'd better do that too."

Creig paid no heed, served himself and drank. Then he sat down moodily in a great chair by the window.

Gregor asked, "Coming for that swim?" And when Creig did not reply, he asked again, "I say, a swim?"

"Don't think so," Creig decided. "I feel let down. Long grind, you know, and all that. You go ahead. I'll get into a tub and we'll go back together."

Gregor nodded.

"All right." He opened the bedroom door. "Dress in here?"

"Anywhere," Creig growled.

He was beginning to resent Gregor's company, beginning to be conscious of the fact that the other was trying to take care of him. Gregor had come with Creig as much in order to leave Maddelin alone with her husband as to watch Creig; but Creig could not guess this. The other presently emerged and went down toward the water. Creig sat still, sinking a little lower in the chair, and his disordered thoughts became more and more chaotic. His anger against Maddelin became increasingly bitter the longer he dwelt upon his wrongs. That she should have rejected his play was, after all, her privilege; but the action began to assume in his eyes the aspect of a monstrous injustice. Had she not agreed that he should write a play for her? And had he not sought to consult her daily as its structure grew? He told himself she should have taken a hand before this, have listened to his plans, helped him shape the succeeding situations. Thus he might have been warned, might have been saved wasting the long summer in a drudgery that had grown increasingly arduous, and which was now proved to have been of no avail. In his thoughts now he found cause for complaint against her, because she had refused to help him plan the play; found himself blaming her as much for this as for rejecting it, now that it was done. He burned with a small, weak fury. There was no grandeur in his wrath; it was rather a fretful and petulant malice. His face became contorted and he began to mutter curses and abuse, his lips twisting soundlessly. He gave himself up to a debauch of these maledictions.

But by and by the burden of his own situation forced itself upon his thoughts again. He faced the fact that his affairs were perilous. He had long since accustomed himself to a lavish scale of living; had been reluctant to abandon it when his income suffered the abatement he had assured himself was only temporary. The plain fact now was that he was heavily in debt, and with considerable prospective obligations, which must be met at almost any cost. He had, until this hour, refused to consider these facts; had put them out of his mind with the comfortable assurance that he could get an advance from Maddelin when he should have read her the play. This had been more than a hope; it had been like a certainty. Yet now it was no more than feathers before the wind.

Gregor came back and roused him, and Creig got up and drew a tub and prepared to bathe. He heard Gregor whistling in the next room, resented the other's cheerfulness. A fool, Gregor was. Probably he earned no more than four or five thousand a year; yet he thought himself fortunate, went amiably through life, laughed at the world. Creig hated him contemptuously for being thus content. Creig in his flush years had seen his income in six figures; he had spent royally and wasted royally; and he despised Gregor, even while he wondered if the young man could lend him enough money to make the effort of asking worth while.

He must borrow from someone. His own resources were exhausted; until he could write another play he could not expect any income. And he was in no mood to throw himself into the labor a new play would involve. A man had a right to a vacation. He needed a trip abroad—Paris, Vienna, perhaps Berlin. Friends returning from Berlin said there never had been a city so gay in modern times, and Creig wanted gayety. He had worked long enough. But—he had to have money for such a trip—had to borrow from someone.

In the past he had had advances from Grierson; but he could not count on Grierson now. Other men to whom he might have appealed had already lent him as much as they were likely to want to lend. He thought he might ask Maddelin for a loan, and at first welcomed the idea, and then rejected it bitterly. He hated her too much to humble himself before her. She might refuse, and if she refused he

was afraid of what he might do to her. His fingers crooked and he felt swift pulses pound in his throat. Why could she not have been reasonable?

Then his eyes narrowed craftily. After all, if he hated her, she need not know. He had hid his feelings; he might still hide them. There would be a certain satisfaction in borrowing from her a substantial sum, with no intention to repay. She owed him something. He would only be claiming what was his due. She had let him waste a summer of work; a summer that should have netted him—he remembered his calculations based on the play's success—should have netted him a quarter of a million. A few thousand would be small payment for this wasted time. He persuaded himself that she owed him the money. It would not be asking for a loan; it would be merely presenting his bill for payment, though of course he would not put his request in those words.

She could let him have all he needed without inconvenience. He knew that. Maddelin had earned enormous sums during the full years of her career; her father and mother had invested shrewdly for her. She must be worth, by this time, half a million or more. Her jewels alone must have cost her a hundred thousand—the pearl necklace, for example. His thoughts dwelt upon that necklace. He had seen it so often, clasped about her throat; knew its warm luster and glow. He had a momentary thought that it would be so ridiculously easy to snatch it from her throat, let the strands scar the smooth skin if they would; or perhaps slip up to her room and rummage it from its hiding place there. But Monica, the grim-faced maid, was always in the room. While he dressed, his thoughts played furtively with this project, touching it lightly here and there, advancing and withdrawing. It would solve so many difficulties—smooth the road ahead of him.

Gregor was dressed and waiting for him. He forced himself to face the younger man, wondering if his thoughts showed in his eyes. Gregor seemed to notice nothing; and Creig compelled himself to a certain boisterous good humor, slapped the young man on the back, offered him another drink.

Gregor, declining, said, "Glad to see you're getting over the disappointment, old man. You won't know the difference a year from now."

Creig assented heartily.

"All in the game," he agreed. "Come on. Suppose we go back over. I left the manuscript over there on the dining-room table. I'd just as soon get it put away somewhere, at least."

Gregor nodded and the two turned along the path through the spruces to the Ridgely cottage. They stopped there and spoke to Lois, and she said she and Carolyn would follow a little later.

"Carolyn's so fearfully slow," she explained laughingly. "She's not ready yet. You'd think she was going to her first ball." Her eyes met Creig's; and he saw a curious, faint sorrow in them, and wondered whether she was sorry for her sister.

When he and Gregor got down to the landing stage they found a wind was beginning to search through the narrows between the islands. Creig predicted that it would blow more before it blew less.

"But it's a fair-weather wind," he added; "no storms from that quarter."

Nevertheless, because the wind was kicking up a stiff chop where the tide rip formed, they decided against using the canoe and took a light dory instead. There was a heavy skiff which the sisters might use, or a motorboat if they preferred. Gregor rowed across to the landing stage on Old Hump and the two men walked up to the house together. When they stepped up on the veranda, they heard Mrs. Gavin's voice, pitched unnaturally loud, somewhere inside.

Creig said, "Hello! The old bird in one of her tantrums?"

Gregor made no comment. After a moment, Mrs. Gavin came into their sight, as she petulantly adjusted a picture on the wall within; then in a small mirror beside the great fireplace she saw them silhouetted in the doorway and swung toward them with an effect of leaping.

"I declare, Mr. Creig," she cried in a high, thin tone, "I think we have cause of complaint against you."

Creig, a little startled, exclaimed, "What's that? What do you mean?"

She invited him to enter with a large gesture.

"Come and see for yourself," she directed, and led the way toward the dining room. "There!"

Creig, looking where she pointed, saw along the polished surface of the broad table a scar of fire; saw a charred spot upon the rug below. At first he was reluctant to understand

"What about it?" he insisted impatiently.

"You built a bonfire on that table—that's what about it," Mrs. Gavin told him. "A great heap of waste paper, and then a cigarette or something atop of it, and we come in to find it all ablaze."

He knew then, and his face turned pale and he cried, "That was my play! Where is it? What have you done with it?"

"What's left of it is there on the hearth," she told him, and he saw a mass of burned paper that crumbled to ashes under his desperately searching fingers. It seemed impossible that the destruction could have been so complete. There were scarce a dozen pages left untouched, and he had kept no carbon of this first rough draft.

Mrs. Gavin was berating him for his carelessness, but Creig did not hear. He was trying to remember—and there was a cool ferocity in his thoughts—whether it could be true that he himself had set the pile alight. A cigarette in his hand, no doubt, when he came for that last drink; and no doubt he had laid cigarette and manuscript down, side by side. But was it possible for manuscript to take fire from a cigarette butt? He told himself mercilessly that it was not. Someone, therefore, had set a match to the pile.

He went out upon the veranda, unconscious that Gregor was offering him sympathy, unheeding the fact that even Mrs. Gavin seemed now to comprehend and regret his loss. He sat alone for a while, considering.

He decided coldly that this was the sort of mischief Maddelin might have done. There was no one else who could have wished for the destruction of the play.

VII

BY AND BY Gregor came out of doors and joined Creig on the veranda and offered a silent sympathy. Then Gavin emerged from the house and said clumsily that his

(Continued on Page 74)

"Why Do People Love to Hurt Themselves?" She Demanded. "Goodness Knows, Happiness is Hard Enough to Come By"

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 16, 1924

The Spenders

FIGURES given out by the Census Bureau confirm the belief often expressed in these columns that American municipalities are spending money too freely and running into debt too fast.

Credit men have lately been calling attention to the large volume of personal-luxury purchases made on the installment plan and the high prices that are demanded in transactions involving deferred payments. This buying habit which has taken such a strong hold upon individuals is very generally reflected in our cities, towns and counties. In every part of the country tolerably hard-headed citizens are buying city halls, county courthouses, art museums, public golf courses, and what not, on the installment plan.

Projects for local improvements are rarely, perhaps never, put before the voters in such a clear and two-sided manner as to inform them what the real cost will be and to give them a definite idea of the obligations they are asked to assume. Consider the case of a live county planning to build a courthouse to cost a million dollars. If the cost is kept within the appropriation and the outlay is financed by an issue of twenty-year four and a half per cent bonds, the interest alone will amount to nine hundred thousand dollars; and at the maturity of the loan there will still be the original million to pay. Serial maturities and sinking-fund provisions may somewhat lessen costs; but whatever device is adopted the million-dollar expenditure first talked of is only part of the total outgo.

The time is not far distant when voters will demand much more explicit information in regard to the obligations they are asked to assume than satisfies them today. An architect's wash drawing of the new courthouse with flags flying from every turret and the legend, "Price, one million," will not be sufficient. They will expect to be told what that million will cost for the life of the loan, for it is they who will have to pay the interest, perhaps amounting to a sum greater than the principal. The larger property holders will even insist on knowing, in the case of every proposed improvement, just what it will add over a term of years to their already burdensome tax bills. Even those whose direct taxes are negligible are beginning to understand the relationship between the high cost of living and the cost of government. The landlord, the butcher and the clothing dealer are their teachers.

According to figures just made available by the Census Bureau there was in 1922 a considerable swelling of indebtedness for local expenditures. The average new debt for 261 cities of more than 30,000 inhabitants was $5.56 per capita. The total net indebtedness of these cities at the close of 1922 was well over three and a half billions. Many cities failed to balance their budgets and ended the year with a deficit.

Philadelphia, for example, ran behind $9.95 per head, and was charged with a net per capita indebtedness of $103.38. One might suppose that these figures would be used as a text for retrenchment and economy. Nothing of the sort has occurred. The politicians who have just come into power are dazzling the public imagination with a project for replacing a twenty-four-million-dollar city hall, which looks as if it might outlast the Pyramids, with a new structure that is to be part of an extensive series of new undertakings.

The cost of city government throughout the country averaged all the way from $44.38 for municipalities of 30,000 to $66.88 for those of half a million and upwards. Detroit led all the rest, the per capita cost of government in that city running up to $120.30. No doubt Detroiters feel that, all things considered, the money was well spent. Rapid and extraordinary growth has brought unusual conditions in its train.

Time was when there was no more thankless task in the field of public service than organized opposition to free-and-easy municipal spending. Remonstrants were always twitted with a narrowness that would make a shoe lace look like a boulevard. Miserly meanness was the highest motive attributed to them. They were called obstructionists and pullbacks. No name was too rough for them. But conditions are changing—and it is the tax bills that are changing them. People see more clearly. They have learned by experience; not much, perhaps, but a little. They know, for example, that the prosperity of a city is not to be judged entirely by its visible assets in the form of public buildings and parkways. These things are showy and impress the visiting firemen with their grandeur; but serious investigators of solvency take more interest in liabilities than they do in assets, for those who are noisiest about the latter are often dumb as turtles about the former.

Many a fair city has sprinkled its entire municipal landscape with visible assets in the form of stone and mortar, asphalt and greensward that make a brave show in the sunshine. Their liabilities are hidden away in the strong boxes of investors, perhaps a thousand miles distant, and they see the light only twice a year, when coupon days come round; but there they are, and there they will remain until the day of reckoning arrives. The public buildings may then be obsolete, the roads worn out, the parkways unsightly mudholes. The bonds will still be going strong.

Investigate Facts

THE hope may be expressed that in facing the large questions of taxation and governmental finance Congress, as well as the people who elect congressmen, will show an inquiring turn of mind, a desire to investigate facts, rather than a tendency to entertain mere prejudices based upon vague classifications and pat, loose phrases. It should be possible to steer the course of taxation without the welkin ringing with such terms as "radical," "progressive," "conservative," "reactionary," "predatory interests," and "Wall Street."

The war was nonpartisan, as far as concerned this country. Taxes to pay for the war should be determined with equally little reference to politics. What is even more essential is to work them out in the same spirit as that in which scientists pursue their laboratory investigations, free from economic class hatreds, delusions and myths.

Is it not possible to study the effects of taxation and other fiscal measures upon the welfare of the country without making faces and calling names? The heat and excitement which come from pursuing the various interests can have no effect other than to interfere with a cool, rational, scientific analysis of financial problems and the consequent revision of taxes on the fairest possible basis. We all of us constitute more or less selfish and predatory interests. But we usually prefer to describe the other fellow rather than ourselves in these uncomplimentary terms. It is always the other fellow's selfishness which is so reprehensible anyway, and it is much easier to denounce seventy times seven than to think once on such an intricate subject as the incidence of tax measures.

But the ordinary inevitable difficulties which accompany all efforts to improve tax laws will be lessened if the parties to the controversy can refrain from political hot air. It is stirring sport, but it tends to conceal rather than to reveal financial facts.

Executive Technic

A NEWSPAPER reporter calling for the first time upon the president of an industrial corporation of widespread fame walked through what seemed acres of offices before he reached the inner sanctum. It was the busy time of day, just after eleven. Everywhere he saw evidences of bustle and hurry, callers waiting for appointments, clerks and stenographers at long rows of desks, busy officials in conference. But as he neared the office of the chief executive the tumult and the shouting died away. He passed through rooms of splendid appointment, but, except for his footsteps, devoid of sound or human presence. A single secretary sat outside the president's private room and quietly motioned to the reporter to enter.

At a large desk in the middle of what in reality was a great sumptuous hall sat the president, the only occupant of the room, reading a newspaper, the only object of any kind whatsoever on his desk being another newspaper. He answered the reporter's questions, and as the latter rose to leave resumed his reading of the day's news.

But the scribe paused a moment and said, "Mr. A, I am glad to see that you have a clean desk, that you are not buried under details, that you have time to read, think and see people, even at this hour of the day, which for most executives is the busiest."

"If I didn't," replied Mr. A, "I'd be nothing but a clerk. I can hire men to attend to details better than I can. I finished my dictation an hour ago."

The same afternoon the reporter was sent to secure a typewritten copy of a speech made by another industrial captain, one known to be richer, more experienced and more successful than the gentleman upon whom the mid-morning call had been made. The newspaper man was admitted to the great one's presence and his quest explained. The capitalist reached for a drawer and almost buried his head among its papers. Then he pulled out other drawers, portfolios, envelopes and packages of papers, but no typewritten copy was forthcoming.

"I never can find anything when I want it," he explained, "but I will make a memorandum of it and send you a copy when I find it." He then reached for a large book, and with pen and ink wrote therein in laborious fashion.

It is hardly necessary to remark that thousands of business-efficiency experts, industrial counselors and advisers would be willing to point out wherein the second-mentioned gentleman, Mr. Z, was wholly in the wrong. Why should he waste his own time, worth about fifty dollars a minute, in trying vainly to do what any one of a dozen secretaries could have accomplished so much better?

But ability, talent and genius, in business no less than in art, are akin to quicksilver; they cannot be neatly pinned down. It so happens that the man who was a total loss in locating a mere carbon sheet has made and still is making one of the country's great and earned fortunes. He has been the self-starter and mainspring of a dozen enterprises. Under his quickening hand companies spring into life and prosper.

Rules, formulas, standards—these have a place in business organization. But beyond them all is the intangible, the impalpable quality of enterprise and initiative that makes for success. This ultimate quality of success to a large extent defies analysis. Perhaps in time the bureaus of economic research will reduce it to a formula. But for the present it is well to bear in mind in picking men who have that quality that one of the world's oldest maxims is not to judge wholly by appearances.

The Sporting Theory of Politics

By WILL PAYNE

IN THIS year of a presidential campaign it may be useful to recall that when the first President of the United States retired from office one of the country's foremost journals commented upon the event in the following language:

> Every heart in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people ought to beat high with exultation that the name of Washington ceases from this day to give currency to political iniquity and legalized corruption. . . . When a retrospect is taken of the Washingtonian administration for eight years it is a subject of the greatest astonishment that a single individual should have cankered the principles of republicanism in an enlightened people just emerged from the gulfs of despotism, and should have carried his designs against public liberty so far as to have put in jeopardy its very existence. Such, however, are the facts, and with them staring us in the face this day ought to be a JUBILEE in the United States.

Washington had commissioned Jay to negotiate a treaty with England—mainly a commercial treaty. Then, as now, our trade with England was larger than with any other country, and the treaty that formally ended the Revolutionary War left a number of points to be cleared up. But England was still the land of George III, that popularly hated tyrant of the Revolution. If we made any treaty with England it must be made with the government of George III and run in his name. So an influential opposition journal declared that Washington had basely apostatized from his republican principles and stooped to offer incense and flattery to a tyrant, the scourge of his country, the foe of mankind. The treaty had been approved by the Senate; but, said the judicious critic, the majesty of that body had "never been polluted by the rude feet of the swinish multitude."

Aurora, the leading opposition paper in Philadelphia, said the President had violated the Constitution and made a treaty with a nation that was the abhorrence of our people. It added that Louis XVI in the meridian of his power and splendor never dared heap such insults upon his subjects; Washington's answers to respectful remonstrances sounded like the words of an omnipotent directory of a seraglio; he had thundered contempt upon the people with as much confidence as though he sat on the throne of Indostan.

The New York Chamber of Commerce, composed of merchants, addressed the President in support of the treaty; whereupon the New York Journal inquired, with heavy sarcasm, whether common people meant to put themselves on a par with merchants. Let the swinish creatures not approach the presidential sanctuary with their grunting. Was he not sovereign, infallible, immaculate, omniscient? Hardened and presumptuous wretches, did they deserve so good a monarch?

It was the fashion in those days for politicians to contribute articles to the press of their own party over such fetching signatures as "Americus," "Pro Bono Publico," "Atticus," "Old Soldier," and the like. "A Calm Observer"—said to be John Beckley, clerk of the House of Representatives—contributed to the New York Journal a circumstantial statement the import of which was that Washington had embezzled public funds. John Bach McMaster—from whom the above compendiums are quoted—discovered one obscure partisan who accused Washington of having committed murder at least once.

Benjamin Franklin's grandson, who was engaged in journalism but not following his grandfather's political footsteps, published a remarkable set of letters and a remarkable yarn. The yarn was that after the surrender of Fort Lee a mulatto servant of Washington fell into the hands of the British. The servant had a portmanteau and in the portmanteau were some private letters written by Washington to his wife and other members of his family, the gist of the letters being that the Americans were beaten and might as well throw up the sponge. There never was any such servant or any such portmanteau or any such letters, written by Washington. Everybody knew that, far from throwing up the sponge, he had continued to lead the American Army to the victorious conclusion at Yorktown. But to represent him as having been ready to throw up the sponge might bring him into contempt with thoughtless people.

"Portius" recounted how Washington, like Cæsar, cunningly affected reluctance to assume the chief office in the nation; and how gradually his true character emerged. "Time was when he indulged the manly walk and rode the generous steed. Now to behold him on horseback or afoot is a subject of remark. The concealing carriage, drawn by supernumerary horses, expresses the President." The fact that Washington was above sixty years of age might have had something to do with his preference for the concealing carriage, but "Portius" doesn't refer to that.

(Continued on Page 145)

ASK PAPA

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

An Outline of Contemporary Civilization

Preface

H. G. WELLS started it. Drinkwater followed him.
Eagerly avid the populace swallowed him
Then came the deluge, distressingly numerous,
Serious outlines and some that were humorous;
Preciously thin ones, and some built on stout lines.
For man can no longer exist without outlines.

The Daily Newspaper

A portrait of the heroine
Of a popular divorce
Her picture with her favorite dog,
Her favorite cow and horse.
The clever, caustic colyumist,
The critic bright and flip.
The crimes and misdemeanors
Of the daily comic strip.
Advice to heartsick lovers.
How radio is made.
A beauty contest for the girls
In the retail-grocery trade.
Some helpful hints for housewives,
And a batch of book reviews;
And then, perhaps, if space permits,
A modicum of news.

The Bootlegger

Pariah, outcast, condemned of society,
Leading us all from the paths of sobriety,
Shunned and avoided by honest civilians,
What does it profit you? Nothing but millions.

The Radio

For many bitter years Marconi toiled
And struggled, and suffered agony of soul,
That Mr. Ambrose K. Plotz,
Sitting in his home in East Bend, Indiana,
Might listen to Miss Florine Bloom,
The well-known child entertainer,
Sing Yes, We Have No Bananas,
In Newark, New Jersey.

The Highbrow Literary Monthly

A purple shriek
Like the forgotten perfume of a sonata
Staggers across the melancholy vistas of the saffron dawn.
Oh, saffron dawn, oh, saffron dawn!
Why was I born on a Thursday,
Or Friday,
Or even Saturday?
And why, oh, shades of Shakspere and Milton,
Do literary magazines charge fifty cents a copy
For such unspeakable twaddle as this—
And get away with it?

Mah-Jongg

Three thousand years the Chinese played
With bamboo, ivory and jade.
Though scarce three months we've played the game
No single rule remains the same.

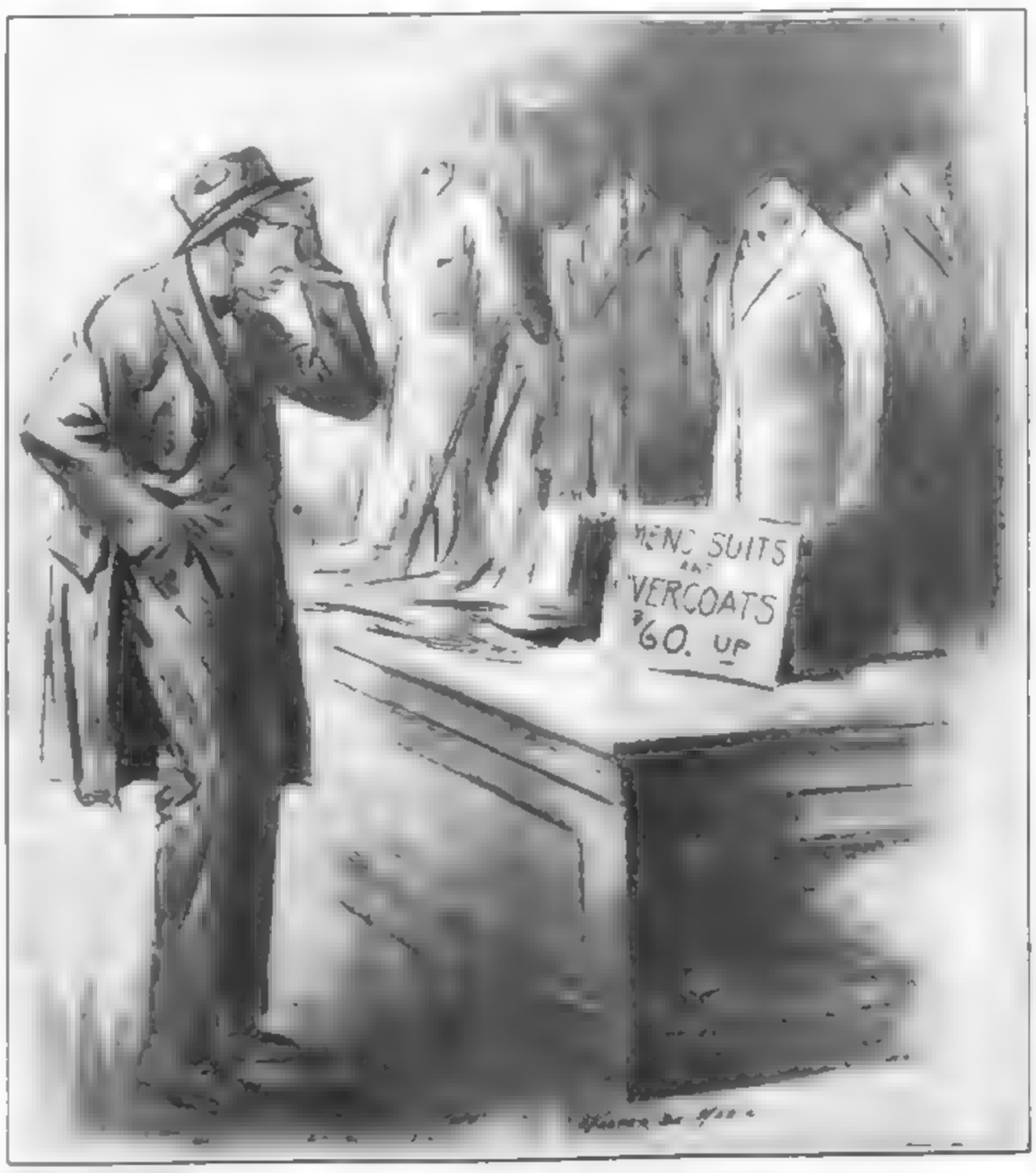
The Musical Revue

Compared with these shows at their best
Godiva would seem overdressed.

The Highbrow Weekly

If statesmen had the wisdom that these magazines possess,
Their rare infallibility, their clarity of view,
This world that we inhabit might not do for Mr. Babbitt,
But how radiantly lovely it would be for me and you.

—*Newman Levy*



"Darn It All! I Wish Adam Had Stayed Innocent"

Chinafying America

"DO YOU play mixed pongs?"

"Only with doubling honors. Last night I held the thirteen united brothers."

"No!"

"Yep! Pongs of ones and nines, and one to eight of bamboos."

"I saw a hand of three quongs last night. All from the wall."

"That's a tough one to get."

"It certainly is. And he had his own season twice."

"I had a quong of red dragons day before yesterday and I went mah-jongg with a plum blossom in an unseasonable time."

"Yes, that's a good one. But did you ever see the gates of heaven?"

"No. But what do you think of this hand? Three chows of bamboos, a quong of my own wind ——"

"Do you play heavenly twins?"

"No, we've given it up."

"So have we. No one plays it any more."

"So long."

"So long." —*Jonah Cunningham.*

When Men Buy Like Women

The modern man is paying more and more attention to style tendencies in his habiliments, and it would not be surprising to see the man's shop of the future paralleling the woman's shop of the present.—*Trade-journal item.*

SCENE, the atelier of Rogel Duval et Cie, Modistes à l'Homme Vogue, on Fifth Avenue, New York City, sometime in the future. Two fashionably dressed men step from a limousine and enter. A salesman approaches them.

SALESMAN: Bon soir, messieurs. What is it that messieurs desire?

1ST MAN: Why, now, I'd like to look at some collars.

SALESMAN: Les collars? But certainly: Philippe! Philippe, the gentleman would like to see some collars.

PHILIPPE: Ah, yes? Will monsieur and his friend kindly step this way? *(Leads them into alcove, decorated in mauve and gray. Pushes forward two chairs.)* Won't you sit down? You must be just worn out shopping. *(Men sit.)* What particular kind of collar did monsieur have in mind?

1ST MAN: There was a charming little striped moiré silk one in your advertisement in this month's Beau Monde de Fashion. Could I see one of them?

PHILIPPE: A charming design indeed; the silhouette is so utter. You are a perfect fifteen and a half, I imagine. *(To a salesboy.)* Charles, bring a fifteen and a half Charlotte Ruche.

[CHARLES *does it, and* PHILIPPE *draws the curtain to the alcove while the collar is put in place.*

1ST MAN *(rising and looking at himself in mirror):* There, dear; how do you like the effect?

2D MAN: My darling, it's simply ducky. And so unusual too.

PHILIPPE: Indeed yes, monsieur. It is an exclusive design with us.

1ST MAN: Still, I don't know. I'm not sure I wouldn't look better in something with more severe lines; I've been getting so stout lately!

PHILIPPE: Monsieur could hardly look more charming, but—yes, the very thing! Charles, vite, ask Mr. Rosenberg if the new Paris shipment has been unpacked yet, and bring me that pink Paquin poke. (CHARLES *vites with the poke, and the latter is clamped into position.* Ah-h-h!

CHARLES: Ah-h-h-h!

2D MAN: My dear, it's divine!

1ST MAN: It is sweet, isn't it? Still, I don't know. I'm not sure that the color goes with my hair. What do you really think, dear?

2D MAN: Well, you know I've always liked you in pink, dear, but perhaps you're right.

1ST MAN: I think so; have you anything not quite so pink?

PHILIPPE: Certainement, monsieur; here is a little Humming Bird's Wing in the blue. *(It is carefully arranged for inspection.)* Perfect—I mean, parfait! With your eyes, monsieur! *(To* 2D MAN.) Does it not set off monsieur's eyes gloriously?

2D MAN: Heavenly; dearie, it looks wonderful!

Continued on Page 125

The Outside and the Inside of the New City Hall

Popular from coast to coast!

Campbell's have completely won the confidence of the nation because of the high quality of their products. The enormous popularity of Campbell's Beans is one of the natural results. Thousands of people never think of beans except as Campbell's Beans.

12 cents a can

Slow-cooked ~ Digestible

ANCIENT FIRES

By I. A. R. WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Her Face Was Small and the Color of Death. Her Red-Gold Hair, Caught in the Sunshine, Became an Aureole

XXXIII

I SUPPOSE Paula had been in that room only a few days at most, and already it was pitifully like herself. Some restless spirit might have been through its contents with a pitchfork, tossing one garment after another in search of it did not know what, and she sat in the ensuing chaos, baffled but resigned. I think she would have liked to be tidy just as she would have liked to rest a little; and I had an absurd, immediate impulse to clear things up for her, sweep the mess out of sight, put a cushion behind her tousled head, to pet and console her like an overtired, unhappy child. It is difficult to explain how a woman so reckless and immoral should have excited a feeling of compassionate tenderness. But so it was.

I never knew what had happened to her in those few weeks. But the weariness of them was written all over the wrecked beauty of her face. Physically she was better fed, better clothed than when I had seen her last. Spiritually she was at the bitter end of everything. She had the look of having been plunged in a degradation so unbearable that she shrank from herself with a kind of nervous horror.

She received me like a friend, holding my hand between her two strong ones and smiling at me, a flicker of an old gamin gayety at the corners of her full mouth.

"It's like being home," she explained. "Not that I haf ever had a home. But I think home must be where someone has been nice to you—really nice. You were nice, you know. Perhaps you did not mean to be. It just slipped out."

She pushed a heap of clothes off a chair to make room for me and sat opposite at a cosmetic-littered table, her face between her hands, watching me with her haggard eyes.

"Somehow I knew I'd find you here. Hard hit, weren't you? She might haf been your sister or—na, nefer mind that. Don't get angry before you haf said how do you do. Tell me, when did you come? By the next boat?"

I told her and she nodded.

"It took me longer. I had to work my passage. We won't talk about that, you nice, respectable Englishman. But I said I'd do it, didn't I? How did you find me out?"

"I saw you at the theater."

"Stargazing? What a night! And to think how I first met him! Do you know, I couldn't make up my mind whether to shoot him—and I had a revolver and I can shoot—or cry over him. *Etwas rührend, nicht wahr?* I don't know what."

"Perhaps there's always something sad about a man getting what he wants."

"P'raps. Anyhow, I didn't do either. I saw someone I didn't particularly care to meet and I bolted. Did you follow?"

"No."

"Then how did you know where I lived?"

"I told the general I had seen you and he gave me your address."

Her eyes dropped. I could tell by her mouth and the tense clenching of her hand that already we had reached the end of our friendly parley. We took our places, as it were, *en garde*.

"So he sent you"

"Yes."

"Why didn't he come himself?"

"He thought it wiser not to."

"He was afraid."

"Yes, I think so—a little—of both of you."

"I'd like to believe it. He didn't care. It was easier to send someone else. It saved time. What did he tell you to say?"

"I was to ask what you wanted."

At that she laughed loudly and ironically.

"Lots of things. I will tell you presently. Perhaps just to see him—to talk over old times—Brussels, for instance, and that dear old general who saved my life for me. That might amuse him."

"Don't you see yourself that no good could come of such a meeting? You're frightfully bitter. Heaven knows you have a right to be! But you know him as well as I do, and that he sticks at nothing. He won't spare you or anyone else who gets in his way. And this isn't England."

"He sent you to threaten me then?"

"Partly."

"And you let yourself do dirty work like that?"

"Imagine that he has the power to make me."

"I won't imagine anything so stupid. You've got reasons of your own."

"Yes, that's true."

"You've come to get me to hold my tongue. A few weeks ago you wouldn't have offered me sixpence. You said sooner or later it would come out."

"It mustn't come out now."

"Why not? What's your game? Go on, out with it. Everyone's got a game with me, and no one cares a curse what becomes of my end of it. Always—always it's been like that—ever since I was a kid—fighting claws and teeth, just to keep alive." Whether she knew it or not, she had been pleading, explaining, apologizing. Now she broke loose. She banged the table with her clenched fist. Her face became ugly with all the ugliness of her life. She fairly screamed at me. "Well, I can look after myself now, and I will. I'm his wife. I rather fancy myself sitting up there in that box with him. Those emeralds would suit me. That Lisbeth of his—she's young and pretty, but with a bit of paint I'd look well enough from a distance. He won't haf to be ashamed. Tell him I'd like being Señora Presidente, or whatefer it is. Tell him ——"

"It's no use," I interrupted. "He won't acknowledge you. You could tear his world down about his ears and you wouldn't move him. His wife ——"

"Ah, his wife!"

"Let that pass for once. She is his wife in my eyes—perhaps in yours—certainly in his. Give him his due. He's mad and bad, if you like; but his marriage to you meant nothing to him. It was a form—a convenience to you both. You needed each other's help."

I wasn't being honest and my dishonesty was a bad blunder. She sprang to her feet, looking down on me with a boundless passion of resentment.

(Continued on Page 33)

The New
Hupmobile

The most satisfying thing of all about the new Hupmobile Coupe is the feeling that for sheer money's-worth, there is nothing on the market to equal it

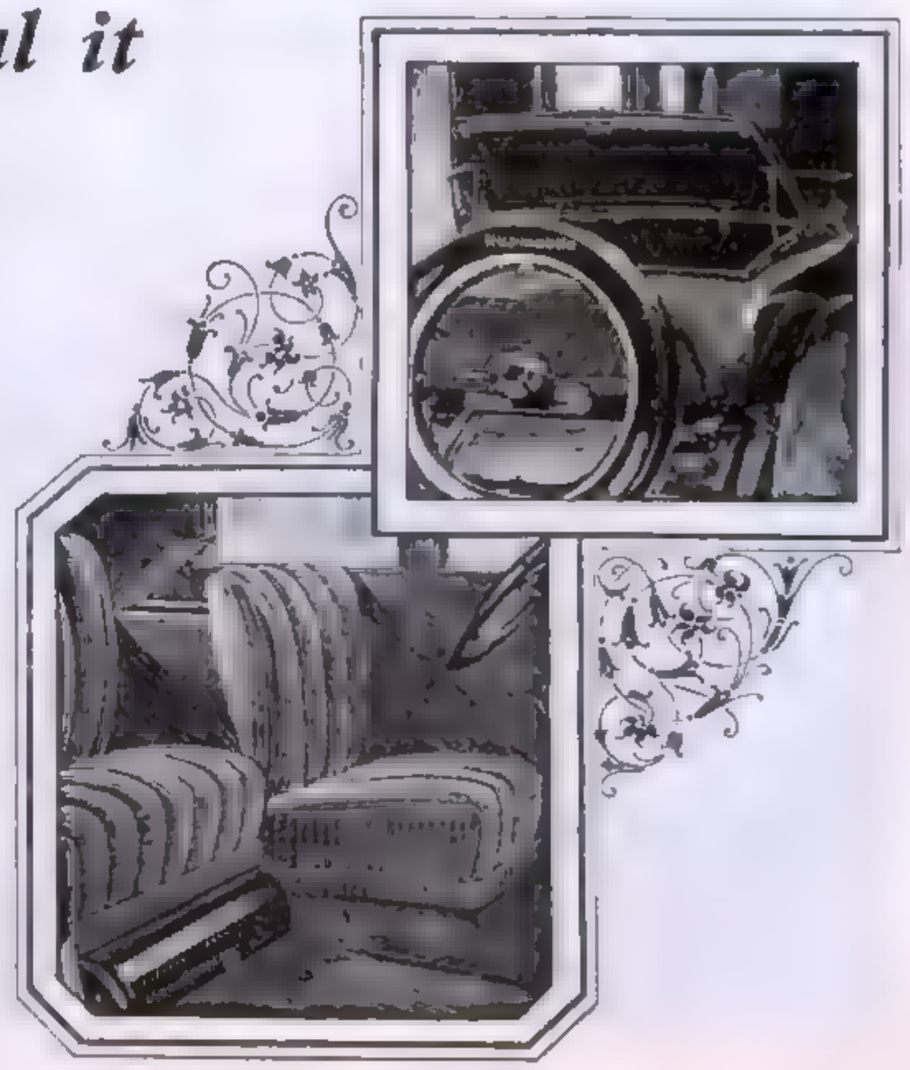
Beauty-value is there in overflowing measure—outside, in greater distinction and harmony of design; inside, in the obvious quality of upholstery and all fittings.

Performance-value is there, in the superior kind of behavior which no one seems to expect from any car but the Hupmobile.

Long-life and daily-service value are there, to such degree that thousands of people believe no other car can possibly match the Hupmobile.

Lastly, comfort and utility-value to delight the hearts of men and women to whom a motor car is a daily necessity.

Such an uncommon money's-worth literally demands a buying preference over anything else in the Hupmobile class.



The new Coupe, though much used as an individual car, provides capacity for four persons. The fourth seat is full-size, with thickly-padded spring cushion. The wheelbase is longer; the car is larger. Space behind the driver's seat offers convenience for parcels. The capacious rear deck compartment accommodates a couple of suit-cases, golf bags, and so on.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

Continued from Page 30

"It's a lie! I've been about with men—I'm a bad lot. But I wouldn't haf married him—not to save him or me or this whole filthy world unless I had cared. And if you think that's nonsense it's because you're a fool."

"I'm not a fool, anyway," I said, and sat still, looking back steadily into her distorted face. "And now I'll tell you my truth too. I don't care about John Smith, or even about myself. I'm terribly sorry for you. But it's Lisbeth I'm thinking of. She's going to have a child. She's not strong, and if she hears this now—well, it might make all the d.fference. That's why I've come. You see, I was to have married her once, and I love her."

I had gambled on a chance and had lost. She was like an instrument that had been so violently misused that no one could judge any more whether the notes struck would bring out harmony or a hideous jangle. And the thought of Lisbeth bearing his child may have been the last intolerable hurt. The ragged bonds which still held her personality together seemed to fly asunder, and from the window where she had taken refuge she bore down upon me, distraught, menacing

"I don't care, either—not for the whole pack of you. You're beasts, all of you. I'll tell you what I want, and you can tell him. I want my rights—my rights—my rights! I've been down in the muck. He helped to put me there. He squeezed me down in it. And now if it oozes out of my bones, out of my eyes and mouth, that's his lookout"

I cut her short.

"You're only running yourself into danger. He's too strong for you."

"Is he? Is he? We'll see. I hafn't been in a war for nothing. It's not always the big guns. You find the other side's weak link, and I've found his. I'm not going to him. I'm going to this Lisbeth—straight." She laughed wildly. "Ah, that gets you, doesn't it? Men and their fine chivalry! Oh, yes, their own women—that's one thing; but the other women—nobody's women—kick them into the gutter to make way for our fine ladies. You think, 'What's it matter? She's lost, anyway. A bit more or less won't count. Offer her money, threaten her, she's used to it.' Well, so I am. But now I'm fed up, and you can clear out and tell him so."

I think she meant to show me out with a magnificent gesture of rage and scorn But instead she sat down opposite me and began to cry. She cried like a man, heavily, terribly and almost tearlessly, as though the channel of tears had long since been walled up and had to be broken down stone by stone. And I could do nothing. I dared not even lay my hand on hers. There was a sort of bigness about her that forbade a trivial gesture of compassion. And though I still pleaded with her, it was without hope.

"Be fair to me, at any rate. I didn't come here to threaten you. I wouldn't ask you for anything that would hurt you, not even to save Lisbeth. That wouldn't be fair to her. I only asked you for time—to hold your hand for a few weeks. I've told you why I asked. I thought perhaps if you knew—well, that I had nothing to gain, either—that I'd had my share of pain ——"

She looked up at me. Her eyes were dry now, and very hard and bright. For a moment she had attained a pose of curious detachment.

"I'm sorry—yes, I am—sorry I'm not sorry, anyhow. I dare say a few years back—say, before the Brussels episode—I'd haf given in. But, you see, I'm messed up altogether. I'm smashed. There's nothing left for me but to smash up everyone else. There was a fellow called Samson. You may haf heard of him When they made things too beastly for him he just pulled their temple about their ears and got himself decently buried in the ruins. That's what I'm going to do."

I saw what she meant. It was tragic and futile enough. A sort of grandeur in the end a magnificent climax that would give her back her self-respect, cover her rotten squandered life with a memorial pile of disaster. And I saw, too, that she was immovable. I got up and she rose with me, not without dignity.

"Go in and marry her," she said. "Don't be a fool."

"It's you who are the fool," I answered.

She made a face.

"I've nefer met decent people," she said. "I don't belief there are any. I don't belief in you. That's the trouble. I did—at first. I thought—oh, well, I thought you'd just come to say how d'you do. But after all, you only wanted something. You're like the rest."

So that was it. Not John Smith or even Lisbeth, but just that for a moment she had believed in a disinterested kindliness and been mistaken. And I was as ashamed as though I had struck her across her unguarded face—too ashamed even to say good-by or look at her. But as I passed her she laid her hand on my arm

"Marreno's smarter than you'd think," she said. "He's a snake. Tell John Smith to look out."

And then violently she slammed the door.

XXXIV

HE HAD given careful orders concerning me. From the stream of uniformed men that eddied and swirled noisily through the vestibule I was picked out by an officer of his legion and led through empty passages and up a broad stairway to a colonnade that overlooked the patio The place was very quiet and dark. The slender Moorish columns made a frame for a tranquil picture of starlight and low, flat roofs, above which a palm tree lifted a dream-like silhouette. I could hear music and voices, but they were dim and far off and only deepened my sense of having stepped into a strange world where reality itself became unreal and fancies were the very stuff of life. A faint, bewildering scent of orange blossom floated up from the hidden garden. Involuntarily I hushed my own footsteps; even my guide spoke in an undertone.

I was to wait there. The general would be with me in a few minutes. Then the man was gone, like a stone dropped into a black pool. I remained where he had left me, motionless as the shadow of the column which seemed to blot me out, glad to be lost for a little in that mysterious peace. For I, too, had attained peace of a sort. That interview with Paula had been like a bitter ascent to a new height of understanding. I saw now that there comes a point beyond which no human being can help another, where each of us must stand for himself. I had wanted to shield Lisbeth and I had been wrong. In a way I had wronged her. As John Smith had said, she was big enough to carry her own burden and I had had no right to try to take it from her. Even if the knowledge of his treachery bore down her physical strength and killed her, spiritually she would remain unshaken. And that, after all, was what really mattered. I suppose the truth is that I had given up the idea of happiness altogether. I had given it up for myself long since, and now I gave up hers too. Happiness

(Continued on Page 34)

A Man Passed Rapidly Between the Arches. I Recognized Him, and Even as I Did So a Woman's Figure Went to Meet Him

Four-Passenger Four-Cylinder Coupe
The Standard of Comparison

THIS roomy four-cylinder Buick Coupe seats four people with utmost comfort. The driver's position, well in advance of the wide rear seat, and the cushioned folding chair are perfectly arranged to provide restful ease and relaxation. It is of easy parking length, its large luggage compartments adapt it for both business and touring use and it is driven by the powerful Buick valve-in-head engine.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

(Continued from Page 32)

wasn't our concern. It was a sort of will-o'-the-wisp that led nowhere, except perhaps to misery and disgrace. To have lived bravely and straightly, not to have funked one's ditches—that was a man's consolation at the end. It didn't matter so much when or how the end came so long as he could think that of himself.

And Lisbeth wouldn't funk. She was safe from the only real disaster.

And so now I could think of her without restraint, with infinite tenderness, as a fellow traveler. Just because I had given up all claims on life, even for her, I had become free. And with this inner and absolute freedom had come peace.

I heard the soft opening of a door. So naked were my sensibilities at that moment that I knew before I saw her. I should have known had I been blind. She came, quiet as a shadow, to the verge of the colonnade and stood looking out into the night, one hand resting on the base of a stone column like a white, fallen flower. She did not see me, motionless in the dark, and just then at least I could not have moved. For to me she was the loveliness of all lovely things. She was human goodness itself, and the sight of her was consolation and reassurance. If, indeed, we have struggled up from some poor ape, then to look at her, so upright, so generous, so kindly and so wise with some fine wisdom of her own, was to know how far we had come and how nothing was impossible to us. Because of her I believed in some ultimate and perfect fulfillment.

It is true I loved her. But love is not blind. It is visionary.

She looked very young. The dark smoothed out the lines which had been drawn too soon under her eyes. And yet she was not a girl—not the Lisbeth who had been my playmate. The grave face lifted to the starlight was full of a knowledge that touched me to the heart, of premonition, as though she stood proud and prepared; but wistful, too, before the disclosing of some final mystery.

I spoke her name. She turned, not with a start, but quietly, as though she and I had been there a long time together, lost in thought, and my voice had just recalled her.

Her eyes were black and undecipherable. She could not have read mine. Yet we stood there, gazing at each other steadfastly, and I knew that the old barrier between us was gone.

"Did I frighten you, Lisbeth?"

"No. I was thinking of Stoneborough. It seemed natural. I almost knew ——"

"I came here to meet your husband. I thought you would be down there—somewhere in all that crowd."

"He didn't want me to come. He thinks I'm not strong. It isn't that. Really, I'm very strong, you know. But I was glad to be quiet. I thought it would be nice to be alone and listen to the music. It was the music that made me think of Stoneborough."

Perhaps she was remembering that night when we had walked home from the Assembly Rooms with the last waltz that we had danced together singing in our ears. Perhaps I, too, seemed young again in that half light just a boy.

"It's hard to believe it's the same world."

"The stars are the same—everywhere."

"I suppose sad people have been comforted by that thought all down the ages, Lisbeth."

I had meant to speak lightly. But though I had passed beyond the reach of hope, I was very pitifully human. And memory got my heart between its claws, and my voice fell and betrayed me. I felt her draw back from me. But not in anger. In some strange way we were both too far removed from life. We were talking to each other like people who were dead.

"Why do you stay on, Euan? This is such an unhappy country. I don't think there's anyone really happy."

"Not even John Smith? He must have almost everything he ever dreamed of in Old Stoneborough."

"It means so much suffering, Euan."

"Inevitable suffering. And after all, it is an unhappy country. Suffering is nothing new. In the end he may bring peace."

She did not answer for a moment.

"I think peace is a long way off. This is only the beginning. I think real peace would be the end for him, Euan."

"Well, but he will make peace for you. He told me—you are going to Chevaga, aren't you? There are only English and Americans there. It will be like home."

Then I saw her hands and that they were trembling.

"I'm so afraid ——"

"Lisbeth ——"

"Oh, not of things, not of these people. Though, of course, sooner or later they will try to do us harm. I'm thinking of my baby, Euan. It's terrible to bring anyone into such a world, with people killing and hating one another. It isn't fair."

"But, Lisbeth, fighting is life. You used to think so."

She smiled as though she were trying not to let me see that she was crying secretly.

"I've been all round life since then. I wasn't just. I was unjust to you. I've meant to tell you so—often—but it has been too difficult. I thought you were weak and cowardly. It was the war. And men glorify such strange things. I hope my baby will be a little girl, Euan."

She hardly knew what she was saying—least of all that she was saying it to me. I was the shadow of someone whom she had trusted, and her heart was too full.

"I see what you meant now. And that's why I want you to go away. I mustn't see if I'm to go on, and you make me see."

The Grave Face Lifted to the Starlight Was Full of a Knowledge That Touched Me to the Heart

"I wish I had never had to come," I answered. "I wish I could go. But I'm not free."

She turned full on me, challenging me with her own loyalty and truth.

"What is it, Euan? I've always known there was something I didn't understand. Can't you tell me?"

That was not possible; not yet. I was bound by a strange sense of loyalty to him. He himself, I knew, had never hesitated before any treachery that was necessary to his ambitions. Still, if I had struck him suddenly, without warning, he would have made me ashamed. So I told her a part truth. I told of the fugitives whose wounds I was attending secretly. I distracted her attention to the story of a mere boy, the son of a rich Quetzelangan family, who was dying in an outlying native hovel and whose mother knew and dared not come to him lest her husband should be compromised.

Even in that half light I saw the passionate, generous color rush up into her cheeks.

"But she must see him. What difference can it make? A mere child—I will ask my husband ——"

And there she faltered and the color was gone again. That hour by the tortured little Quetzelangan soldier rose between us like an ironic specter.

"He would give me the whole world," she exclaimed passionately; "but not that."

"He can't," I said. "If a man sets out to conquer a whole world he must put mercy and even justice behind him. Perhaps if his ends are great enough he is justified."

She turned to look at me with a strange, pathetic little smile.

"You are very fair, Euan. And a man, too, for all that. Even you perhaps could get lost in an abstract principle which would let you do incredible things. Being a woman is different. I should always have to think of life first."

"Is that the most important thing?"

"Yes," she said, "the most important."

A silence fell upon us. It brought us so close to each other that I was afraid. I began to talk of other things—of Stoneborough, my aunt's death, my work in the mining village.

I suppose I must have been coherent enough. But all the time I was listening for John Smith's step on the colonnade. I felt that the peace had gone. A tension, a sense of an impending calamity, was in the quiet. I had a compelling desire to get Lisbeth away from this place at all costs. But she seemed unconscious of any change. She listened with a grave attentiveness.

"I think you, at any rate, must be happy, Euan." I could not have answered, and she understood and asked "Can't you forget me?" with a sort of desperate sorrowfulness. I shook my head.

"I don't want to. I'm all right. I've work that satisfies me. If I knew that everything was well with you I could go in peace."

"But it is—it is. It must be. Why, I have everything. Wealth, position—love too. I don't think many women can be so much loved as I am, Euan. He has a sort of genius for it. And perhaps if I had lived three hundred years ago I could have given it back with all my heart and soul. But—oh, I don't know. Perhaps it isn't wise for a woman to have thoughts of her own."

"But if they are the thoughts of a new race," I said haltingly—"if it is because you have begun to dream your own dreams that we have become ashamed ——"

She made a little movement. I guessed that she had seen something beneath in the darkness that I had not seen. A door opened, letting through a flood of light onto the garden, and as swiftly closed again. A man passed rapidly between the arches. I recognized him, and even as I did so a woman's figure disengaged itself from the shadow and went to meet him.

I fancy he made some gesture of warning, of angry impatience. The next minute they were merged together. In the hot stillness I could hear the murmur of her voice, thick, shaken with passion.

That was the disaster then. I must have felt her, like an evil thing, lurking there in the darkness; waiting. My impulse was to throw myself in front of Lisbeth, to cover her eyes with my hand. But it was too late. She had seen. And for all my love, she seemed to me at that moment as tragically alone as dying people are. I could not help her. Only in my imagination could I go down with her into the bitterness of that revelation.

She gave no sign at all. Her fine spirit answered to the challenge instantly, leaping like a flame to its full height. She turned. Her eyes demanded no less from me. Her voice was level.

"I think I will go back now, Euan. My rooms are quite close. Perhaps you would help me. I am a little tired after all."

I gave her my arm. Her hand rested on it without a tremor. In one sense she was unhurt. It was those two who had to be protected, their disgrace shielded from my eyes. I believe that her first reaction was one of a chivalrous regret, as though she had pried inadvertently into a passion that was no concern of hers. Only after the first few steps she began to realize—to feel the full weight and significance of the blow. Even then it was only her body that failed a little.

As we reached the end of the colonnade he met us. He had been running. I had heard his steps on the stone stairway and their stealthy haste had made my hold on Lisbeth's arm tighten. But she seemed blindly unaware of him. Even when he stood in front of her she only turned aside a little like a sleepwalker. He put his hand out and touched her and she stopped. From that moment onwards her docility was absolute and must have tortured him. It was as though her mind had withdrawn itself. He could do what he chose.

He looked from one to the other of us. It was almost dark where we stood, and yet he had a quality of life fanned to its full force that seemed to emanate a light about him. And he knew instantly. He knew that I had

(Continued on Page 62)

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

And for your convenience it is packed in 1-pound cartons and in pails of 2, 4, and 8 pounds

A LARD of guaranteed purity, of even texture and creamy smoothness; lard that never varies in these essentials to perfect results—this to women everywhere means Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard.

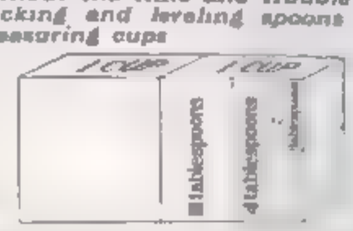
Thousands of experienced housewives use it regularly for all shortening or frying purposes. You will too, when you have tried it once.

You may buy it from your dealer either in 1-pound cartons or in pails of 2, 4, and 8 pounds.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Use this easy "Silverleaf" way to make measures

When you get your next carton of Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard, score it with a knife as shown in the diagram below. Thus you can measure quantities as needed, without the time and trouble of packing and leveling spoons or measuring cups



THE DANGER OF EUROPE

The Failure of Civilization—By Philip Gibbs

BEFORE 1914 civilization seemed safe and rather good. It seemed to most of us who thought about the matter at all—the majority of people took it for granted that we had definitely beaten the evil forces that make for the misery of mankind. The brute beast in human nature seemed to be chained up forever, at least over wide territories of the civilized world, though occasionally it might escape in wild places like the Congo or in the slums of great cities.

We had passed, we believed, through dark periods of history into the enlightened age. The old gayety and idealism and faith of the Middle Ages which had redeemed the brutality and ignorance of those times had been followed by the cruelty of religious wars, and then by the passionate outbreak of the French Revolution, with its wild cry of Liberty and Equality, and then by the long agony of the Napoleonic Wars, which left Europe exhausted and miserable. After that, the invention and development of industrial machinery revived the prosperity of many nations, but produced a reign of ugliness and a new tyranny of wealth over sweated labor which was worse in England, certainly, than the period of warfare. It took the people from the fields into the factories where they were subject to poisonous conditions and economic slavery. It stunted their souls as well as their bodies. It withered the beauty of children fastened to the looms. It created the slum with its foul habitations, its criminal outcasts, its gin palaces, its thieves' kitchens, its debtors' prisons, with the gallows waiting for those caught in the wheels of "justice."

Even the London of young Charles Dickens was a city in which tragedy and brutality, cruelty and crime, lurked in dark courtyards, narrow alleys, workhouses, foundling hospitals, prisons and schools. The names of Squeers, Fagin, Little Dorrit, Oliver Twist and David Copperfield recall to one's mind the misery inflicted upon young children, and the dark shadows that lurked behind the smug respectability of early Victorian London. But thanks to men like Dickens, and a gallant band of reformers and idealists, the worst evils of industrialism were gradually removed. The cruel penal laws, which had sentenced men and women and young boys and girls to long terms of penal servitude, or death itself, for petty crimes produced by the evil conditions of their life, were abolished. Primary education was established, raising the standard of life and manners. A wave of liberalism and humanitarianism gave the working people a chance of decent life, enabled them to gain political liberties and thereby many reforms in the condition of their labor, and above all so penetrated the spirit of the people in all classes that cruelty was checked, brutality refined, and civilization secured, it seemed, to a very notable extent. In many countries of the world, notably the United States, Germany and England, there was a rapid progress in the quality and character of social life.

Fools' Paradise

THE majority of the population was well fed and well dressed, with a constantly rising standard of home comfort. The higher luxuries and beauties of life which in old days had been the privilege of a small aristocratic class were enjoyed as a matter of course by an immense middle class. Education was free to all, and books multiplied and cheapened so that there was hardly a barrier to knowledge.

This widespread education, though often trivial in its quality, owing to the flood of popular and frivolous literature, had a great effect upon the minds of peoples. It made them tolerant of other people's ideas and creeds, taught them sympathy with suffering. Art was popularized. Beauty was no longer the perquisite of rich and leisured folk. In public museums and picture galleries, in prints and papers, the poorest citizen could, if he liked many did—enjoy the great masterpieces of all times, or reproductions of them, and understand their spiritual message to the world.

All over Europe, except in the most backward countries, there was a rapid advance of knowledge, an immense enthusiasm for liberal ideals, a steady improvement in the ordinary code of manners and morals. In millions and hundreds of millions of little homes there was not only comfort in a material way but also a spirit of well-being, of peace and security. The young generation had a wonderful time. Parents were no longer severe in their discipline, schools were places of delight—or at least not places of terror as in earlier times.

In every phase of life from childhood upwards the brute beast was chained up and kept out of sight. Many believed that it had died a natural death, killed at last by education and enlightenment, never to arise again in the heart of the civilized world.

When so many people were reading pleasant novels, and poetry from which the ugly realities of life were left out, or listening to good music and sentimental ballads, attending lectures on charity and good citizenship, learning every day of some new scientific invention for the benefit of mankind, and bringing up their children to nice behavior, with a decent code of ethics and a sense of duty to their fellow creatures, it seemed, on good evidence, that civilization was well established and on its way to nobler and more splendid things. Men like H. G. Wells dreamed of a modern Utopia where even law and punishment would be unnecessary, where there would be a bath in every bedroom, and new wonders of science applied to the comfort of everyday life. It was all so comfortable, so safe, so hopeful, so genteel—for all but the very poor—until August, 1914!

The Old Faith Shaken

THEN, in Europe, everything crashed. The brute beast was unchained again, not dead, but terribly alive. All the nice little ideas of civilization, all its bright little code of decency and kindness, all the dreams of poets, the hopes of idealists, the watchwords of religion, the manners and morals of a generation without brutality went down into the pits where men blew one another to bits with high explosives, choked one another with poison gas, sniped one another through telescopic sights, bombed one another's cities from aëroplanes, lived in earth holes like the ape men of the cave age, gave up the daily bath and were eaten by vermin, abandoned chivalry and killed one another in a shambles of mud and blood, using all their knowledge, all their science, all their civilized possessions to increase the sum of human slaughter. Civilization had failed.

It has not yet recovered. Looking around Europe today one must admit that there has not only been a definite breakdown of civilization but that all its heritage is gravely imperiled. After the devastating struggle of the last war and its awful consequences in human suffering and misery, Europe is stricken not only by a disease of its economic life but by a disease of the soul. The chief symptoms of that disease are a deep pessimism which robs many people of the will power to resist avoidable evils, a loss of faith in any kind of divine or spiritual purpose in life, an abandonment of the ethical code of Christianity, and a revival of pagan belief in physical force, tribal rights and the material basis of life.

It was of course inevitable that the tremendous shock of the war should have broken the faith of many people from its old moorings. It smashed the foundations of philosophy in the minds of many simple men and women who had believed them to be so strong and enduring. All those nice old comforting watchwords of the Christian home seemed like mockery. "God is love." They had believed that. But now in time of war their preachers taught from a text of God is hate. They were not to forgive their enemy "seventy times seven," but to go on hating him and killing him, and hating him as much after war as before it. "See how these Christians love one another!" said the old pagans, and the very moon laughed down on the trenches where masses of men waited for another attack at dawn—all Christians, worshiping the same God, using the same prayers. Perhaps somewhere God wept.

After the war there was a further loosing of the old restraints which had belonged even to those who merely kept to the Christian code of ethics by tradition and custom rather than by faith and conviction. In the celebrations of victory in many cities and countries it was a

(Continued on Page 73)

Trees at Night

The Lady With the Fan

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A MONROE DOCTRINAIRE

(Continued from Page 13)

monarchy and his own country. Could it be Mr. Jones' imagination? It was not at all unlikely that he was the type that thought anything he did was important. However, Billy had no chance to ask leading questions before the motor swung through the iron gates and rolled up to the entrance of the villa.

Mr. Jones gave a sweeping glance and whistled softly.

"What's this? The king's palace?"

"One of his villas—the one I rented for the legation—and your residence."

Billy felt a resounding slap on his shoulder.

"You're the boy, Mister Secretary! There's nothing like doing a thing right—if you do it at all. They told me in Washington that my predecessor hadn't splurged much. That's the reason I cabled you to get the best house in town. What's the use of being the representative of the greatest nation in the world if you don't live up to it? You won't find anything hidebound about me. If I play the game I believe in playing it. Do you get me? What's this exposition building like inside?"

Mr. Jones sprang lightly from the motor—extremely lightly for his size and weight—and was immediately faced by six rather important-looking men in livery.

"More foreign-office officials?" he asked Billy in an aside.

"Your footmen, sir. You said engage a full staff of servants."

"I didn't mean to take everybody away from the king. Do I shake hands with them?"

"It might surprise them very much."

"A pleasant surprise, eh? Anyhow, think I'll do it. Nothing like starting right off with a show of democratic principles." And he made a breezy round of the group, shaking each man heartily and vigorously by the hand and leaving behind him expressions that were a strange mingling of surprise and consternation. "It reminds me something of the Union Station at Washington," Mr. Jones continued as, under Billy's leadership, he passed from one reception room to another. "Is there any place to sleep, or is it just a house for parties?"

"As a matter of fact, there are only two bedrooms. You said nothing about your family coming with you."

"That's right. They didn't want to bother about it. You see ——"

A tremendous clatter of church bells drowned the end of the sentence. When quiet was once more restored Mr. Jones looked at Billy.

"What was that?"

"Only church bells. They ring that way every hour."

"H'm—I'll take that up with the government at once. I don't mind churches; but I can't afford to have my eardrums permanently put out of business. How do they expect a man to think with a clatter like that going on every hour? I'll ask them to confine the ringing to Sunday—at least while I'm here. Now at home ——"

Again they were interrupted by the appearance of a portentous-looking individual in elaborate livery, who bowed profoundly before Mr. Jones and presented a piece of cardboard on a silver tray. Mr. Jones took the paper, glanced at it and handed it to Billy.

"Can't read a word of it. What's it all about?"

"The menu for luncheon. Your butler wishes to know if it meets with your approval."

"Tell him it's all right. If the first lunch doesn't suit me I'll let him know."

"Perhaps, under the circumstances, I'd better remain to luncheon with you today so as to see that everything runs smoothly."

"Stay to lunch! What are you talking about? I expect you to live here with me. You don't think I'm going to be left alone in a house where nobody knows what I'm saying. Move right in at once. Send for your things now."

At luncheon, served in a vast hall and by four footmen under the supervision of the pompous butler, Billy's impressions of Mr. Jones deepened.

"I can't eat with a crowd like this watching every mouthful I take," he complained after the first course—an elaborately arranged platter of eggs in jelly, of which he ate heartily, though with a slightly questioning expression. "I might as well tell you we live mighty simply at home. Don't put on all this sort of dog. Never was used to it—and can't stand it in my old age. Tell 'em to give us supper in a room I can see the other side of, and with just one of these stuffed shirts to wait on us. I'll put up with this sort of thing when there are others here; but alone, just you and me, I can't stand it. Do you get me?"

When they left the table and Billy showed Mr. Jones into the rooms which he had arranged as the chancery, the latter went straight for a comfortable-looking red leather chair and sank into it with a booming sigh of relief.

"This might have come from home," he said, thumping the arms of the chair.

"It did, sir. Practically all the office furniture for our missions is sent from America."

"Well, it looks good and it feels good." Here a long, very black cigar was produced, clipped by a patent arrangement which was attached to a key chain, and lighted with considerable pleasurable deliberation. "Now if you'll lock those doors and make sure nobody's listening outside those windows we'll begin to talk business." And as Billy carried out his instructions, "Mighty glad you took this place. It sort of looks the part."

"It's what they expect of an American mission."

"All right, we'll give them what they expect—if that will make them give us what we expect."

"What under the sun, sir, could we expect them to give us?"

Mr. Jones' bulging eyes rested on Billy with an almost benign expression.

"D'you ever hear of a place called Montvolcan? I suppose that's the way you pronounce it."

Billy nodded. "I know it's an island off South America—one of the colonial possessions of this country. That's about all I do know of it."

"Well, you've said it, Mister Secretary. No more explanations necessary. You've told the whole story."

"I may have told it," Billy laughed, "but it doesn't mean anything to me."

"It does to your country—a good deal. I might go so far as to say a great deal."

"But surely it isn't important to us!"

"It's of considerable importance to us in the development of our communications with the rest of the world—telegraphically. We need it for our cable lines. Other countries need it too. But if other countries got it there would be monopolies. If we had it it would be open to us and everyone else. Do you get me? Besides, just between us, we ought to have it for other reasons—principally the developing of our Monroe Doctrine. What was the use of President Monroe or John Quincy Adams talking about its being dangerous to our peace and safety to have European powers extending their systems to any portion of the American continent, if they didn't go to work to clear up the whole situation? Clearing it up, to my way of thinking, is to get rid of it. And getting rid of it means that the United States must buy or set free every piece of land that's still held on our side of the water by a foreign power. Do you get me?"

Billy nodded. "Perfectly."

"Good! Well, we're getting along very nicely with this cleaning-up business. Spain's out of Cuba; Denmark has sold us the Virgin Islands; and now—well"—here Mr. Jones' large right hand came down with a bang on the comfortable chair that had come from home—"I'm here to make a deal for that worthless little island that belongs to this country. How long will it take me, Mister Secretary, to put the deal over?"

Billy lighted a cigarette; he wished at that moment that it had been a cigar, even though he was not given to strong tobacco. The question demanded something much more stimulating than a mild cigarette. His thoughts went flying over past experiences, things he had read and particularly what he had learned since he had reached his present post. There was something so tremendously stimulating about Mr. Jones—just his vital bulk was a tonic in itself—that Billy felt a very deep desire to make good with him, and this desire kept him silent a long time.

"You don't seem to have any opinions," Mr. Jones finally boomed.

"I'm thinking, sir."

"Well, can't you think aloud? They told me at the State Department that you had something to do with putting over the Smith-Calderon Treaty. That was a big piece of work. Can't you do the same thing here?"

"I'm quite ready to do everything possible. But this is another matter. We've got to study the situation. This country is in pretty bad shape just now. The exchange has gone to pot; the government has no credit; they can't buy anything; no one will lend them any money. Their crops have failed; and, so far as I have been able to find out, the general unrest is directing itself against the king. They are blaming him for everything."

"All of which sounds encouraging to me, Mister Secretary. All this king has to do is to sell Montvolcan to us and put his country on its feet again. It's as easy as falling off a log. Now how do I go about seeing him?"

Billy rose and strolled about the room.

"If you don't mind my saying it, sir, we've got to go at it a bit slowly. There are certain forms to be observed. It isn't exactly like going to New York to put through a business deal. These people have been doing things their way for a number of years—even centuries—and I'm inclined to think it's better to fit in with their customs. After all, sir, you are the American minister and in a diplomatic position."

Mr. Jones settled back in his chair with something that sounded like a deep roar.

"You talk just like all of them down in Washington. I told them—and I'll tell you—I think a lot of it is just bosh. Too much form, too much waste of time and energy. But go ahead"—this with a wrinkling of his expansive countenance that evidently meant acceptance of the inevitable—"and put me through all the tricks. But do it as quick as you know how. I want to clear the decks and get down to work. Too much going on at home to stay away long."

So Billy went to work to clear the decks by rushing—or at least attempting to—the protocol of presenting a new minister. He first wrote a letter to the foreign minister, informing him that the American minister had arrived and wished to call at his earliest convenience. This brought a response—after a week—appointing a day, still a week later, which practically threw Mr. Jones into a fever. However, there was nothing to do but wait. The visit was merely formal and apparently had a most discouraging effect upon Mr. Jones. During his conversation with the foreign minister he had stated at once that he had come on a special mission, explained very succinctly what it was, and received in reply a most polite, smiling, utterly blank expression from that dignified individual.

"He ought to play poker," was Mr. Jones' comment as he and Billy left. "Didn't even make a comment or say we'll talk it over later. What do you make out of it?"

"It's a sort of etiquette," said Billy.

"Damn etiquette! I'd like to know what he thought of it."

"I'm sure you will later on."

"After a year or two," Mr. Jones pronounced in guttural tones. "Well, what next?"

"Your presentation to the king and the exchange of letters of credence. I was told that would be in a very few days—as soon as the king comes back from the country, where he's shooting at present."

Mr. Jones groaned.

"He ought to spend his time shooting a few of his ministers if they're all like this one."

At the end of another week a large, gold-embossed envelope arrived from the foreign office which informed Mr. Jones that his majesty would receive him in private audience on the following Monday at twenty minutes past ten in the morning.

"Why twenty minutes past?" grumbled Mr. Jones.

"It gives you time to be there at ten and ready for the audience."

"I'm ready right now."

At ten on the following Monday Mr. Jones and Billy were dressed in their evening suits and awaiting the arrival of the royal coach, which was always sent to escort ministers to the royal palace.

"If I went out like this in the morning at home I'd be arrested for disturbing the peace," Mr. Jones commented; and then as a picturesque but rather unsafe-looking coach manned by flunkies in red livery and powdered wigs, followed by a detachment of cavalry, arrived before the legation door, he burst into resounding laughter.

"It beats my time! I feel just like Cinderella going to the ball. Golly! Nobody'll believe it when I tell them about it at home."

The audience with the king proved somewhat less formal than Billy had expected. They were met at the palace door by the master of the royal household and the foreign minister and conducted through what Mr. Jones described as miles of parlors, and finally into the audience chamber, where, standing quite alone, dressed in the uniform of a captain of hussars, a man of about thirty, tall, thin, good-looking in a fresh boyish way—though quite obviously showing a worried, harrowed expression in the eyes—came forward to meet them. He shook hands cordially, first with Mr. Jones, then Billy, then the foreign minister. After this he asked them to sit down and very easily began a conversation that lasted about ten minutes, when he rose again, shook hands once more and remained standing while the others left the room.

"If this is all the further I'm going to get," Mr. Jones complained bitterly, "I'll be here the rest of my life. Even when I gave him my letter of credence, and he gave me one, he said nothing that meant anything. When am I going to begin talking business with them?"

"You are almost through the protocol. You've only got to call on your colleagues now—the representatives of other powers—and then give your formal reception, which you don't have to bother about. The master of the royal household issues the invitations for you and sets the date. All you do"—and here Billy could not repress a smile—"is to foot the bills."

"That don't bother me. Let's have it a bang-up affair and strickly American. How about getting one of those jazz bands to come down from London? That might whoop it up a bit."

Billy agreed to this with enthusiasm. "And then there is no reason why you shouldn't return to the foreign minister and begin talking business—as you put it."

"I'd rather return to talk to the king. You know, I liked him. There's something nice and friendly about him. Nothing but a kid. Ought to be in America making a living. Did you think he looked worried? I did. I suppose he's up against it with all these petered-out ministers hanging round all the time. What he needs is some real American advice and help. Next time I see him I'm going to tell him a thing or two. You know, somehow, I'd like to help him. Wonder if I could. If he'll sell us Montvolcan without a whole lot of talking and backing and wasting time, I'll show him how to get this country on its feet."

Billy's brows drew together. Somehow the feeling was growing in him that Mr. Jones was going in the direction that might lead to all sorts of embarrassing situations—that is, if he acted as much as he talked; and the next few days showed conclusively that he did. Billy tried his best to keep up with what he was doing but soon found out that was almost impossible. After the diplomatic calls were got through Mr. Jones started out very much on his own. Each day he told Billy, though rather casually, what he had done.

One day he had called quite informally on the minister of the treasury—"a pleasant old dub who actually spoke English"—from whom he had got, by what means Billy never knew, a complete report on the financial situation. The next day he came in with considerable information on the imports and exports of the country, which he had got out of the British minister; and again he had picked up by chance a traveling journalist who had vounteered his views on the future possibilities of the country—views rather valuable on account of the man's long experience in that section of the world. But so far as getting any further along with the minister for foreign affairs, this appeared quite impossible.

"I've talked the whole matter over with him three times now," Mr. Jones reported at the end of two weeks, "and I'm just where I started. The man's absolutely tongue-tied. Finally I told him I wanted

(Continued on Page 40)

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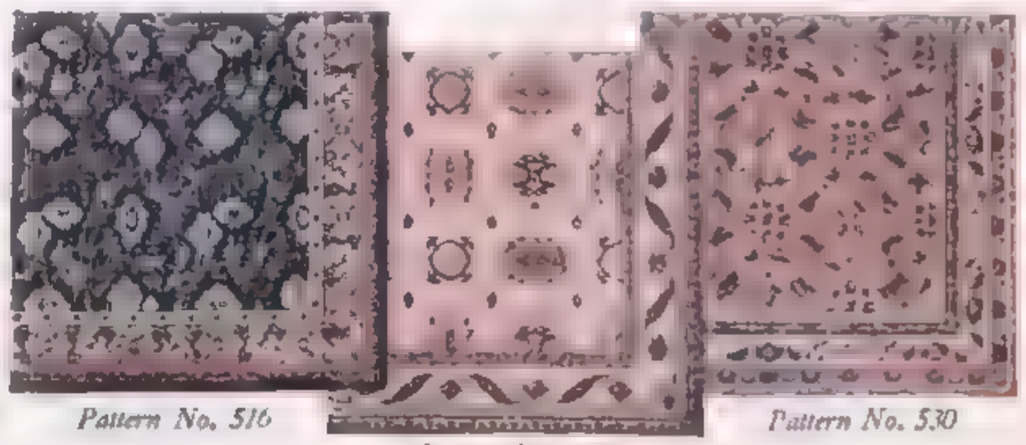

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(Continued from Page 38)

to discuss the matter with the king, and I've finally got the promise out of him to arrange an audience with the king and the whole cabinet next week. Mind you, the cabinet was his suggestion—not mine. What I want to do is to have a personal man-to-man talk with that young fellow—which is what the minister doesn't want me to have. He says the king never discusses national affairs except with his cabinet assembled. Of course, I had to agree to this. It's better than nothing."

That meeting of the cabinet with the king presiding—to be more exact, with Mr. Josiah Wabash Jones presiding—still remains to Billy the most extraordinary experience in his diplomatic career. It might have been called the apotheosis of Mr. Jones in action, and to a young man in diplomacy it was tremendously suggestive. The whole proceeding was so entirely without precedent, so completely beyond tradition and yet, in a way, so amazingly successful—at least from Mr. Jones' point of view. At the time Billy cursed himself for not having studied shorthand; it would have been invaluable to have taken down in detail everything that was said. There was so much that had to be inferred from expressions, from significant pauses, and so much that had a good deal to do with the making of history, all of which must remain forever buried in the minds of those who were present.

When Billy and Mr. Jones arrived at the royal palace they were conducted by an army of flunkies to a vast hall hung with tapestries and furnished only with a long table about which were placed high-backed chairs. The size of the room made for impressiveness; even Mr. Jones admitted this to Billy in his comment: "They put it all over us when it comes to setting the stage." While they waited the minister for foreign affairs entered, followed by the entire cabinet; and a few minutes later the wide doors at the end of the room were thrown open, two officers came in and stood at attention and in a few moments the king appeared. He came forward, shook hands with everyone present, but did not once smile during the greetings. In fact, his face showed even more preoccupation and anxiety than before. The only change of expression that showed at all was when he spoke to Mr. Jones. Then for a moment his eyes lighted up with a pleasant glow. It was almost as if he was glad to see him.

"Mighty glad to get this chance to speak to your majesty," Mr. Jones said, bowing with considerable effect—of necessity, on account of his bulk. "Been trying to see you for the past two weeks."

"I did not know it, Mister Minister." Then, with raised eyebrows, the king looked at the foreign minister. "You did not let me know that the American minister wished to see me."

The foreign minister coughed and showed embarrassment, which he tried to cover with a deprecating smile.

"Your majesty has been much occupied."

"I have only been shooting. I should have been glad to receive the American minister."

Mr. Jones' face at this moment began to beam radiantly—which is saying a good deal when its size and contour are taken into consideration.

"Mighty glad to hear you say that, your majesty," he boomed. "Sounds like business to me. My policy is, when you want a thing done do it yourself. That's why I wanted to get in touch with you. These gentlemen have been mighty nice about listening to me, but it all ended there."

The king made a gesture towards the table, took the seat at the end and signaled Mr. Jones to the place beside him. When everyone had found a place the king looked over the assembly and, after a few moments of silence, turned to Mr. Jones.

"Will you kindly explain what you mean, Mister Minister."

Mr. Jones made a motion to rise, but was quickly forestalled by the foreign minister, who spoke hastily.

"Your majesty, I think perhaps I can explain the matter to the satisfaction of the American minister."

The king's glance met Mr. Jones' and received an affirmative nod.

"Then pray do."

The foreign minister placed a large portfolio on the table and drew from it a roll of papers, from which dangled a collection of seals.

"His excellency, the American minister," he began, "has placed before us a most embarrassing matter. We have hesitated to bring it to your majesty's attention, as—er ——"

"What is this matter?" the king said, with a slight show of impatience.

The foreign minister picked up the sheets of paper.

"I have it here, your majesty. The American minister has been instructed by his government to present the following matter to your majesty's government. With your majesty's permission I shall read a *précis* of the matter." The foreign minister awaited a nod from the king and then continued, clearing his throat and assuming a position that suggested an hour or more of continuous speech. "'The Government of the United States of America is most desirous ——'"

Mr. Jones' patience came to an end. He had tried to sit quietly through the proceedings, but that suggestive pose of the foreign minister had been too much for him. He sprang up from his chair, and holding out a hand, boomed, "Your majesty!"

The king signaled to the foreign minister.

"One moment, please. The American minister wishes to say something. Please speak, Mister Minister."

"It's only this, your majesty: There's no use reading all that rigmarole. It would take all day. I can tell you the whole thing in three words."

For the first time the king's frown disappeared into a very pleasant, quite boyish smile.

"Very well, Mister Minister. Three words appeal to me very much more than the apparent length of that document."

A ripple of amazement ran over the faces at the table and the foreign minister's hands went up in protest.

"But, your majesty ——"

But the king went on, smiling, "Surely the American minister is better able to explain his mission than any of us. Will you be so good as to speak, Mister Minister?"

"It's just this, your majesty: Your country owns an island very near the American continent. It's called Montvolcan. My country wants to buy it. That's what the President of the United States sent me here to do. Doesn't sound very complicated, does it? Well, that's all there is to it."

Mr. Jones resumed his seat, pulled out a large white silk handkerchief and began mopping his brow; and during the moment of pause the foreign minister rose with strangely pale face and awaited permission from the king to speak.

"It is quite evident that the American minister does not know the dangerous situation that his mission might—and surely will—create. Your majesty will recall that this question came up during the lifetime of his majesty, your majesty's father. An offer was made at that time by another power than the United States of America. When it was known that your majesty's father was considering the sale of Montvolcan it was immediately seized upon by the revolutionary party as a pretext to end the monarchy. Your majesty's father saw the wisdom—nay, more than that, the absolute necessity of dismissing the matter as quickly as possible. If the subversive elements were to know that this was again under consideration it would mean revolution at once. The sale of Montvolcan would give them the final excuse they are awaiting. They would say that it was the beginning of the end of their country and that they must rise to save it. It would mean for your majesty the end of the monarchy, the end of your majesty's rule, the end, perhaps, of your majesty's life."

Mr. Jones was again on his feet.

"They wouldn't dare ——"

"I beg your pardon, Mister Minister. You don't know our people. The majority of them want anything that will give them relief from the present crisis, and they claim a republic will give them that."

Mr. Jones turned towards the king, who was now sitting with bowed head, his arms folded, his eyes cast down in deep concentration.

"What does your majesty say to all this?"

"What do I say?" The king looked up and met Mr. Jones' eyes steadily. "I don't know. Perhaps the people are right. Perhaps a republic would be better. You see, Mister Minister, your country has set such a successful example to the world that you make it difficult for us to go on in our old paths. Something must happen very soon. My country is actually starving, my people are without bread and we have no credit. That is our position, Mister Minister."

"Then save the situation, your majesty, by selling my country Montvolcan."

The foreign minister leaned intently forward.

"Your majesty knows that we have recently discovered several plots for your assassination. If it were known that you were contemplating this matter the palace would be assaulted—anything might happen. I beg, I implore your majesty to listen no longer to the American minister. It would mean certain death. Think of us, of your ministers, of your majesty's father's old and faithful servants! Everyone of us will go down in this debacle."

Mr. Jones did not wait for these words to take effect. He swiftly leaned towards the king and said, "Look here, your majesty, there's only one thing important for me to know. Does the sale of this island rest entirely in your hands?"

"Entirely, Mister Minister."

Mr. Jones straightened up to his full height and looked calmly and slowly at each man at the table. When his glance came back to the king his height and bulk appeared to have increased; he was not only towering over the others physically; he was also dominating them with impregnable assurance. Then his voice sounded out with a penetrating boom:

"If that is the case, why in the name of Heaven is it necessary for us to bother about anybody else? If you want to save your country I'll help you do it. It's up to you and me to find the way."

At this the young king rose with alacrity.

"I think I see what you mean, Mister Minister." Then, with a deep bow to the council table, he said, "Gentlemen, the council is ended."

Then pandemonium broke loose. Each minister was on his feet, voices and hands and arms were raised in vociferous protest, yet through it all the king waited, very calm, very steady, almost smiling. When some semblance of quiet was restored—more from exhaustion than from any end to the subject—he repeated:

"Gentlemen—my friends—you are dismissed. I wish to remain alone with the American minister. I shall do nothing without first advising you."

Billy found the scene that followed one of the most amusing he had ever witnessed. In very solemn and formal array, but with expressions that spoke volumes, each minister approached the king, bowed profoundly and then backed out of the room. It was a perfect demonstration of what traditional form could be counted on to perform; though each man was violently protesting such a step, yet protocol made him accept the inevitable and bow down to it.

Five minutes later Mr. Jones and Billy were alone with the king; and though the situation had already developed along such extraordinary lines that he was prepared for anything that might follow, Billy did start slightly when he saw his chief pull out his cigar case and hold it towards the king.

"Have a cigar, your majesty?"

"Thanks, I smoke only cigarettes. Please sit down again."

Billy held a lighted match to the king's cigarette, then one to Mr. Jones' cigar and finally lighted a cigarette himself. For a few minutes all three smoked in silence. Then Mr. Jones suddenly sprang up and began pacing the floor.

"Hope you don't mind my walking up and down, your majesty. Can't think very well unless I'm on my feet, and I've got to do some thinking just now. I hope that cabinet of yours don't think I'm trying to put something over behind their backs. That's not my way of doing business—neither mine nor my country's. I wasn't sent here to buy that island secretly. The deal has got to go through aboveboard."

Mr. Jones stopped abruptly and for a few moments appeared sunk in deep reflection.

"Well, Mister Minister?" the king finally asked.

Mr. Jones wheeled quickly.

"Look here, your majesty, would you mind dropping that Mister Minister business. Somehow it breaks my train of thought—makes me think you're talking to somebody else. I want to talk to you man to man. My name's Jones. And yours—what's your real name?"

"My family name is Marcellii. My father was accustomed to call me Mark."

Mister Jones' face beamed.

"I'm old enough to be your father, but I suppose I can't call you Mark."

The young king laughed easily.

"It would be a novel experience."

"At any rate, what I want to know is this: How do you feel about the sale of that island—I mean irrespective of assassination?"

"I've never thought of it irrespective of assassination, as you put it."

"Well, if you did?"

The king drew deeply at his cigarette, threw it away and lighted another.

"I've thought a great deal of the problem now facing my country. As a matter of fact, I think of nothing else. Sometimes I almost wish the revolutionary party would succeed and drive me out of the country. I'm sick and weary of this life; I give you my word I am. I've tried to carry on the traditions my father brought me up to, but I can't. They are so—so obsolete. I know as well as you do that kings are anachronisms these days. If I had any help I might have a chance to succeed, with new methods, new ideas, new energy. But you see how I am surrounded. I have no help. Whenever I suggest drastic reforms I am discouraged. They even go so far as to try to frighten me, as you have seen. I'm really not nearly the fool that Europe is inclined to think me. Nothing in the world would make me so happy as to get my little country on its feet again. Naturally I feel a great pride in it. I'd give anything to see it succeed. I'd give my life—yes, I mean it—if it would do any good. That is my reason for talking to you so frankly. You are American, you have no fettering traditions, you are the greatest success the world has ever seen; and you have come here with what I somehow feel is an opportunity for me to seize. You see, I am quite alone, and I need help."

Suddenly the young man stopped, dropped his head in his hands and leaned forward on the table; and Mr. Jones as suddenly stepped forward, raised his hand impulsively as if to let it fall on the king's shoulder, and then stopped and turned away abruptly.

"I see only one way out, your majesty."

"You mean selling Montvolcan?"

Mr. Jones nodded.

The king raised his head and smiled bravely.

"Very well, the sooner done the better, even if it means ——"

"Cut out that thought, your majesty. I'll guarantee your life."

"How can you do that? I shall never run away—if that's what you mean."

"Glad to hear you say that. Running away doesn't pay. But if I'm not very much mistaken"—here Mr. Jones turned to Billy—"there's some sort of a ruling in international law that makes a legation sacred ground. Anyone there is safe from pursuers. Isn't that right, Mister Secretary?"

Billy bowed.

"The law of sanctuary, sir."

"Well, there you are, your majesty. If there's trouble all you've got to do is to come to me."

The king shook his head gloomily.

"Thank you, Mister Minister, but a revolutionary mob here would know nothing about the international agreement of sanctuary. It would mean nothing to them."

"They'd know the American flag when they saw it flying!"

"I'm sorry, but even that means very little to them. You see, we are very far away from your great country." Here the king rose and crossed to a window, where, with folded arms, he gazed a long time in silence out across the town and harbor. When he turned back his eyes showed new resolutions. "Thank you, Mister Minister. I think it would be better—I think I prefer to face the situation on my own ground. If the worst comes—well, you must know what I mean." Then, with a quick shift to action, "At any rate, the matter is decided. There are a few forms to be observed—the question of price the United States is willing to pay—insignificant details—all of which I must present to the cabinet. After this is completed the matter will be reported to a special session of parliament, and then Montvolcan will be yours. No"—and the king raised his hand as Mr. Jones made a motion to interrupt him—"if you don't mind don't let's discuss the matter further. I have reached a decision. I believe I am doing the only thing possible. I am willing to stake everything on this step."

"Just one thing more, your majesty: When will this be done? I'd like to know the exact date."

(Continued on Page 43)

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(Continued from Page 40)

"I will let you know as soon as possible."

And so the momentous interview ended.

From that time on the situation developed very rapidly. As Billy's alarms increased, Mr. Jones' attitude became more and more determined; he was now in full action and brooked no interference or suggestions. He told Billy to go ahead and make all arrangements for his official reception for the king and the diplomatic corps; he wanted it to be the event of the year, something that would make them all sit up and take notice; no expense was to be spared; and above all, the jazz band must be got down at whatever cost. That it was hardly the time to give a spectacular entertainment, when the whole country was in such a state of unrest, meant nothing to Mr. Jones.

"If it irritates the people at the time, the after effects will be good. It will put the United States on the map for them. It'll show them what we can do."

When, a few days later, Mr. Jones was summoned to the palace for a private audience with the king he did not take Billy with him. His explanation was that it might be better to thresh out details entirely alone; and when he returned it was evident enough that considerable threshing had been accomplished.

"It's all fixed," he explained, locking the door of his office and closing the windows tight. "The matter will be sent to parliament next Saturday, and that same evening I give my reception and receive the king here. It took some tall talking to convince that worthless master of ceremonies that these two events must coincide; but I put it over. Of course, he hadn't a notion of what I was driving at. I hope the king hasn't either. I wonder if you have?"

"I wonder if you'd care to tell me," said Billy, with an attempt at appearing casual.

Mr. Jones exploded with laughter.

"Don't you see? I'm putting something over on the king. He's too proud to let me protect him, so I'm doing it on the quiet."

"How?"

"I know well enough what risk he's running. You've only got to stroll about the streets here to see what's going on. I ran into a demonstration this morning, the nastiest mob I've ever seen—carrying banners and yelling, 'Give us bread.' They mean business, and that business seems to be concentrating towards the palace. When they know he has sold us Montvolcan the storm's going to burst. But if I haven't miscalculated it will burst at the moment the king is safely in this legation. Do you get me? Without his knowing it, he will be under my protection, and I'm going to save him if it's the last thing I do."

"We are entirely without protection, sir."

"We'll hang out all the flags we can get together."

"What good are flags if the people don't know what they represent? We need more than that." Suddenly Billy sprang up with what he felt was a brilliant idea. "Our fleet is in the Mediterranean—at Malta this week. The admiral wants to come here; he told me so in Paris. Shall we send him a wireless?"

Mr. Jones shook his head with impressive negation.

"Not on your life! That would show we were afraid. It would also give these other legations a chance to say that I was putting something over by armed force. When they knew we had bought Montvolcan they'd say we did it by using threats—threats made convincing by the appearance of our fleet. No, that's a young man's idea. Don't get worried. Take things easy. I'm going to save the whole situation and do it without the rattling of a single saber. Just wait and see."

Billy did wait—up to a certain point—but he couldn't quite accept Mr. Jones' confident opinion. Probably the incident that actually drove him into acting on his own and doing something that would very likely imperil—if not end—his diplomatic career, was when he met the British minister returning from the station, where he had seen his wife off. When Billy expressed his surprise at her departure the minister explained that it was quite unexpected until the past few days, when he had come to the conclusion that it was very much better for women to be out of town.

"I'm thinking of asking my government to send a warship in here. There's nothing like having something of the sort near at hand if it's needed."

From that moment Billy weighed the advantages and disadvantages of acting without consulting his chief. He was perfectly sure that Mr. Jones would scoff at his suggestion—even forbid him to carry it out. Reaching a decision was vastly disturbing business; but it was at last reached, and under cover of making the three-hour trip to the frontier to see that some specially ordered supplies were not held up he accomplished his mission.

And so the day arrived on which the king was to send his message to parliament announcing the sale of Montvolcan. The morning passed peacefully enough, as parliament did not assemble until six o'clock in the afternoon; but by the time Billy had given a last glance through the salons and seen that all arrangements were being carried out—even to the proper placing of the jazz band, which had arrived the day before and which Mr. Jones had kept playing continually for his own amusement—rumors were passed round by the servants that a threatening mob was assembling before the royal palace. Billy looked out his windows and was struck by an ominous silence; the streets were strangely deserted, an unusual thing for the early evening hour, when practically everyone in town came out to enjoy the sunset.

"About the only thing the poor devils have to enjoy," Mr. Jones had said.

When he had finished dressing he looked across the gardens, down to the harbor and far out to sea; a very peaceful scene, Billy thought—much too peaceful. For almost the first time—at least that he remembered—a sort of helpless feeling swept over him. Up to that afternoon he had felt buoyant, hopeful, confident; more than that, as the situation showed itself to be more and more grave he had realized that he had acted wisely. But now—he had failed. The setting sun told him that quite plainly.

Suddenly a longing for home swept over him; his thoughts shot back to those wheat fields of the Middle West. Just then they seemed the most perfect place to be. Would he ever see them again? Diplomacy was all well enough. It was even great fun—until you suddenly found yourself in a situation like this, in a place practically off the map and among a people who were not disposed to consider the comity of nations a binding obligation. The only thing to do in such places was to go along quietly and not try to force questions; which, of course, was exactly what his chief was determined to do. But it was quite impossible to make a man like Mr. Jones see it that way; born in America, bred there, really interested only in its problems, no one would ever be able to make him see the foreigner's point of view.

There was a certain strength in his attitude; Billy had to admit that. Somehow his self-confidence imposed itself on others; you couldn't possibly believe that anything could go wrong with him at the helm—unless it was a matter of trying to save a king from a revolutionary mob that was bent upon his destruction.

Oh, well

Billy gave his tie a vicious last twist and went downstairs. Come what might, he was going to stick by his chief to the bitter end. It was just such loyalty as this that Mr. Jones' personality unconsciously created.

But when Billy reached the main reception room his depressing thoughts disappeared as though they had never existed. How could anyone feel depressed when looking at Mr. Jones, in full evening attire, with the addition of a broad red ribbon across his shirt front, a small jeweled Maltese cross pinned in the center of it and a somewhat old-fashioned sword hanging at his side, standing with uplifted hands and going through the motions of leading the jazz orchestra? Billy stopped spellbound. This was going a bit too far, even for Mr. Jones.

"What is it, sir?" he asked.

Mr. Jones turned with a beaming countenance.

"How do you like it? I'm tired of seeing all these ministers and overpaid undersecretaries strutting about with decorations. Thought I'd wear one too."

"But, sir, our Government doesn't permit diplomats to wear foreign decorations."

"This isn't a foreign decoration. It's pure American."

Further argument on the subject was interrupted by the doors being thrown open and the British minister announced in resonant tones.

"Hello, Sir Charles. Glad you came early," boomed Mr. Jones. "How does it look outside?"

"Have you been out since dinner?" asked the minister. "It isn't very encouraging. There's an ugly-looking crowd about parliament. I tried to get hold of one of the pamphlets they were scattering about. Do you know what is up?"

Mr. Jones' smile grew more and more expansive.

"I have an idea."

"Of course, the king will not come out tonight," the British minister continued, adjusting a monocle and glancing towards the jazz orchestra. "Is this from America?"

"Yes—via London. So you think the king won't come?"

"I'm quite sure of it. Have you a legation guard?"

"Only the flag."

"Under the circumstances, that might irritate the mob."

"Yes, it does sometimes irritate people. Hello! There's our Japanese colleague."

In half an hour the large reception room was filled and overflowing into adjoining rooms and corridors; and Mr. Jones was moving about, towering above everyone, beaming, booming and to all appearances having the time of his life, though now and then Billy saw him turn anxiously towards the door through which the king was to be announced.

When this door was finally thrown open and four footmen carrying three-branched candlesticks appeared, the anxious expression disappeared.

"They all tried to make me think he wouldn't come," he said, grasping Billy by the arm. "They don't know a sport when they see one."

And together they hurried down the main staircase and reached the front terrace just as the royal coach stopped before the door. The king descended and extended his hand to Mr. Jones, and for a few moments their eyes met silently.

Then the king said quietly, "Montvolcan belongs to the United States."

"And your majesty is safe in the American legation."

Billy followed them into the reception room and watched Mr. Jones accompany the king as he made the round of the room, speaking to everyone and receiving deep bows and curtsies as he passed. The scene was very gay, very brilliant; the jazz band was a huge success; the lantern-hung terraces were like a glimpse of fairyland; the dining room was ready with a feast that someone called Lucullan; and the gayety of the scene reached the climax when the king chose a partner and led the way into the ballroom.

Billy had just decided all his forebodings of the past few days were without foundation, when he suddenly looked across the room and saw the foreign minister signaling to him.

"I must get a word with his majesty at once," he said. "We've done our best. They have found out he is here. They're coming—thousands of them."

"Who?" came Mr. Jones' voice, who had come across the room to greet him.

"The revolutionists. They are at the gates of your villa now."

"Well, what of it?"

"They will break through the gates. Nothing will keep them back."

"I'll take care of that." Then to Billy, "Come with me."

They hurried to the balcony, from where they could look down on the gates, and Billy saw at once that they were in for some unpleasant if not serious incidents. The streets that had been empty an hour before were now filled with a seething crowd.

Banners were flying, torches were burning and a low, ominous murmur was rising from all sides, exactly like the sound of a distant wave-tossed sea. Already several of the crowd had climbed up on the iron fence which capped the walls about the villa and were jumping over into the garden. A few minutes more and the house would be surrounded.

Mr. Jones surveyed the scene calmly, even phlegmatically, Billy thought. He stood quite motionless several minutes, as if taking in the situation and musing over it. Then he turned abruptly, started to enter the house and stopped.

"No, you'd better go. Try to keep that old dub quiet and away from the king. I don't want him to know about this. He might get obstreperous. But first take a look downstairs. I gave orders myself that every door and window was to be closed after the king had arrived. Be sure that it has been done. Wait! Before you go slip

Watch This Column

Mary Philbin in "Fools' Highway"

MARY PHILBIN'S next big production is entitled ***"Fools' Highway,"*** and is an adaptation of Owen Kildare's story "My Mamie Rose," the action of which is laid in the Bowery in its prime. It is a fine story of a girl's love and faith. The winsome beauty of MARY PHILBIN adds immeasurably to the charm of this picture.

REGINALD DENNY has added another success to his collection in ***"Sporting Youth,"*** Byron Morgan's enlivening story of the younger set which Universal has put on rather lavishly. I recommend this picture to you unqualifiedly.

HOOT GIBSON will soon appear in a picture the story of which was written especially for him by William Dudley Pelley. I will pay $100 cash for a good title for it, providing we accept and use it. Hoot is forced to take a job with a Wild West show. Here he meets Calamity Jane, star rider, roper and markswoman, who is an unapproachable man-hater. His overtures to her meet with mishap. She is dangerous. One day in wrath she shoots up the show and is pursued by a posse. Hoot follows in a car, picks her from her horse and distances the pursuers. He gives her the scare of her life in the way he drives. Eventually she surrenders to this masterful Hoot and there is a big and surprising climax. If this information is not sufficient, write me for detailed synopsis.

Theatres everywhere have responded to William Brandt's suggestion of CARL LAEMMLE ANNIVERSARY MONTH, and are showing Universal pictures largely to the exclusion of others. It is a wonderful testimonial and I sincerely hope I am worthy of it.

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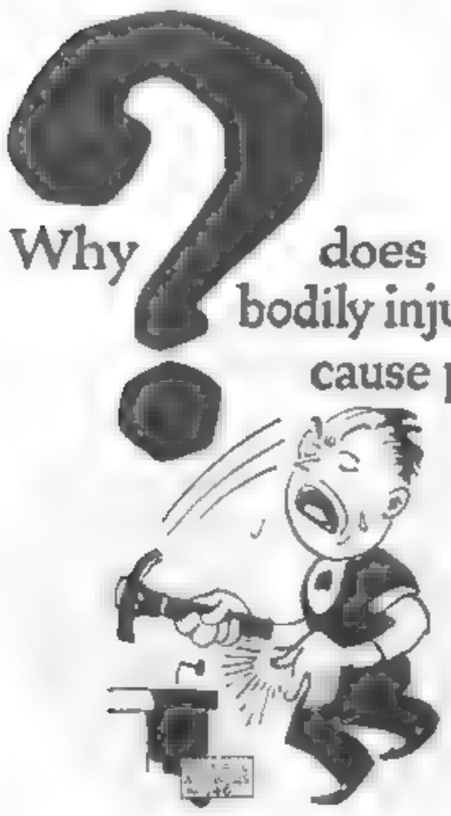

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in that corner room and bring me that flag—the one draped over the bust of George Washington."

Billy handed him the flag and then hurried towards the ballroom. The king was still dancing, and the foreign minister was still breathlessly awaiting an opportunity to speak to him.

"The minister requests that you do not mention the trouble to the king until he sees him," Billy explained quickly. "It is most important that he does not know."

Then, without waiting for an answer, he raced down to the ground floor and found most of the servants huddled together in the entrance hall, their blanched faces showing plainly their fright. However, the doors were closed and heavy iron bars in place. It would take considerable force, perhaps even a bomb or two, to break them open. After a quick glance he ran back up the steps and out to the balcony, and stopped, dumfounded by an extraordinary sight—Mr. Jones vigorously waving a huge American flag which was dazzlingly illuminated by a broad shaft of light.

"Look at them!" he cried to Billy. "Watch them running! Didn't I tell you the flag would do the work? There's hardly a man left!"

"But this searchlight—where is it coming from?"

"Some ship just come in the harbor—round that point there. Do you see? There's another! There——" Mr. Jones' booming voice was suddenly drowned in a much deeper boom—the roaring salute of an incoming warship. "What do you make out of it? Whose ships are they?"

Billy, shielding his eyes from the blinding light, peered out to sea.

"I'm very much inclined to say," he began in a slightly shaking voice, "that they are our own warships coming to your party."

"How'd they know? Who invited them?"

Billy leaned against the balustrade and looked intently into Mr. Jones' amazed face. He attempted to say something, but try as hard as he would, he couldn't get his voice steady; the excitement of the moment was more than he could master. And while he remained silent he saw Mr. Jones come closer and suddenly grab him by both arms and shake him violently.

"You did it!" he roared, still holding Billy tight. Then, quite without warning, his expression changed to one of abashed apology:

"You know, Mister Secretary, those people almost had my goat. Between you and me, I was on the point of getting scared. But look at them now! Where do you suppose they've all gone?"

By this time Billy had gained control of his voice.

"To see the American warships, sir."

Mr. Jones put his arm about Billy with a gesture of real affection.

"Well, let's go back now and jazz to our hearts' content. In the meantime I'll try to reach a conclusion about you—whether to tell the State Department to fire you or ask the President to make you ambassador."

About five o'clock that morning—after the king and the court officials and the diplomatic corps had finally gone home and the jazz band had ceased its insidious clatter—the still fresh and beaming Mr. Jones was dispensing hospitality to the admiral and his staff.

"Now that you are here, admiral, you've got to help me out. I want enough rations tomorrow to feed a good part of the population of this town. That's going to be my first step in helping this young king get his country on its feet."

"I'll do anything you say, Mister Minister," replied the admiral. "But on one condition."

"Name it."

"Tell what that decoration is you're wearing. I make a specialty of them, but have never run across anything like that."

Mr. Jones' expansive countenance assumed great surprise.

"Well, I must say, admiral, I'm disappointed in you—not knowing an American decoration when you see it." He looked down at the ribbon and patted it into place. "It's had a great success tonight. I don't think a single guest failed to remark it. The cross, you will observe, has the letters ATO on it—my college fraternity pin. The sword served my father well in the Battle of Gettysburg. And the ribbon—well, that came off the box my wife had tied up my silk handkerchiefs in."

THE POETS' CORNER

A Woman's Heart

TO WIN a woman's heart, you ask the way.
Yourself must find it.
A woman's heart! Why, Shakspere's self
Has scarce divined it;
That riddle has perplexed man's brain for ages,
Nor yet been solved by sinners, saints nor sages.

Yet, as you ask me, well, I have a notion,
As a beginner
'Tis best to show her not too much devotion
At first to win her;
I think that she will find you less fatiguing
The longer you contrive to be intriguing.

Some pin their faith on gold as love's best fuel.
No harm in trying;
And that a woman loves a pretty jewel
There's no denying;
And humble lovers sometimes find it handy
To send her now and then a box of candy.

Yet there are women who for love alone
Will love you better
Than for cartloads of gold or precious stone.
An artful letter,
A compliment well-turned or even a flower
Wields on her wayward heart a magic power.

But last, I think, nothing so well avails
As to amuse her.
The humorous lover very seldom fails;
The solemn lose her.
Bring up your heavy guns of loving after,
But best begin your siege of her with laughter.

—*Richard Le Gallienne.*

The Things I Love

THESE are the things that I love best,
These are the dreams I'll hold
Against my faintly thrilling heart
When I am old:
The color of the sky at night,
When it still throbs with sunset light;
The dawn's first gold;
The shading of the trees that turn
So scarlet, and the fires that burn
On my hearthstone—
These are the things that I love best,
That I will hold against my breast
When youth has left me, and I face
The end, alone.

The purple pansies that I plant
When early summer wakes,
The green of leafy, dew-kissed woods
When morn first breaks;
The iridescence of the sea
That creeps so far away from me;
The blue of lakes.
A dress I loved, of silent gray;
A silken sash of yesterday;
A prism that once hung beside
A window when the daytime died;
The wonder of a baby's eyes,
That seemed to speak of paradise,
And love's first kiss—
These are the things that I love best,
That I will hold against my breast
The while I whisper, "Life itself
Was less than this!"

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

'Tis But the Night

MEN change, flags change, and border lines
Move north or south, and east or west;
But still the great unaltered pines
In centuries of green are dressed;
In warmer lands the quiet palm
Still wears its calm.

Truth stands, God reigns, Christ walks today,
Love lives within the hearts of men;
The things that seem to pass away
A little while, return again.
A little while the shadows fall,
And that is all.

The night comes down, and mountain peaks
Are lost to view, the grassy slope;
Yet, at the darkest, memory speaks
The lovely prophecy of hope;
No peaks at midnight we discern,
But they return.

The rising sun again will gild
The summit that is lost to sight.
When darkness shuts around you, build—
Yes, keep on building in the night,
Still undiscouraged, since you know
These things are so.

The great unalterable things
Will never change. Though for a time
To other lands the bird takes wings,
Though summer seeks some other clime,
Though for a time injustice hides
The mountain sides—

Doubt not, fear not; work on, and wait;
As sure as dawn shall conquer dark
So love will triumph over hate,
And spring will bring again the lark.
Yes, if for truth you labor here,
You need not fear.

The night comes down, but labor on;
Despair not, yield not, neither change;
Tomorrow morn again the dawn
Will light the unalterable range
Of God's high hills with truth's great light.
'Tis but the night. —*Douglas Malloch.*

School

OH, HAVE you ever kissed the world
When it was warm and sweet?
Or have you felt the summer break
In fragrance 'neath your feet?

Or have you ever stood alone,
Deep in a forest place,
And laughed to feel young branches touch
Caressingly your face?

Or have you ever wandered through
Untrodden ways, a dream,
And knelt and laid your burning cheek
Against a mountain stream?

Or have you stood quite still, quite still,
Gazing into the sky—
Loving its shadows and its lights
And its clouds blowing by?

Somehow, in quiet valleys where
The days are hushed—like sighs—
And flowers live their little lives
'Mid dreams and butterflies;

Where trees, with gestures unrestrained,
Speak secret things at night,
And life is something glad and strange
And sad and swift and slight;

Oh, it is there, I think, that all
The roads of learning end!
And it is there true wisdom is,
Our wisdom to transcend.

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

The Waterfall

THE waterfall stands white within the dark,
And its loud voice like stillness is—as vast
And menacing and calming. On its breast
Moonlight has rest.
It breaks the forest like a jagged knife.
It cuts the mountain, and its little strife
Stands up against the storms. The winds blow far
Out from its cliffs its spray, a bending bar
That straightens when their mighty hands give over.
The waterfall is the white moonlight's lover,
Sleeping until she touches it, and then
Living again.

Wild,
A strong child,
The waterfall its great arms tosses high;
And at its triumph cry,
In fern and flower smiles the complacent earth
That gave it birth.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

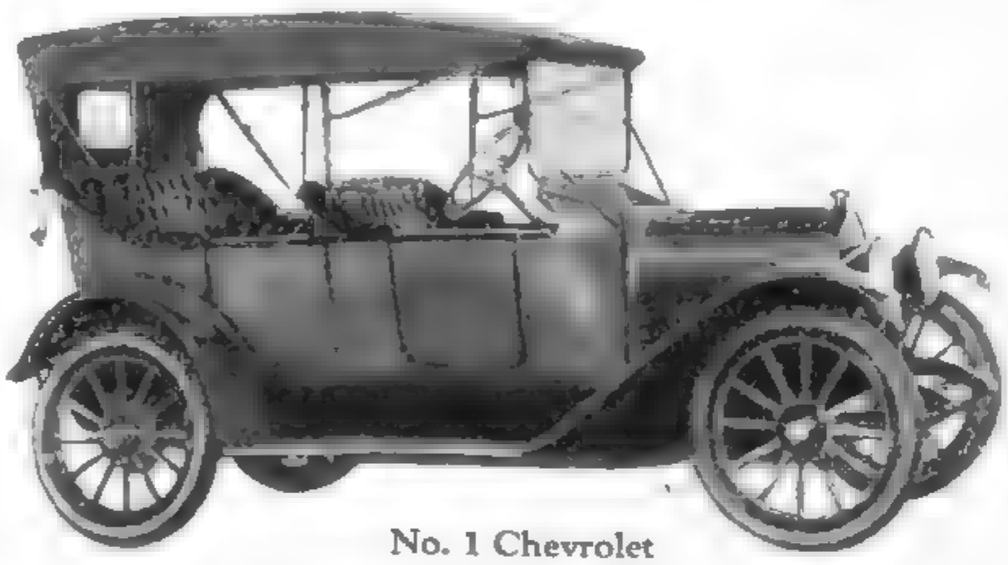
TEN YEARS' PROGRESS

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

1914
SPECIFICATIONS

Horsepower, S. A. E.	21.7
Weight	2500 lbs.
Tires, 32 x 3½, fabric	(about 4000 miles)
Top	Two-man, with side supports
Gas feed	Air pressure
Windshield	Folding
Rims	Detachable
Cooling	Thermo system
Rear axle gears	Straight teeth
Oiling system	Splash
Chassis lubrication	Grease cups
Back curtain light	Celluloid
Side curtains	Stationary
Finish	Paint, air dried
Gasoline mileage	About 18
Service brake	Clutch combination
Wiring harness	Open
Insurance rating	B
Terms	Cash
Service stations	About 1000



No. 1 Chevrolet

Price, 1914, $1000

1924
SPECIFICATIONS

Horsepower, S. A. E.	21.7
Weight	1880 lbs
Tires, 30 x 3½, fabric	(about 8000 miles)
(Cord Tires on all closed models)	
Top	One man
Gas feed	Suction
Windshield	Double ventilating
Rims	Demountable
Cooling	Pump circulation
Rear axle gears	Spiral bevel
Oiling system	Pump, forced feed
Chassis lubrication	Alemite
Back curtain light	Glass
Side curtains	Open with doors
Finish	Baked enamel
Gasoline mileage	About 24
Service brake	Separate brake pedal
Wiring harness	In conduits
Insurance rating	A
Terms	As desired
Service stations	About 20,000

Present Chevrolet

Price, 1924, $495

THE pronounced leadership of the automobile business in restoring the old-time purchasing power of the dollar is best illustrated in the increased quality and decreased price of a Chevrolet.

The reductions in prices have more than doubled the purchasing power of the consumer's dollar, although the specifications and design show marked increase in quality.

Big volume production made these economies possible. Note the ten years' record of Chevrolet sales:

Ten Years' Record of Chevrolet Sales

1914— 5,005	1919—151,019
1915— 13,500	1920—155,647
1916— 69,682	1921— 77,627
1917—125,399	1922—242,373
1918— 93,814	1923—483,310

We are the world's largest manufacturers of quality cars, having attained this leadership through offering the utmost possible per dollar value in modern quality automobiles.

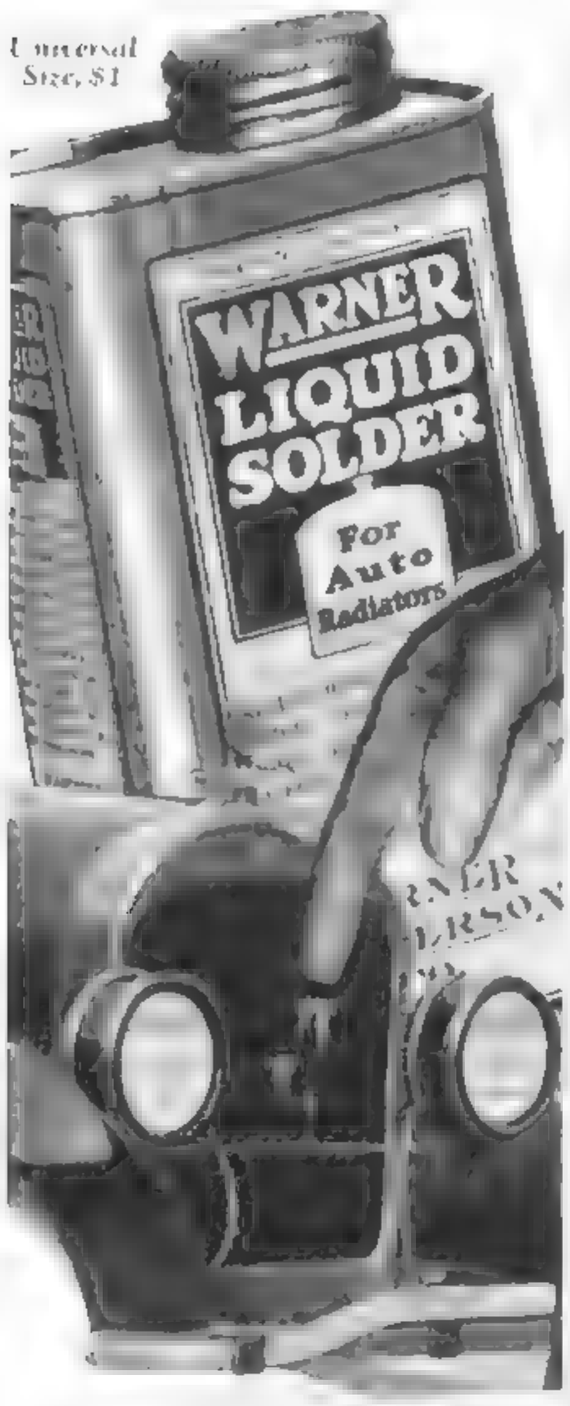
Before buying any car at any price *See Chevrolet First.*

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan
Division of General Motors Corporation

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices. Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Superior Roadster	$490	Superior Sedan	$795
Superior Touring	495	Superior Commercial Chassis	395
Superior Utility Coupe	640	Superior Light Delivery	495
Superior 4-Passenger Coupe	725	Utility Express Truck Chassis	550



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You can easily, positively and permanently stop leaks anywhere in your car's cooling system. Get a can of Warner Liquid Solder. Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed by Mr. A. P. Warner, inventor of the famous Warner Speedometer, and sold on a money-back basis. Will not clog circulation or do any other damage. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct. Works with alcohol and other anti-freeze solutions.

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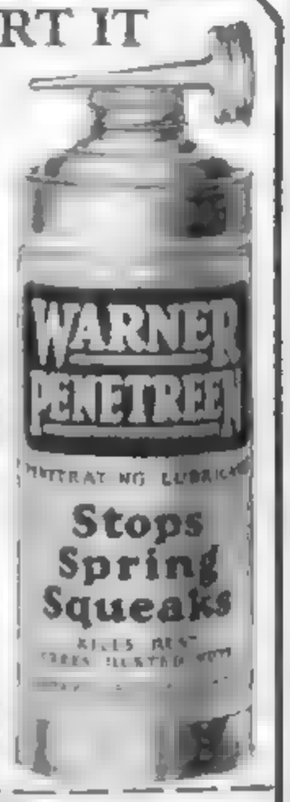
914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SQUIRT IT
To Stop Spring Squeaks

You do not have to have your spring leaves separated. Simply squirt it along the edge. It penetrates in every direction and lubricates every pin point of surface between the leaves. It contains soluble graphite. Guaranteed and sold on a money back basis



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[illegible] Please send me one can of Warner Penetree
Name
Address
Town State

AN ELUSIVE PANACEA

Continued from Page 15

had to be paid upon the estates of certain of its deceased owners. The whole Senate seemed very much impressed with the argument and with the danger of any further increase in rates.

Whereupon a senator with more radical views arose and asked the member who had just spoken whether it was true that the widow of one of the former owners had just petitioned the court for a spending allowance of $500,000. No one could reply in the negative, and the whole force of the economic argument against higher rates seemed for the moment blunted. If the debate had taken place a year or so later the fact might have been added that a son of one of the former owners had spent five days in jail for speeding and had lost his license for a year. If both these facts, together with a few million-dollar diamond necklaces, could have been brought into the debate the Senate might have increased the rates instanter.

But speaking seriously there is massed behind the inheritance tax more than any other measure not only all the mere envy of great wealth but all the actual disapproval, rightly or wrongly held, of its existence and effects. When property passes at death there is not only a wonderful opportunity to scale down the idle heir, but the last chance is presented for getting at the property of the deceased.

Perhaps he did not pay his just share of taxes while he lived; perhaps the elements of chance, luck or even graft entered into the making of his fortune. This time there is to be no possible escape. Surely, then, with so many favoring arguments it must be assumed that the inheritance tax will continue to take on an increasing importance both as a revenue producer and as a social weapon. It is not the first time the Federal and state governments have rushed to adopt fiscal and social panaceas, nor will it be the last time.

It may be well, then, to follow this instrument of equality and producer of revenue into the actual mazes of practical taxation. The journey will lead us into many strange turns and awkward positions. But let us not anticipate the dangers of the trip. It is enough to say that at the very beginning there appears to be an irreconcilable conflict as to whether the tax should be imposed by the states or by the Federal Government, or by both.

As matters stand, both the states and the Federal Government levy the tax independently of each other and indiscriminately on the same property. In the past the Federal Government has employed this form of tax only in wartime, but no student of the subject could be found by the writer who believes that it will be given up now that the war is over; and to tell the truth there are excellent reasons why such a tax should be retained.

Valuable Trading Material

"It is conceivable that a conservative administration in Washington might persuade Congress to give up the tax," said a distinguished economist who has been associated with tax legislation and administration for a generation or more. "But this would only add fuel to the radical flames. Besides, I do not think any conservative financial administration would be foolish enough to push their power so far. Retention of a fairly heavy inheritance tax would always be a good card for them to play against objectionable measures."

But entirely aside from any question of political expediency there is excellent reason for a Federal inheritance tax in some form or other. All the states now except Florida and Alabama, and the District of Columbia, have inheritance-tax laws. But there is a tremendous divergence in rates, all the way from a small fraction of one year's income up to almost a quarter or a third of the property itself, in the case of collateral inheritance. In other words, state inheritance taxes range from feeble, half-hearted attempts to gather in a few hundreds or thousands of dollars from the larger fortunes, all the way up to a near approach to something like confiscation.

Not only do the rates under the same conditions vary from state to state but there is bewildering variety when it comes to the steepness of the graduation or progression, and the relation of the rate paid to the total estate, to the amount received by any given heir and to the degree of relationship of the heir.

Added to the divergence and variation in rates is the fact that two of the most important residential quarters, so to speak, for rich men, Florida and the District of Columbia, have no inheritance-tax laws at all. It is apparent therefore that a rich man by taking careful legal and expert advice may so adjust his residence that the amount of his inheritance tax will be greatly reduced. Many do and many do not.

The result is that we have a net with forty-five or so meshes through some of which big fish escape and in others of which they are caught. This situation will be explained in detail shortly, but it suffices for the moment to say that at present inheritance taxes are to a very considerable extent accidental. That it should cost a man several hundred thousand dollars more to inherit a large fortune in one state than in another not only sets all fairness and equality at naught; it is a mockery of justice.

But there is plenty of equality when it comes to the Federal taxes. Even the richest man with the largest battery of lawyers cannot escape one cent of the Federal tax by skipping around from New York to Kentucky, to the District of Columbia, to Florida, to California and back again. The Federal estate tax reaches every nook and corner of the land, and it is impossible by any rearrangement of residence and investments or dodging across borders to escape it.

Opposition to Federal Estate Taxes

It is difficult to see how any element in Congress, radical, moderate or conservative, can argue against the fact that the Federal estate tax insures a high degree of equality in imposing heavy taxes upon the rich. There is dispute as to the wisdom of soaking the rich at all, but if it is to be done no one can deny that it should be done to all, not merely to the few who are careless or honest enough to continue to live where they always have lived.

But despite this forcible argument in favor of the Federal estate tax there is powerful and continuous opposition. It comes from the legislators and tax officials of the states, who cannot endure having such a valuable and increasing source of revenue filched away from them by the Federal Government; and one is not surprised to learn that resolutions are constantly being presented to Congress from associations of state tax officials and even state legislatures asking for the repeal of the Federal law.

The states have a natural and deeply ingrained prejudice in favor of retaining the tax. Historically, its imposition is closely connected with the judicial process and the probating of wills, all of which is a service performed by the states. The rights of testamentary disposition and of succession are creatures of law, upon the exercise and operation of which the lawmaker may impose terms, and it follows logically that the only law which can impose terms is the law that created the right itself.

The Federal Government takes but scant notice of all these historical, legal and logical facts. Apparently it may come in, years after a state court has released and discharged an executor, and demand hundreds of thousands of dollars in additional taxes, perhaps holding the executor personally liable. The old relationship between the court and its appointee is disturbed by the entrance of a third party, and it is argued by the legal and tax representatives of the states that their courts can no longer protect appointees in the performance of duty.

The Federal law reaches only those estates above $50,000. If it took over the entire field and reached down to $10,000, as many states do, or even lower, as numbers do, the complications would be increased manifold. The Federal Government, as everyone knows, has been able to administer the estate and income taxes at all only because it has taken years to clear up back accounts. The practical difficulties involved in its handling the whole inheritance-tax system seem to any disinterested observer almost insuperable.

"In a small state such as ours," said the chairman of a state tax commission, "we know every rich man and every large fortune. One appraiser handles the whole thing. He may make mistakes, but it doesn't matter much, because he handles all estates alike. When you begin to get scores of appraisers, then you get unfair variations and prolonged litigation. With us an estate can come to our office and pay up, and the affair is closed. There is no yanking around of books from five to seven years later, as with the Federal Government."

"There really ought to be some excuse for an inheritance tax besides mere seizure," said the chairman of another state tax commission. "In the states the inheritance tax can be justified because the institution of inheritance itself, the very act of passing property from father to son, rests upon and exists solely on account of the laws of devolution of the states permitting such inheritance. The Federal Government has no such excuse; it does not even demand a tax upon estates, it merely seizes it."

The states complain that the Federal tax removes millions of ratables and thus compels an increase in the rates of the state taxes. The Federal taxes on large fortunes are so much higher than those of the states that millions of dollars are removed from state jurisdiction on a single fortune. Then, too, when the courts ruled that states must deduct the Federal tax before imposing their own, one state that the writer knows of was obliged to increase its rates to make up for the loss.

Then, too, the revenue derived is relatively much less important to the Federal Government than to the states because the states have so few other taxes to fall back upon.

Still another state tax commissioner described to the writer in the most minute detail the negotiations, of which he had charge, for the settlement of the inheritance tax on the largest and most spectacular fortune which had ever been left in his state. Apparently the commissioner held back nothing from me, and seemed to enjoy the narrative. When he had finished I asked him how large the Federal tax had been. His face hardened and he replied coldly that he did not have the slightest idea, that he was not in any way interested, although it is matter of common knowledge that this particular fortune has had to pay the Federal Government $7,000,000 or $8,000,000, a vastly larger sum than went to the state.

A resident of Michigan left to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington a large part of his property, including a famous collection of paintings. Michigan does not exempt gifts of this description from inheritance taxes unless they are made to organizations chartered within its own limits, and therefore the Federal Government was obliged to pay an inheritance tax of several hundred thousand dollars to the state of Michigan because the Smithsonian is a Federal art gallery.

State Income Taxes

Obviously from the point of view of the ordinary citizen such utter lack of comity or correlation between the two collecting parties to this form of taxation is little short of absurd. Yet there it is, with apparently no remedy in sight.

But with all the objections to leaving the tax entirely in the hands of the Federal Government, there are students of the subject who feel that such must be the ultimate outcome of the present situation if the tax is to be made workable at all. Obviously the Federal Government could redistribute a large portion of the tax to the states, provided they agreed to collect none of their own. This much only is certain—one side or the other will have to yield eventually.

To make matters worse, the states are scrambling to adopt income taxes almost as fast as they took on inheritance taxes a few years ago. It is the newest fiscal panacea for the states. No doubt to the extent that it takes the place of unworkable features of the old property tax it may help to reduce confusion. But so rapid is the scramble toward the state income tax that there is danger of marked diversity of form and absence of standards.

In any case the Federal Government refuses to leave the inheritance tax to the states, and the states will not leave either the income or inheritance tax to the Federal Government. The possibilities are certainly very suggestive. Already New York

(Continued on Page 48)

IN ALL THE WORLD NO CAR LIKE THIS

"This $1065 Jewett has a larger motor than Bill's car that cost $1790"

RATHER a surprising discovery—till you find that there are a dozen cars, costing more than Jewett, yet giving you smaller motors. Think of this before you buy—especially you experienced motorists who know how important is ample power. Take a look at a Jewett motor. See how it fills the hood. Compare its 3¼" by 5" cylinders—249 cubic inches piston displacement—with other motors.

And Jewett motors stay good—due to high-pressure hollow crankshaft oiling. Two gallons of oil per minute are forced through all main bearings and connecting rod bearings. Smooth and quiet, like Paige and other highest quality cars.

You see now why Jewett takes 'most any hill in high—passes 'most any car anywhere—picks up from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds in high gear. BIG SIX performance!

The New Jewett's performance wins all who try it. It walks along at 2 miles an hour in high. Seldom is gear-changing necessary, and then very easy, due to the Paige-type clutch and transmission. Think of changing from high to second at 30 miles an hour!

The New Jewett is as dependable as it is delightful. It is stoutly built, weighing 2805 lbs. Has a 6-inch deep, 184-lb. frame, and Paige-Timken axles, front and rear. Not another car up to 119 inches wheelbase weighs as much per inch as Jewett. None therefore as sturdy.

Jewett's bodies are loungy, comfortable and roomy as the largest. Yet, by convenient chassis size, Jewett turns parking problems into parking opportunities; turns in narrow streets; requires less garage and alley space.

We say of Jewett—in all the world no car like this!—because its combination of fine qualities and advantages has no equal. Some of them you can buy at $700 to thousands more, but then at the sacrifice of convenience and economy. Jewett, remember, costs but $1065. (603)

JEWETT IS A STURDY SIX
NOT A "LIGHT" SIX

"Light" Sixes Weigh	*"Light" Six Motors Have*
2300 lbs.	160 cu. in.
2545 lbs.	177 cu. in.
2650 lbs.	207 cu. in.
Jewett Weighs	*Jewett Has*
2805 lbs.	249 cu. in.

Touring $1065
Brougham $1325
Sedan $1495
De Luxe Roadster $1195
De Luxe Touring $1220
De Luxe Sedan $1695
Prices at Detroit. Tax Extra.

JEWETT SIX
PAIGE BUILT

Three years ago he planned his future

—Now earns $5,200 a year

A responsible executive position, a handsome salary, an enviable future!

Yet three years ago he was the most discouraged man you ever saw! Slaving away at a routine job, he saw his youth fast slipping away from him, his friends outdistancing him, himself being slowly shaped into the merest cog in the machinery of business.

Something had to be done—and he was man enough to *recognize* the fact. He had read how other men had made real headway thru home-study training; and in the hope that this might prove the way out, he wrote to the largest business training institution in the world—LaSalle Extension University. And this is what he learned.

Cashing In on Specialized Training

He learned that during the past fourteen years more than 425,000 ambitious men had enrolled for LaSalle training—that LaSalle, as evidenced by actual letters in its files, had added millions and millions of dollars to the earning power of its members—that during only three months' time as many as 1193 members had reported definite salary increases totaling $1,248,526, *an average increase per man of 89 per cent.*

But more than that! He discovered that even for him (and he was very discouraged) there were a score of paths to a bigger income—the path to successful salesmanship, for example, the path to an expert knowledge of accounting (such as would qualify him for a high-salaried position as auditor, comptroller, treasurer), the path to a mastery of traffic management, of law, of the principles of banking, of industrial management efficiency. And in every one of these channels he saw new ways of expanding his ability, enlarging his earning power.

That was three years ago. Today, thru persistent and well-directed effort, he has won his way to $5,200 a year.

Self-respect, the respect of his associates, the knowledge that a larger future is still ahead of him—these possessions all have come to him thru home-study training under the LaSalle Problem Method. And he prizes them even more highly than his increased income.

You Have the Same Good Opportunity

Are you facing the same unpromising future that this man faced three years ago?

If so, it is up to you to *change* that outlook, and if you have average intelligence, you can most certainly do it!

LaSalle offers no alluring promises of tremendous salary increases within thirty or sixty days, neither does LaSalle seek to enroll any man who does not earnestly desire to better himself—who is not serious in his willingness to fit himself for bigger things.

If however you honestly desire to shorten your business apprenticeship by many years, you will profit greatly by the literature LaSalle will gladly mail you without obligation.

Simply check the coupon, sign your name and address, and place it in the mail TODAY.

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- ☐ Business Management
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- ☐ Banking and Finance
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- ☐ Commercial Spanish
- ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching

Name

Present Position

Address

(Continued from Page 46)

compels thousands of residents of New Jersey and Connecticut to pay income taxes to New York.

But we have reached only the outposts of the subject. We do not begin to get really lost in the bog until we ask a very simple question. What property, or whose property, does any one of the forty-five or so states which have such laws attempt to reach in imposing an inheritance tax? Obviously the answer would seem to be that the property taxed is that which is left by a decedent resident. But such an apparently innocent answer starts the whole trouble.

Naturally the states began by taxing only the property of deceased residents, and if this plan were now adhered to exclusively it would make it very agreeable indeed for the treasurers of certain Eastern States, especially for New York. For wealthy people tend to gravitate toward the great financial centers, and though many of them may not maintain residences there in any legal sense whatsoever, great numbers do. At least they live there long enough so that the state authorities are able to put up a plausible argument that New York is their home.

But this does not work out at all well for numerous prairie and mountain states. Multimillionaires are not so common in the wide spaces of the West as in New York City, and thus while the Eastern states have tended to stress the theory of domicile the Western states have stressed that of situs.

In effect the Westerners say: "A large part of the resources, the assets of the country are out here. The transcontinental railroads traverse these commonwealths. Here are the wheat and corn fields, the mines, the standing timber, and in the Middle West, at least, many of the factories. In Massachusetts and New York you may have the paper representatives of wealth, and our rich men may go to New York to live. But we need the money, too, and are more entitled to it than you are. Therefore we will tax the property of decedents no matter where they may have lived, in case the property is located in our state."

"States like mine never can agree to the proposition that taxes shall be levied and collected at domicile," was the announcement of a tax official from one of the Far Western states. "People don't come here because it is a desirable place to live, but because of the resources; and after they get far enough ahead they go to New York, Boston or Los Angeles. Yet the people here are the ones who do the work of the country, the income from which is derived and enjoyed by those who live chiefly in such places as Boston, New York and other wealth centers. If taxes are imposed only at the domicile other states will get all the benefit of the entire taxable wealth of the farms of North Dakota and the mines of Montana. These Western states are only protecting themselves."

Lack of Uniformity

But the idea of taxing the property of residents of a state is so embedded and ingrained in the whole history of inheritance taxation that the older Eastern states, especially those with financial centers, cannot be persuaded to give it up. On the other hand, the Western and Southern states cannot be expected to give up the idea, sometimes called the Wisconsin plan, of reaching inherited property according to its physical location.

In actual practice all states cling to the domicile theory, and numbers of them tax on the other basis as well. But this is only the beginning of the states' refusal to stick to any one consistent basis. For there are states which tax securities of companies chartered within their limits, even though the decedent was a nonresident, and if a company is chartered in two states both may attempt to collect. Then there are states which tax securities owned by nonresident decedents in foreign companies which, however, have transfer offices in the state. Finally, there are states which tax securities owned by non-resident decedents in foreign companies in cases where the securities themselves are in safe-deposit vaults within the state. Thus there are five or six different bases, several or all of which may be employed.

Not all the states use all the different methods indiscriminately. If they did the tax would have broken down long ago. But the lack of uniformity and comity is already so great that duplicate and multiple taxation occurs frequently because of overlapping jurisdictions. Whether because of mossback inertia and ignorance, or stubbornness, willfulness and jealousy, there is practically no reciprocal arrangement, no provision for mutual exclusiveness in arranging these taxes. Instead, they are cumulative, superimposed one upon the other, with Federal taxes on top of them all, wholly without rime or reason, sense or equity. And of course if the rates become higher—they are very low in many states—the injustice of multiple taxation will become far worse.

Professor Thomas S. Adams, frequently adviser on matters of taxation to the Treasury Department during and since the war, and former tax commissioner of one of the Middle Western states, told the writer that when state tax commissioner he had been instrumental in having the same identical block of stock pay four separate inheritance taxes.

"The evils of multiple inheritance taxation are nothing short of criminal," he said, although strongly emphasizing his belief in the principle of the tax as such. "Hit it as hard as you can. It is sheer political hypocrisy for a state not to adopt a single principle and adhere to it."

A Federal judge in passing upon an involved tax dispute said recently that if under one pretext or another "the states are to erect economic and taxation barriers along their boundaries, it is but a question of time when the citizens of the various states will for all practical purposes be burdened with the disadvantages of alienage, and this would be intolerable."

The Power to Destroy

A committee of the National Tax Association, which is composed largely of state tax officials, is struggling valiantly to bring some order out of chaos. Evidently progress is slow, because the chairman of the committee recently addressed a meeting of state officials as follows:

"If this were a popular audience I could go on and tell how bad the inheritance-tax situation is, but you all know it. There is nobody in this audience who does not realize how mixed and thoroughly evil our present situation is."

Even the United States Supreme Court in passing upon an inheritance-tax case said that it may be regretted that one and the same state should be seen taxing on the one hand according to the fact of power, and on the other, and at the same time, according to the idea of domicile. Referring to this decision, John Harrington, Wisconsin tax counsel, said:

"When widows and orphans have to pay in the state of domicile, where the property is located, where the corporation exists, where it has a transfer office, and where the decedent had a safe-deposit box, this is taxation 'according to the fact of power,' and it illustrates the maxim that the power to tax is the power to destroy."

Mr Harrington then told how the property of a Wisconsin decedent was taxed in both Wisconsin and Minnesota on a lumberyard in Duluth. "Do you think the heirs felt they had received a square deal? They did not."

He then told how a resident of New York had left stock in the Northern Pacific Railway, a Wisconsin corporation, 97½ per cent of whose property is outside that state. Yet the heirs paid $655,000 in taxes to the state of Wisconsin, and the state boasted, "like one burglar bragging to another of his successful exploits."

As a lawyer for another large estate which had been through a similar experience said: "We are not paying a tax, we are paying a ransom." In actual practice each state, being sovereign, wolflike takes a bite. It is strong-arm piratical work rather than taxation, and yet no one seems able to stop it.

There are quite a number of instances in which inheritance taxes have been paid on the larger fortunes in from fifteen to twenty states and provinces of Canada. In fact, one Boston fortune of $3,000,000 is known to have paid $700,000 in twenty-one different jurisdictions, but this is undoubtedly an extreme instance.

B. J. Powers, assistant attorney-general of Iowa, recently described the experience of an estate of $16,000,000 which had paid total inheritance taxes to the Federal Government and to several states of approximately $3,500,000. Commenting on this case, he went on to say: "Taking, for example, a New York man who buys Rock Island Railroad stock and places the stock in his safe-deposit box in a Boston bank. Inheritance taxes on that stock left as part of his estate would be collected in four states and by the Federal Government. New York would collect because of his residence there; Massachusetts would collect because his securities were deposited in that state; Iowa and Illinois would share because the Rock Island is incorporated as a domestic corporation in both states; and the Federal Government always collects its estate tax.

"Or take the case of an Iowa man in whose estate is stock of the Seaboard Air Line Railway. That stock would be taxed in Iowa, New York, North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia. And if he happened to have kept the stock in a Chicago bank's deposit vaults, it would be taxed in Illinois. Of course the Federal Government would receive its tax."

William B. Belknap, chairman of the inheritance-tax committee of the National Tax Association, recently told that body that under the present laws it is theoretically possible for an estate to be taxed as high as 130 per cent. He explained that if a resident of Oregon took a flyer in oil in a company organized in Illinois with land in Arkansas and made a couple of million, instead of losing "as normally he should do," the total tax would be 107 per cent, if he left the estate to an old prospector friend. The Federal Government would collect 10 per cent, Oregon 35 per cent, Illinois 30 per cent and Arkansas 32 per cent.

If by chance the company had been organized in West Virginia instead of Illinois the total tax would be 110 per cent. But if, on the other hand, the man had lived in Alabama, Virginia or South Carolina and the property itself had been located there, the only tax would have been the Federal Government's 10 per cent. On the other hand, if the killing in oil had been over $10,000,000 instead of only $2,000,000, which of course is a very unlikely supposition, and if the arrangement of states had been as first mentioned the tax might have run up to nearly 130 per cent of the total property.

Mr. Belknap explained that a tax of this ridiculously confiscatory character is extremely unlikely, although theoretically possible, because such a combination of circumstances is rare. But he added that on a similar amount, even when inherited by a close relative instead of by a stranger to the blood, the rate might range all the way from 4 to 60 per cent, given a sufficient mixture of states involved.

Anomalies of the Law

Indeed, it is common knowledge that on estates of identical size ranging from several hundred thousand dollars upward, the total inheritance taxes vary commonly from a few per cent up to a sixth, fifth, or even in rare instances to almost a third of the whole fortune.

Of course the average small property still gets off lightly. The rather common exemption in the states of $10,000 to direct descendants and the Federal exemption of $50,000 take care of that. But Professor Adams said to the writer, "The average man still gets off pretty easy, but only because of good luck."

In other words, the combinations and permutations, the possible accidental or coincidental range and incidence of the tax are so great and so uncertain that no really scientific levy can be made by any state or by the Federal Government. Some states get too much, while others tax at such low figures that it hardly pays them at all. No state can be quite sure that it is getting the maximum which it is entitled to.

By way of illustration, what could be more ridiculous than for the state of Colorado to collect the enormous sum of sixteen dollars from the estate of James Stillman, which was so large that it paid nearly $11,000,000 to the Federal Government, and well over $1,000,000 to New York? Then there was the estate of E. C. Converse, which paid $5,887,159 to the Federal Government, $997,396 to Connecticut, and $356,874 to New York, the two states in which he lived and worked, and the princely sum of $250 to Massachusetts.

But let us not concern ourselves too much with these great fortunes. The heirs will have a fairly good living, even after the hungry hordes have finished with them.

(Continued on Page 50)

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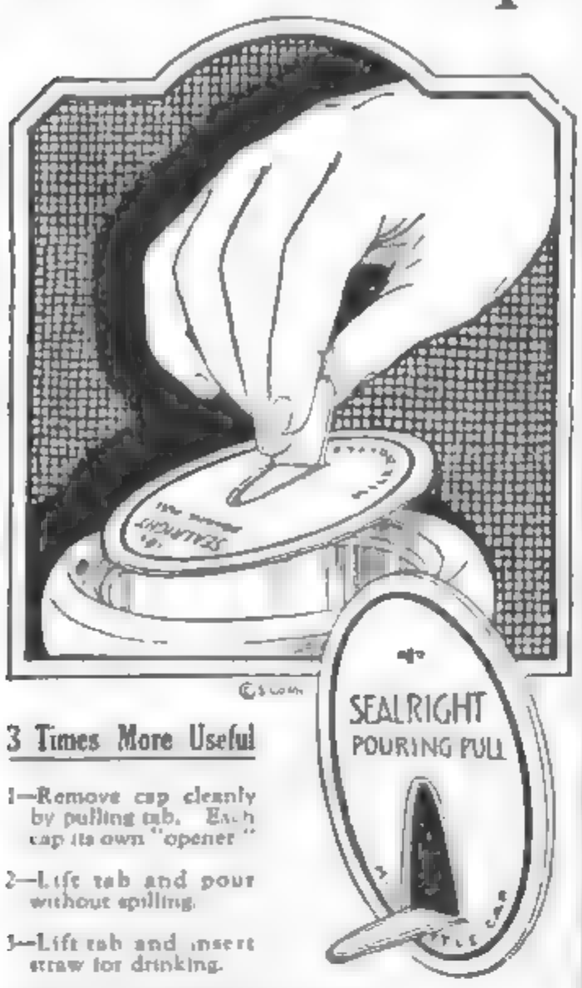

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(Continued from Page 48)

But we still have the most harassing feature of this tax problem to consider—namely, that the mere technical compliance with the law in the case of small estates, even of those down to a very few thousand dollars, has become one of the most curious tangles in modern life. To do justice to this subject would require the pen of a Charles Dickens, who could so excoriate the law's delays.

In other words, the expense, annoyance and delay in finding out whether there is or is not any tax on small parcels of property in several different states has become a very real burden, not only to the heirs to small properties but to the states themselves and to countless business corporations.

Executors of thousands of estates, small as well as large, are compelled to ascertain and meet all the requirements in every state which may lay claim to a tax on a few shares of stock, in order to obtain possession of the property, and in each state the tax may be measured by a different rule and arrived at by a different method.

Executors are thus frequently required to furnish copies of the will and full details regarding the assets and liabilities, and may even be required to furnish all these details to several states in order to transfer a certificate of stock in a single corporation. Often the services of an attorney are necessary, so complicated are the returns, and it is said that there are states which do not deal directly with executors at all, but require them to employ an attorney to represent them.

The story is told of an executor who had to get waivers from six different states for one stock. In writing to the tax officials of a distant state he said: "You can make up your mind that when any of us buy this stock all hands have gone cuckoo."

Often after long wearisome delay it is found that the tax itself is trivial, or that there is none at all. Frequently the expense of securing the adjustment is more than the tax. From the viewpoint of the state imposing such taxes many of the results are mere dusters.

Mr. Belknap tells of a case where it cost thirteen dollars in fees to discover that there was no tax on one share of stock worth forty dollars. This did not include the value of his own time. According to the same authority the cost, even where a small tax is collected, is sometimes 120 per cent—100 per cent to the estate, 15 per cent to the state levying the tax, and 5 per cent to the corporation.

Joseph S. Matthews, assistant attorney-general of New Hampshire and in charge of inheritance-tax work in that state, told the writer that it took him an entire day to evolve a tax for New Hampshire of $1.50 on a few shares of stock in an estate of several million dollars of a New York decedent. The cost of the papers in this case was ten dollars, which was in addition to Mr. Matthews' time and that of a high-priced New York lawyer.

Overtaxed Tax Bureaus

"Yet it is only fair to say," he added, "that the next case that came along and in regard to which we had no more knowledge at the outset might net us $500 or $1000."

Expressed in another way, the effort of states to reach everything that by any stretch of imagination belongs to them, to tax three shares of stock which belonged to a millionaire who lived in another state and most of whose property was in other states, is taxation by fractions. It does not get anywhere, yet it means that officials must pore over wills and inventories, and study out the complicated relationships of the divisible shares and degrees of relationship of the heirs, just as if the whole thing were being taxed by them instead of by the officials of another state.

Naturally tax bureaus are chronically swamped. The task is simply too big for them. Then, too, the delay frequently causes severe market losses. "I have had in my own experience," said a leading probate lawyer, "a number of cases where the tax has been very trivial, but where the loss, due to inability to sell and deliver the securities, has been a very serious matter, in some cases amounting to 20, 30 or even 40 per cent of the original value of the property." The time element is of particular importance in rights to subscribe to new stock issues.

As a partial way out of all this confusion the inheritance-tax committee of the National Tax Association has sought the general adoption of the flat-rate plan, proposed by Mr. Matthews, of New Hampshire. Under this plan the taxing of the transfer of personal property—that is, securities—of nonresidents, passing at death, is at a low flat rate—say, 1 or 2 per cent—wholly without regard to the size of the estate, the number of heirs, their relationship, the size of their shares or anything else.

This plan recognizes the fact that these taxes on the transfer of property of nonresidents are not, strictly speaking, inheritance taxes at all, but are merely administrative expenses, like the cost of the funeral. Under this method the tax in the foreign state can be assessed by the simple process of applying the flat uniform rate of 1 or 2 per cent to the value of the property in that state. Three states have adopted the plan, and Mr. Matthews says it is now possible to clean up blocks of stock between New Hampshire and some of the metropolitan centers in forty-eight hours.

On the other hand, Mr. Harrington, of Wisconsin, has for several years been urging the total abolition of all attempts to tax inheritances on the basis of the residence of the decedent. He recalls the fact that in early days the location of the actual property and the domicile of the owner were practically always the same, and that in the case of real estate they are still usually the same.

The courts early decided that real estate could be transferred and subjected to inheritance taxes only in the state in which it was located. If a man living in Illinois owns real estate in Wisconsin there is only the Wisconsin inheritance or transfer tax to pay. According to Mr. Harrington this should have been a warning that the theory of domicile is unsound, because more than half of all property is real estate, and that if the situs, or actual physical-location, theory is sound in real estate it must be so as regards other property.

The High Cost of Red Tape

Indeed he asserts that if all estates, large and small, be analyzed, securities will be found to constitute only a very small fraction of the total. Yet all the turmoil concerns them, he says. "They are not worth the heat engendered"—a statement of facts which the writer, however, regards as open to question.

"Why should the owner of $2,000,000 or $3,000,000 of real estate in Chicago be permitted to move to Florida and take his real estate with him for inheritance-tax purposes by incorporating in that state, and keeping his stocks there until his death? Think of the absurdity of saying that the filing of a document with an officer of the state of Maryland, by officers of a Wisconsin manufacturing corporation, conveys $25,000,000 of Wisconsin manufacturing property out of the state, and removes it for inheritance-tax purposes."

Yes, but the very fact that securities are being used more generally to represent real estate makes the application of the physical-location, or situs, theory all the more difficult. The serious objection to trying to reach actual property for inheritance-tax purposes is that so many corporations own property in practically all the states. If a man died leaving one share of American Telephone and Telegraph stock, and every state in the Union in which the Bell interests own property attempted to impose a tax, it is said that the cost of getting releases from the entire forty-eight would be $500, irrespective of the tax itself. Yet the market value of one share is only about $130.

Mr. Harrington's reply is that if one-half the mental energy were applied to the problem which is now expended in beating the states out of just taxes or by the state authorities in beating inherited property out of double and triple taxes, the puzzle would be solved. But it is unlikely that state legislatures will give up altogether the idea of residence or domicile, in basing taxes. It is too deeply ingrained; and besides, it would appear to hit the very states which now have the largest revenues from inheritances.

The whole inheritance-tax situation is still further complicated by the fact that there is no uniformity among the states regarding exemptions for charitable or educational bequests. There are states which exempt gifts only to objects within the state; other states permit only small exemptions, and still others permit no exemptions at all. One state even exempts gifts made by nonresidents to charitable objects within the state, in order to attract money.

Up to the present, at least, New York has been much easier on charitable bequests than Pennsylvania. If a man leaves $250,000 to charity in New York there is no tax to pay, whereas in Pennsylvania it amounts to $25,000. This discrepancy has attracted particular notice because of the gifts made by the late Henry C. Frick Attention also may be called to the fact that there seems to be no very clear consensus of opinion as to how far the Federal Government should go in exempting such gifts from its estate tax.

One result of the confused inheritance-tax situation seems at first sight almost paradoxical. I refer to the fact that the supposedly sound and conservative advice to investors to scatter or distribute their investments is very unwise in view of these taxes.

Curiously, little attention has been paid as yet by the investing class to this growing menace to the integrity of their holdings, and for the most part they have continued to invest without the slightest thought of the effect of such purchases upon the final net value of the property to their heirs. But this condition will not continue much longer. Already one university school of commerce and finance offers a course in the subject, writers on investments are beginning to notice it, brokers and bankers will in the future be forced to recommend bonds which avoid an undue exposure to inheritance taxation, and tax services are springing up to aid in guiding the investor through these new dangers.

Tax experts can suggest changes in investments which may mean the saving to an estate aggregating only a few hundred thousand dollars of as much as $20,000 or $30,000 at death. Generally speaking, coupon bonds are reached less thoroughly by the taxing officials than stocks. Also speaking generally, the concentration of investments to the state of domicile greatly reduces the area of exposure. If a resident of a state buys securities of companies organized in that state and owning property only in that state, and if he is careful to keep the certificates themselves within the state, his heirs will avoid both expense and complications.

If these questions are studied by a tax expert in connection with the varying rates in the different states, the degrees of relationship of the heirs, the question of whether the property will be taxed as a whole or according to the individual shares, and most important of all, the question of the residence of the living owner, an enormous saving can be effected at death.

The mere act of changing one's residence from New York to Florida will save hundreds of thousands of dollars on an estate of several millions.

The Position Taken in Florida

Entirely aside from inheritance taxes the problem of legal residence becomes more complicated as wealth piles up and the automobile makes it possible to shift easily from place to place. To an increasing extent people of means have winter and summer homes, hunting lodges, Adirondack camps, places South in the winter and at the seashore in the summer. This natural tendency is enormously stimulated and exaggerated by the fact that a few states have no inheritance-tax laws, that a number have laws which are so easy as to be a farce, and that many have laws ranging all the way from tolerant moderation to the verge of what some people consider confiscation.

At the last Florida legislature an amendment to the state constitution was passed, to be voted upon at a general election in November, 1924, which provides that no inheritance or income tax shall be levied by the state upon its residents or citizens. At the present time there is no inheritance tax in Florida, but an amendment to the constitution would of course clinch the present policy still further.

I have made no first-hand study of the local reasons for this action, but it is a matter of common knowledge that very large numbers of exceedingly wealthy men do live for several months each year in Florida and maintain homes there. It is safe to assume that a state with no great city population and therefore without the necessity for vast institutional expenditures, such as Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois have, and with a climate that would attract men of means in any case, might well hesitate between a policy of

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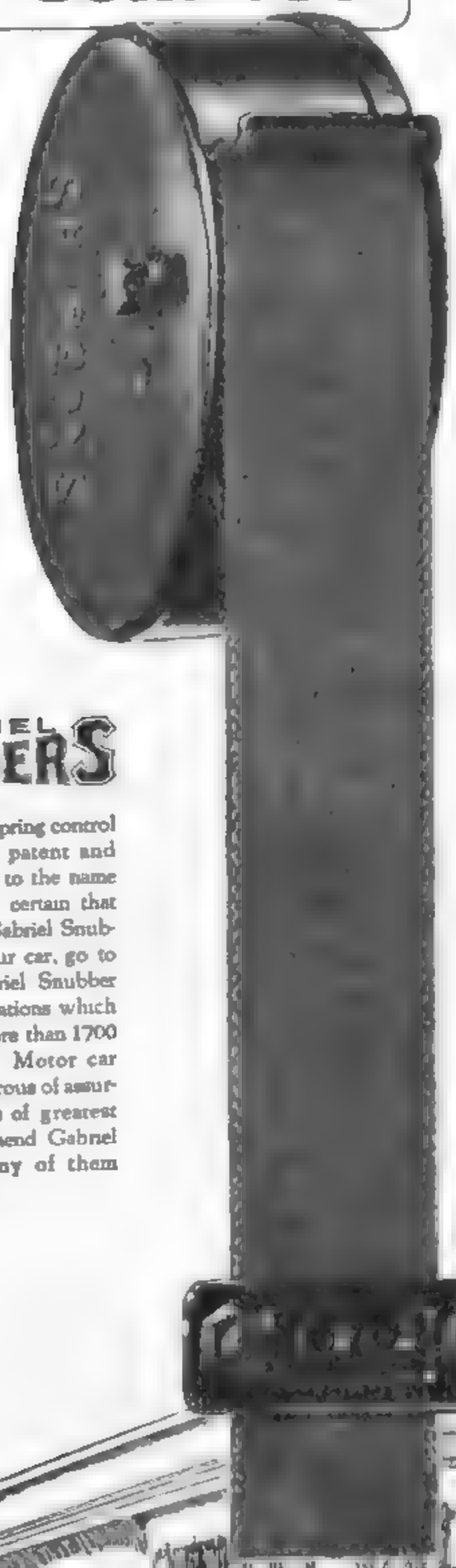

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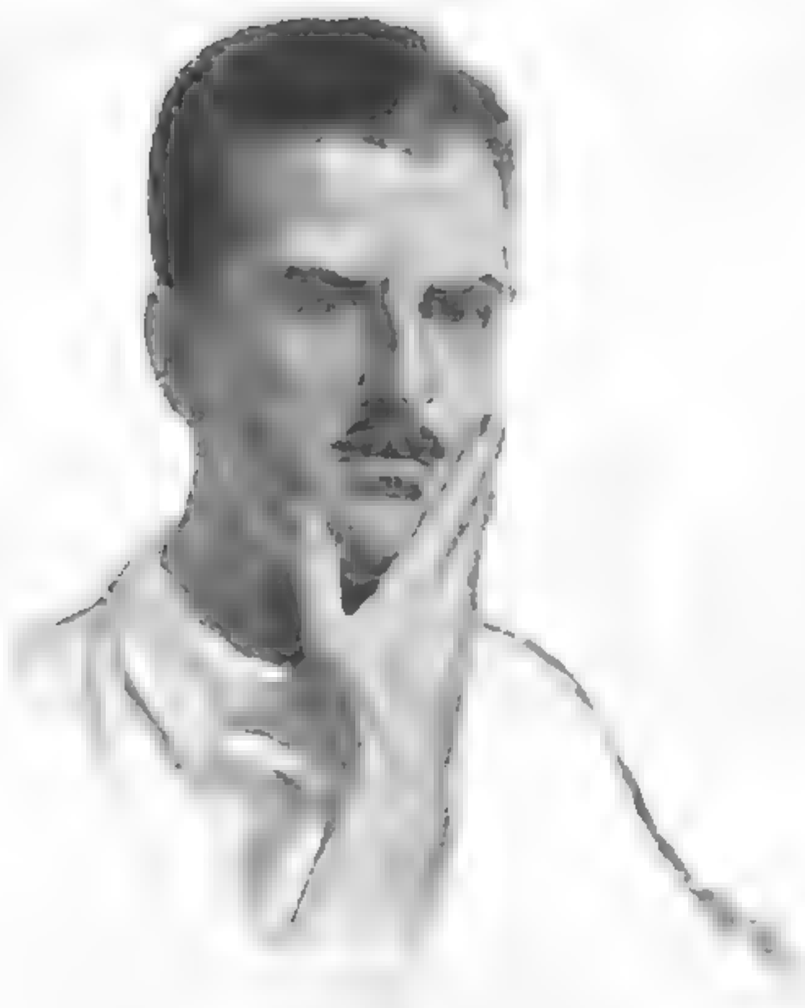

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raising revenue, which perhaps it does not need, through an inheritance tax and thus repelling these wealthy men, or advertising the fact that it does not tax them at all and thus attracting them and their patronage in ever-increasing numbers.

It is commonly but ignorantly supposed, even by men of means trying to avoid what they consider excessive taxes, that legal residence is solely a matter of voting or of paying property taxes or of some other individual act. It is nothing like so simple as that. It is a question of intent, and that in turn is a question of fact, which is exceedingly difficult to get at.

The fact that a man changes his residence to avoid taxes cannot be used as an argument against allowing the change; indeed, it is one of the best evidences that he intended to make it. The important thing is the intent, and the further fact that the intent has been put into effect; fifteen minutes is enough.

The states—that is, numbers of them—are engaged in continuous warfare, as it were, to decide the residence of the more wealthy citizens. A man of enormous fortune moved from New York to Connecticut. He made all his arrangements; he even notified the election and tax authorities of both states that he intended to make the move.

On the day before he planned to make his permanent shift he visited his new home in Connecticut to see that it was in complete readiness for him, and being satisfied with the preparations drove to the railroad station to return to New York City for the last time. At the station he sent a telegram to his valet in New York, "I will be home tonight." This inadvertent, careless and innocent use of the word "home" turned the long-drawn-out legal battle which followed his death, and proved very costly not only for the heirs but for the state of Connecticut. The residence once established in New York remained there until established elsewhere beyond any doubt.

Tax officials told the writer that there have been cases where a man was held to be a resident of two states, and taxes were paid in both on the domicile theory. I did not look this up in any court decisions or law books; to a mere layman it seems an impossibility, or at least an atrocious miscarriage of justice.

Pitfalls for Rich Testators

Naturally, however, if there is a contest as to domicile, one state usually wins out over the other. Consider the case of one John Lyons, who left about $1,500,000. He was born in Connecticut and voted there all his life. His executors produced more than 700 deeds to show how extensively he had been interested in Connecticut real estate. But he inherited one farm in Port Chester, just across the line, kept his family there for quite a period of years, and in fact slept every night for twenty-one years on the farm in New York. But he crossed the line into Connecticut every morning to carry on business. Naturally both states claimed the tax, and the case was fought through several courts, Connecticut, I believe, finally winning.

An army officer whose last post was in San Antonio, Texas, retired and went to a summer colony in New Hampshire to spend his remaining years. He lived to a ripe old age and made $600,000 in real estate in New Hampshire. A few days before he died he made a will in which he arranged for a few bequests to people in San Antonio, but made Dartmouth College and the church, library, hospital and other similar institutions in his summer home in New Hampshire the residuary legatees. He did not mention his domicile in the will, but referred to his summer residence in flowery terms.

Having made the will he immediately started South and died a few days later in San Antonio. It was discovered that practically all his property at death consisted of securities in companies outside both Texas and New Hampshire, but the securities themselves were in a safe-deposit box in San Antonio. Both states at once claimed to be the decedent's residence. It made a big difference to the New Hampshire institutions because if the courts decided that Texas was the domicile, then these institutions must pay a 10 per cent inheritance tax to Texas upon the bequests.

Both states engaged eminent counsel, and there was a long contest, which became so heated that on one occasion a sheriff and a lawyer actually tore the will in two. Even efforts to compromise the case proved unavailing. Finally it was settled in a surprising fashion. The Texas legislature repealed the inheritance-tax law and passed a new one, and as cases instituted under a law which is repealed often become void, Texas was unable to press its claim further.

Of course no other state fights so hard for domicile as New York. It has lost many millions because it could not establish the residence of Hetty Green; Henry M. Flagler, who lived so much in Florida; James J. Hill and Henry C. Frick. Another great fortune, that of a well-known financial operator and Wall Street figure, was lost by New York to a Southern state, which at that time at least had very low taxes. Indeed, the total amount paid was only $14,000, whereas it would have been $600,000 in New York.

Frequent Changes of Statutes

This case illustrates the complexity of such disputes. New York maintained that the man had $12,000,000 of securities in New York safe-deposit vaults at the time of his death, a home on Fifth Avenue and an automobile. "He lived here in intent and fact," said the New York authorities, "thereby securing the protection of the laws of New York State without liability for taxes duly and fairly imposed." But the heirs proved that of the $12,000,000 securities only $75,000 were stocks of companies organized in New York, that the decedent had a home in the South also, and that the company in which he had most of his wealth was organized in this same Southern state and that most of its property was there.

Finally, it should be observed that inheritance-tax laws are changing with continuous and startling frequence. The New York law has been amended forty times since 1885. Each year about twenty states change their laws, and usually there are increases in rates in several states, although decreases may be made in others.

There is an instability about the whole system which is disconcerting to the last degree. Litigation in the field of inheritance taxes has become a vast industry in itself, and there is little doubt that it far exceeds the litigation in other lines of taxation, relative to the revenue secured.

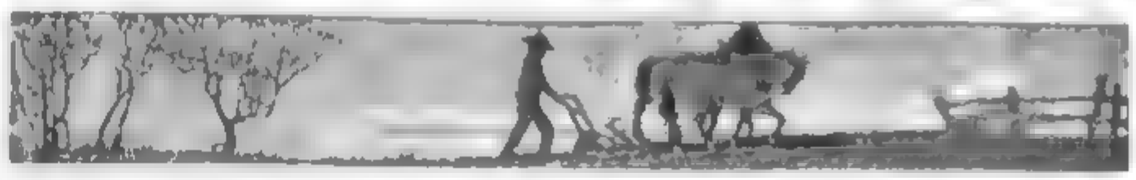
Not only do the states fight among themselves as to which shall seize upon the larger fortunes, but executors and administrators are constantly bringing suits against the states. Although Andrew Carnegie loudly proclaimed that any man who dies rich dies disgraced, and favored the most grueling of inheritance taxes, at least two cases concerning the inheritance taxes on such property as he did leave have been carried to the Appellate Division of the New York courts.

With the multiplicity of jurisdictions, with no uniformity of basis or rates, and with constant changes in the laws, administrative rulings and court decisions, many of them of the most hair-splitting nature, it is no wonder that social reform through the medium of the inheritance-tax panacea has become bogged.

The highest legal officer of one of the largest financial institutions in the country, which deals constantly with inheritances, started to explain to the writer certain provisions of this form of taxation. He could not remember what the latest ruling was, although it is a matter of great importance, nor could two of his assistants, who were present, although any of them could have looked it up if that had been necessary. An attempt to reason the matter out confused all three of these lawyers and left the writer stupefied.

In all candor I submit that fairness, equality and justice are hardly to be expected from the operation of such a system of tax laws.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Atwood. The next will appear in an early issue.



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THE CLEAN WHITE PAGE

Continued from Page 21

little when he ordered food and drink in the crowded stuffy cellar, aware for the first time of these discomforts in Levin's favorite resort. Levin, however, had recovered his normal willingness to talk.

"Perfect specimen of the handmade moron, that Webscott girl." He wagged his head. "Brought up, regardless of expense, to be incapable of thinking straight soaked in all the old fallacies! She has a complete set of inhibitions superimposed in the name of holy virtues till they're all you can see of her—except for her animal beauty, of course."

His lips loosened; Weldon observed their admirable thickness—a trait which, on Levin's own authority, he knew to indicate exceptionally sensitive responsiveness to beauty. His face, however, must have evidenced a provincial distaste for Levin's adjective; Levin giggled.

"Still shocks you, doesn't it, to face the fact that beauty of that sort is animal? You ought to have seen the way that Yankee mouth of yours buttoned up like a miser's purse at the word! You thin-lipped, water-blooded Nordics can't get it through your hard heads that all beauty is just an affair of the senses; you try your best to believe you haven't anything so disgraceful as a sense! You can't even hear somebody say 'sensuous' or 'sensual' without looking as if you'd heard something smutty!"

Weldon admitted the justice of the rebuke, but inwardly tempered its sting on the ground of heredity and training. Sidney Levin himself probably wouldn't have been so fearlessly fluent in his favorite lines of speech if his mother had ever washed out his mouth with yellow soap!

He made a curious discovery about Levin as he dealt with the defense. Before they had left the rooms Levin had visibly washed his hands, rather thoroughly. They still smelled of the scented soap, and yet they didn't look clean; the rims of the nails had already begun to show a faint blue. It was queer, too, that Levin's beard showed through his skin that way, and that his linen at wrist and throat should always be visibly shadowed ten minutes after he had changed. He thrust the thought from him as disloyal, contemptible; it was another sign of his own imperfect enlightenment that he should notice such things; that religion of cleanliness still distorted his vision in spite of himself.

"Did you hear her ask me that ancient question tonight?" Levin's chuckle had a forgiving quality. "Wanted to know why realistic writing always dealt with unpleasant things like fleas and filth and disease and death and dirt! Funny, isn't it? They've inverted the facts in that girl's mind till she actually doesn't know that those things are the only realities, that all their opposites are artificial, in existence and in art! Dirt's a natural truth; we only learned the soap habit yesterday, and yet a girl like that really believes it's natural for human beings to scrub their bodies, and abnormal not to!"

Philip Weldon nodded outward assent; his intelligence had long since accepted Levin's instruction on this point, and only the persisting taint of his falsely taught youth doubted it. A waitress in baggy Turkish trousers slid the check toward him; all the girls in the restaurant were adept at identifying the purse bearer at each table, he told himself sulkily, and instantly rebuked the unworthy Yankee thought as he reached for the neat black wallet in his inner pocket. Quite mechanically his glance checked the addition, detecting an overcharge of eighty cents. He pointed this out to the waitress in a tone that brought a fresh grin to Levin's mouth.

"Another of your holy virtues, Weldon. You won't ever clear your mind for the things that matter until you can get over that inbred reverence for money."

Weldon did not debate the point, but his jaws set themselves a trifle more tightly together. He conceded Levin's practical omniscience on all questions of art, but this was something about which Philip Weldon needed no enlightenment. There was absolutely no reason why a man should let himself be cheated. It occurred to him that Levin wasn't involved; it wasn't Levin's eighty cents that would have been short; nor, for that matter, Levin's two-sixty that was the rightful price of their entertainment. Again he rejected the graceless reflection—as if Levin had not provided something infinitely more precious than food and drink!

"That girl's probably thrifty, too," said Levin. "She looked as if she'd been taught to think of a dollar as a hundred holy pennies." His mouth loosened and he tilted his head, his eyes narrowing as if they rested on a tempting prospect. "I'll have a job before I get her eyes open, but I'll do it. She's worth educating, if it takes me a year."

"You won't have time to do anything with her." Weldon discovered that he was glad of this, that he didn't want Levin to open Shirley Webscott's gray eyes any wider than they were. "She's only here for a few days."

"Is she?" Levin's grin made his lips look thicker than ever. "I noticed she made it a bit less definite when she asked me to come and see her. I'll have time enough, I think."

"I don't see why you want to bother with her," said Weldon impatiently. It was true that she'd spoken as if she meant to stay longer than the few days she'd mentioned at first. "She doesn't want to be educated—not really. Why don't you put in your time on somebody who's eager to learn, and who doesn't have to learn it all?"

Levin made a clicking sound with tongue and teeth, and wagged his head slowly. "You want to write, Weldon, and you ask me that?" He lifted the menu card. "Which would you rather write on—the printed side or"—he turned the card over—"or on a clean white page like this?"

For emphasis he pressed down with his finger tips. Weldon was silenced. Of course, to a great creative artist like Sidney Levin a blank page was an appeal and challenge, just as it should have been to Philip Weldon if he were of the stuff of which great writers can be formed.

Nevertheless, as he walked back to his own room he was troubled by the persistent, wholly irrelevant thought that Levin hadn't written anything on that clean white card—he'd left on it only the print of four very realistic fingers.

II

WINNIE DOANE'S apartment reflected her personality, just as Levin had so often pointed out—a bleak bare room, in stern order, harshly utilitarian in furnishing and arrangement. In this setting, which made even Miss Doane seem almost feminine, Shirley Webscott was absurdly exotic. Watching her and waiting his chance to break in on Levin's talk, Weldon had persistent visions of purely imaginary rooms—of soft-colored hangings and deep squashy down cushions, with a Persian cat curled on the softest one, of a chuckling little fire in a friendly hearth and the bright bindings of books glowing under a shaded lamp, of candles mirrored in the winy ruddiness of bare mahogany and enhancing the luster of old silver, the fragile translucency of china. They were singularly real, these fancies. The word displeased him; it held an echo of Levin's speech; as usual, Levin was talking about realism in that irritating proprietary tone, as if it were an invention of his own. Weldon snatched at a pause.

"Reminds me of the time Sim Randall bought the horse hearse back home. Jim Hacker'd just got the new motor kind, and Sim got the old one cheap. That was why he bought it, of course—Sim was always the greatest hand in Grimfield to get a bargain."

He related the anecdote—one of his father's favorites—in the Grimfield idiom, aware of Levin's impatience. Very early in their tacit rivalry for Shirley Webscott's attention he had discovered the efficacy of these Grimfield stories; they interested Shirley so that she would make it difficult for Levin to interrupt; they seemed, also, to throw Levin out of his conversational stride when he regained control of the talk; as if, even when discussed alternately, Grimfield and realism didn't mix.

"Never told you the one about Sim and the summer boarder, either, did I?" He timed the speech neatly to coincide with the last diminuendo of Shirley's chuckling little laugh, but Levin broke in almost angrily before she could answer.

"Send it in to the colyum, Weldon. Shirley and I are due down at the Box Stall right now."

(Continued on Page 56)

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For

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(Continued from Page 54)

Weldon scowled; Levin's reference to the colyum was clearly meant to be satiric. He had already made fun of Weldon, in Shirley's presence, for contributing to old Jeff Blaik's daily column in the Star; as if he himself wasn't one of Blaik's disciples too—as if he hadn't been as delighted as Weldon when Yungling had taken them both to lunch and presented them to Jeffrey Blaik and the rest of that brilliant group of young critics and commentators. There wasn't any basis for ridicule in Weldon's having sent in four contributions that Jeffrey Blaik had seen fit to print—especially the news that Abel Schuster practiced law in Newark, New Jersey. Sometimes, smarting under Levin's tone, Weldon had been tempted to speak of sour grapes, unworthily, of course; he knew very well that Sidney Levin had a soul above the sordid limitations of print.

But the Box Stall was another matter—much more serious. Levin could go to rehearsals there whenever he pleased, could even take outsiders with him, but unless Levin stood sponsor for him, Philip Weldon couldn't get in except on public nights. It gave Levin an unfair advantage; he could get Shirley Webscott's undivided attention whenever he chose to ask her on one of these excursions. Weldon humbled himself now; he didn't want that lecture on realism to be continued; he seemed again to see the print of Levin's fingers on that clean white page.

"Take me along, will you, Sid?"

He managed to make the entreaty decently casual. Levin wagged his head.

"Sorry I can't, old man. They won't let me bring more than one nonmember. Come on, Shirley."

Weldon watched them go. There was a silly, hurting lump in his throat; he took a sour satisfaction in the discovery that this sensation was genuine; Levin claimed that it was nothing but the false, trite *cliché* of hack writers. It was some comfort to find that Levin was wrong.

"Got to work?"

He spoke wistfully as Winnie Doane opened a black-leather brief case and extracted a thick flat sheaf of manuscript. She laid it neatly on her desk, regarding him with an attention that seemed, he thought, more serious than his question warranted.

"Look here—are you making any money at all?"

He stared. She spoke as if her question had some relation to his own. He meant to rebuff her as she deserved, but something went wrong with the intention.

"No." Angrily he felt the prickling warmth of ear that told him he was flushing under the direct, troubled gaze. "Why should I?" He managed to bluster a very little. "I didn't come here to make money—I'm going to write."

"When?"

She talked something in the manner of his father, Weldon thought. He shrugged, spreading his hands, an effective gesture of Levin's.

"When I'm ready, I suppose. I'm learning—getting material."

"Look here—how'd you like a job down in our shop? There's an opening on Cowboy Stories—reading manuscript, and making-up, and so on. I could get it for you—twenty-five a week to start."

Cowboy Stories! Weldon had seen the magazine on Winnie's desk and chuckled at its covers, at its twice-a-month offering of fiction in which admirable young men named Bud and Chuck did things with lariats and broncos and branding irons and guns to wicked persons of metropolitan or Mexican origin, and thus earned the affection of divided-skirt daughters of the rancho, returned from exclusive Eastern boarding schools. He and Levin had exchanged biting epigrams about it, about the poetic fitness of things that had made Winnie Doane its editor, about its prosperity—another proof that in America success in letters implied utter artistic damnation. And Winnie was actually proposing that he dedicate himself to this!

"The hours aren't bad—nine to five. You'd have plenty of time for—for outside things. And there'd be more money, of course, as soon as you made good."

"I ——"

Weldon stopped. Strangely, there was in the prospect of twenty-five dollars a week a very definite appeal, a temptation which somehow explained certain persistent self-reproaches that had troubled him while he spent savings, capital, on current expenses and engaged in no endeavor which yielded a monetary return. Probably, Weldon reflected, that faint financial uneasiness had distracted him from the serious business of studying life in the raw and real. Besides, this wasn't like going into the bank or any other purely gainful business; about even Cowboy Stories there would be at least a thin redeeming flavor of the literary life. Yes, a fellow would feel easier in his mind if he had some sort of steady income.

"I'd like it," he said. "It's good of you to give me the chance, Winnie."

"I hope you'll be up to it." She frowned. "It's a sort of gamble for me. They'll blame me if you fall down on the job, but I can stand it better than I can stand"—she jerked her shingled head spitefully toward the door—"much more of that!"

"What?" Weldon looked at her blankly. "I don't see what ——"

"Yes, you do! And you don't like it either. I saw your face when she went out with him. I don't mind Sidney Levin's chatter myself; it's rather amusing to hear him telling the world just what makes his greasy wheels go round; but Shirley's different. I won't have her spotless little mind spattered with the mud that Levin likes to play in! It's got to be stopped!"

"It's queer, but I feel like that too," said Weldon. "I don't mean that I disagree with Sid. I know he's a great creative artist, the greatest realist of them all; but she—well, she ought to stay as she is, somehow." He remembered Levin's metaphor, and frowned again at the thought of those finger marks. "She's like a lovely white page that it would be a shame to write on."

"The kind of thing that Sid Levin writes, anyway." Miss Doane's competent mouth clamped shut on the speech. "You've got to stop it, that's all."

"Me?" Weldon moved his head doubtfully, but the suggestion tempted him.

"Yes. She likes you; you're her sort, and she can't help feeling that; she'd rather hear the things that men like you tell women. Haven't you noticed how she'll always stop listening to Levin when you begin talking about your home town? Sid's just a novelty. She doesn't understand half he says; she doesn't realize what sort of litter he's scattering about her shining little soul spaces. She likes you better, and the people Shirley likes are the only ones who can do anything with her."

For some reason Weldon was absurdly pleased; he could feel his lips curving into a smile that he did his best to restrain. He came again to Sidney Levin's defense: Levin was a genius, and geniuses weren't to be measured by common standards. Winnie was right about Shirley, though—she wasn't the right material for Levin's illumining endeavors.

"She ought to go home," he concluded. "This unconventional atmosphere isn't good for her. It's not just Sid Levin, it's the whole crowd, the life. Why don't you get her to go back?"

"Do you think I haven't tried?" Winnie spoke with weary heat. "You don't know her! She gets her own way if the heavens drop, and she gets it without fighting for it too. You can't budge her because she doesn't give you any resistance—it's like pushing a mist—you just come out on the other side without moving her an inch!"

Weldon saw that Winnie Doane had acquired a remarkably inaccurate opinion of Shirley, but he forbore, kindly, to tell her so.

"I should think her father and mother would take her away from here fast enough, if they dreamed what it was like. You might let them know, diplomatically."

She sighed. "You don't know them any better than you know Shirley. If I got them down to take her home before she wanted to go they'd be settled in an apartment here before they knew it! I've seen Shirley handle them too often! The only thing she ever wanted that Kendall Webscott didn't get her was a trolley car, and he actually tried to buy one from the Rapid Transit, at that! No, we've got to do this ourselves. You've got to do it. You can; she likes you; she talks about you."

"Does she, honestly?" Weldon tried without success to curb the silly relaxation of his lips. "I don't see what she can find to say that's worth saying."

"She doesn't, but she says it, all the same." Winnie ordered the sheaf of manuscript. "I'm counting on you." Her tone changed. "Be at the office at nine sharp and I'll fix things with the chief. You'll

(Continued on Page 58)

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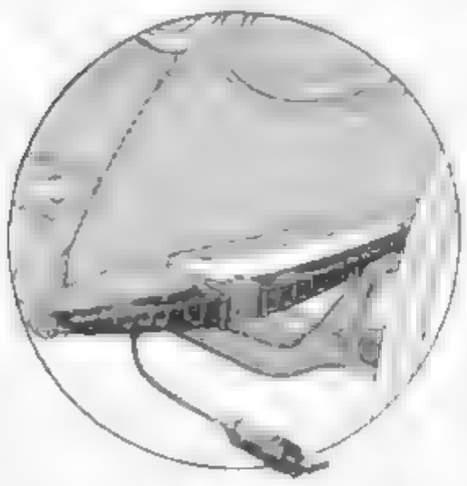

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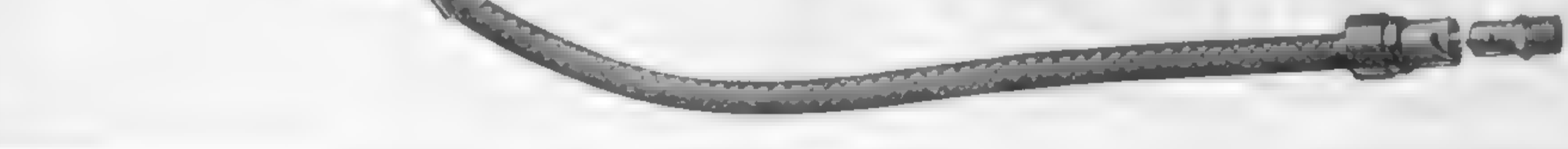

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TOPKIS Athletic Underwear

(Continued from Page 56)

have to hold the job on your merits, though; I can't do that for you."

"You won't have to." Weldon disliked the implication of her word and tone. "I've always done my own job-holding."

"You mean you've ever had a job before? Where? What kind of a job?"

"I was paying teller in the Grimfield Bank when I quit," he said. "Started in as errand boy and worked up. You needn't worry about me, Winnie; I'm not the kind that loses jobs."

"I don't know that it's so much better to be the kind that quits them," she remarked dryly. "Could you go back into that bank if you wanted to?"

"Any time."

He spoke with conviction. There was no need to spoil the effect by adding that his father owned seven-eighths of the bank's stock and wrote him regularly to ask when he was going to quit frittering away his time and come home and settle down to business.

Winnie regarded him thoughtfully. "That makes it all the better, then. See you at nine."

He accepted the dismissal in excellent humor. For some inexplicable reason the prospective possession of a job colored his entire outlook. He discovered something like condescension, now, in his thought of Sidney Levin, a reassuring confidence in his ability to defend Shirley Webscott against further enlightenment. He informed himself, as he opened his bedroom windows a little wider than usual, that it was a lucky coincidence, this notion of Winnie Doane's to get him a job just when she wanted his help in that other matter. Just the knowledge that you had a job did something to your backbone. It wouldn't be a bad thing even for a great creative artist, this heartening evidence that you could earn a living; already Philip Weldon felt surer of himself than he had been able to feel since—since leaving the pay roll of the bank. Of course Cowboy Stories—but it wasn't the importance or nature of the work that counted—it was just the stimulating sense of having a job and holding it down, the way he'd hold this one!

III

AS HIS consciousness recovered something like lucidity, Philip Weldon saw that Levin had been absolutely right in warning him, although not even Levin had foreseen this! It couldn't possibly have come to pass except for the insidious, intoxicating effect of that job. Looking back, now, he could see that it had begun to drug him, the very moment that Winnie Doane had spoken of it; he could follow its subtle increasing inebriation up to the unbelievable climax when ——

There had been other, more immediate influences at work upon him, to be sure, but they all went back, he perceived, to that original basic cause. If he hadn't put himself back in the ranks of the wage earners it wouldn't have occurred to him to act like one of them after wage-earning hours; he wouldn't have thought of paying two prices for seats at the uptown theater, where the fat-witted were falling over themselves to see the soppy kind of play that always delights the mob; if he hadn't infected himself with the toxin of the pay roll he wouldn't have even considered putting on a dinner suit and chartering that padded, sybaritic limousine instead of a taxi.

Of course the play had helped; he'd approached it in the artless unguarded mood of the simpleton who goes to the play intending to enjoy it, instead of viewing it as Levin did, in the detached and critical attitude of the initiate, alert for the inevitable hokum. There had been moments when his eyes had smarted, beholding the intricate woes of the little princess and the nice young poet who loved her. He had even sympathized with the recurrent references to stars, lovely and remote and unattainable; the metaphor had seemed at once novel and appealing.

Between the acts, too, he had reverted to the condition of one who holds down a job. He had been embarrassed, acutely conscious of Shirley's miraculous nearness, stealing furtive intoxicating side glances at her face in profile, fumbling with the program and forcing inane commonplaces about the actors and the plot, distressed by moist palms and dry lips for which there was no physiological justification whatever. And afterward ——

It must have been the poison of that job that had prompted him to tell the chauffeur to drive around the park instead of going straight back to Winnie's apartment, where Winnie would have prevented even a job holder from—from ——

He started, as these implacably rational meditations suddenly gave ground to an uprushing throb of triumph, a glorious bewildering realization that he was going to marry Shirley—marry her! He dismissed all Levin's philosophies with a compassionate, unanswerable retort: Levin dealt only with generalities, and no generality ever devised could conceivably apply to Shirley! His throat tightened; what had he ever done, what could he ever do, to deserve her, to justify her?

A memory of one of Levin's best epigrams about marriage jostled noisily between his hushed and reverent thoughts. He had admired and agreed, not very long ago, when Levin had said that; and now he felt as if someone had thrust a sneering face in at a stained-glass window and shouted a cheap obscenity across a church of bowed and kneeling worshipers.

A stab of guilt pierced through him. He'd undertaken to get Shirley away from all that kind of cleverness and wisdom, and instead he'd persuaded her to the one course that would keep her always in the very center of it! That was the kind of thing he'd help to write on the clean white page she was trusting to his hands! That was the kind of talk she'd hear when his brilliant friends dropped in—Levin and Gibnitzer and Tuna Plick, the cleverest of them all!

He wouldn't be able to shield her from them, he foresaw. Shirley wasn't the sort to be excluded from her husband's interests and circle; in a space of minutes he seemed to have discovered an astonishing number of hitherto invisible qualities of hers; it was queer how absolutely positive he felt about this one. No, Shirley's husband wouldn't ever keep his wife and his career very far apart. He marveled that he could actually feel glad of it, even while he realized so clearly what it meant.

He really ought to give her up. He experimented with the thought very much as he had once held his hand above the lamp, after a revival service, to find out whether he could stand hell fire. As then, he drew back, quickly enlightened. He couldn't. Anyway, he realized, again with that uncanny new understanding of Shirley, she wouldn't let him give her up. He needn't think about that way out of it.

He was aware, now, of a new phenomenon of psychology; unreasonably his memory spread before him disconnected cinematographic flashes of half forgotten scenes—the little brook tumbling down over the ledges, the gold of pippins high in the old-fashioned tree above the shining beehives, linen spread on the shaggy lawn, and tiny gleaming clouds floating above the far hills; and, more persistently than these, winter, with that smooth fleckless sweep of snow, a landscape of all but unbroken white.

He saw these familiar things, now, with a strange new approval, as if they had been the empty frame, harsh and graceless till he had discovered the picture that belonged within them and then touched with an enhancing loveliness of their own. He had thought he hated Grimfield, but he knew that he would never hate it, if Shirley lived there.

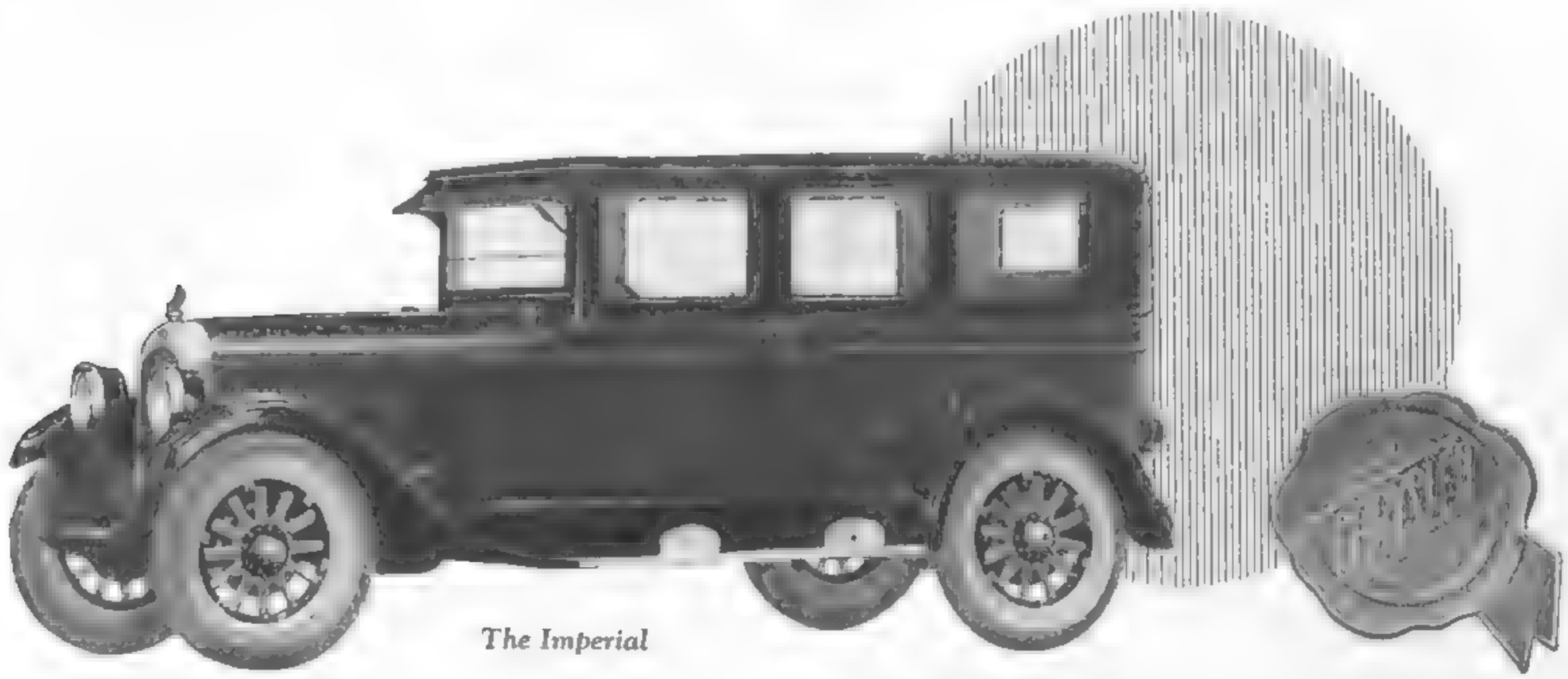
"Go round again," he commanded, as the car paused at the end of the drive and the chauffeur twisted for instructions. He tightened his arm ever so little and sought cunning words. She mustn't suspect that he was sacrificing everything for her, mustn't ever dream that it was on her account.

"I hate to own up, but I've got to. It's only fair to tell you now, instead of letting you go on thinking that I'm going to do something big. I'm not. I've found that out—I wasn't meant for a great writer, Shirley. I've never admitted it, even to myself, but it's true—I—I don't even want to be one, any more. I want to get back into business—right away."

"I don't mind." Shirley's voice was dreamily content. "It doesn't matter, does it, as long as we're together?"

"Doesn't it? I was afraid it might, to you. I thought you—you liked me because—well, partly because you thought I might turn out to be a genius like Sid. And I never will, Shirley. I've got to go back to Grimfield and work in the bank. It's not because there's nothing else I can do—I don't mean that. It's because of my father, partly. You see, he started the bank and it—it's kind of like a part of him. He's got

(Continued on Page 60)



The Imperial

How The Chrysler Six Gets Its Power, Pull, Speed and Snap

You are running along at, say, 25 in your Chrysler. Put on your 4-wheel brakes. Pull it down to five miles an hour, to three. There isn't a tremor.

Now, put your foot on the accelerator.

Softly, but clearly, surely, powerfully, the power strokes pick up.

In high speed, your Chrysler Six pulls away—gaining steadily, smoothly, without vibration.

Then push the accelerator all the way down.

Never mind if you are traveling only two or three miles an hour; give her the "gas."

There's a rush of power. You gain speed like the wind.

In no time, your speedometer says 40; then 50; then 60—65—68—70—and more.

Think of it; over 70 miles an hour from a motor of 3-inch bore and 4¾-inch stroke.

That's the result of balance, elimination of friction, utilization of fuel, perfect carburetion and correctly applied thermo-dynamics—the result, in a word, of scientific engineering.

Possibly you don't know anything about thermo-dynamics. Most people don't.

Thermo-dynamics is the science of heat distribution in relation to power generation.

It means, in the Chrysler Six, scientifically designed intake gas passages. In them the "gas" is correctly heated and distributed.

Every cylinder gets just the same volume of explosive mixture—and does just the same amount of work.

Anything less than this perfect distribution of the mixture would mean uneven operation of the engine.

In the Chrysler Six, every cylinder takes exactly one-sixth of the gas; every piston carries one-sixth of the working load.

That means steady pull and reduced vibration and frictional resistance.

It's like hauling hand-over-hand on a rope; that's steady pull.

But let your left hand rest—or merely hold on—while the right does all the actual pulling. That produces a jerky motion.

The Chrysler Six also has a special combustion chamber.

This combustion chamber burns *all* the gas.

A motor runs, you know, because vaporized gasoline or hydro-carbon mixed with oxygen is exploded by a spark so that the force of the explosion pushes down a piston.

If you don't burn *all* that mixture, the cylinders, the spark plugs, the pistons get gummed with carbon compound—and the wheels don't get *all* the power out of the gas.

Special combustion chambers insure no left-over unburned gas in the Chrysler Six.

Then, too, the valves are symmetrical and spaced equally distant from the center of each cylinder, with valve seats completely surrounded by cooling water.

The gas comes into all cylinders at the same velocity, and the burned gas is ejected at the same rate that the new gas is taken in.

That perfect balance means flashing pick-up and marvelous speed.

So here's what really scientific engineering means to you in the Chrysler Six:

Top speed well over 70 miles an hour.

Gasoline economy safely over 18 miles per gallon.

Lugging power "on high" that will pull you through the deepest sand or mud, or take you up any hill a car can cling to.

In every detail of its design and materials, the Chrysler Six is just as fine as its performance. It is pre-eminently a quality light car. It could not be better built if it sold for twice its list price.

Don't fail to see and to ride in the Chrysler Six.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The Chrysler Six

Pipe corrosion may be dangerous *as well as damaging*

ONLY a moment before the merry throng glided gaily over the waxed floor—blissfully ignorant of the overhanging menace. One of the dancers, glancing upward, discovered the widening crack in the ceiling and gave the alarm.

Weakened by water from leaking pipes, the plaster crashed to the floor—the timely warning alone making merely a scene of confusion of what might otherwise have been a tragedy.

Pipe corrosion works slowly but surely through the walls of ordinary pipe. There is no way in which its progress can be stopped—you can merely wait until it *strikes*, and hope that its only toll will be a plumbing bill.

Today—as for 75 years—Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe is the accepted form of *corrosion insurance* wherever pipe is bought on the basis of *cost per year* rather than price per length. Home builders who seek freedom from repairs and costly water damage know "Reading" as the *pipe that endures*.

Write for "The Ultimate Cost"—an illustrated booklet of facts and figures interesting to every home owner, builder, architect and business man.

"'Reading' on every length"

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Philadelphia	Cincinnati	Los Angeles

READING
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WROUGHT IRON PIPE

Continued from Page 58

his heart set on my taking hold of it, so that it'll stay in the family when he quits. I don't suppose you can understand that, but I do. I sort of like banking, myself: it's the most interesting business there is, when you get to know it; and our bank's one of the right kind—solid as a rock and yet absolutely up to the minute. There's bankers right here in New York that could learn a lot from my father, I tell you!"

He paused and, reassured by a silence he knew telepathically to be acquiescent, elaborated an allied theme.

"You'd like Grimfield too. I just know you would. It's—it's just a little town, but you'd like it. It's so—so clean! You ought to see it in winter; you can't think of anything that's so white and shining and ——"

"I'll love it," said Shirley. "I love clean things and places—and people." She hesitated. "I noticed that about you—the very first minute I saw you. I knew right away that you liked to have everything just perfectly spotless."

"Well, I do, kind of," said Weldon.

He saw no need of reminding her that this addiction to cleanliness was acquired and artificial and antipathetic to the spirit of honest realism; he was actually pleased to discover that she hadn't yet absorbed Sidney Levin's ideas about this. He found in himself, now that he stood irrevocably committed to the abnegation, a surprising absence of self-pity and regret; an eagerness, indeed, to complete the sacrifice while the most precious thing in the world was still—he echoed her own artless phrase—was still just perfectly spotless.

IV

VERY quietly, for all the exact completeness of the process, Philip Weldon removed the snow from his shoes, while the frozen air bit playfully at cheeks and ears. He even turned his back on the polished knocker when he had finished, and stood looking at the splashes of soft warm yellow on the snow, where the lights fell through the muslin curtains of the many-paned windows; the moment the latch clicked Shirley would come away from the piano and the song would stop.

Of course it wasn't really singing, in the sense in which musicians like Efraim Gibnitzer used the word, but Philip Weldon never felt like interrupting it, no matter how cold it was out on the doorstep in the early dusk; you didn't notice the temperature when you listened to the creamy whispering little sound that Shirley made. You even forgot to be properly amused by the song itself, and found yourself just liking its false, sticky sentimental drivel about low-burning lamps and flickering shadows and an old sweet song at twilight.

As always when he had yielded to these influences, he was dimly and pleasantly aware of something elusively familiar in the low-ceiled living room, as if he had known exactly such a room in a previous existence, or seen it, perhaps, in queer, recurrent dreams—a glowing room of soft-colored hangings and deep squashy down cushions, with a great Persian cat curled on the softest one, of a chuckling fire in a friendly hearth, and the bright bindings of books under the shaded lamps, with a glimpse, through the white-paneled door, of candles mirrored in the winy ruddiness of bare mahogany and glinting from old silver. And—and Shirley.

He frowned at the handwriting of the envelope that lay beside the lamp. It was [illegible] Sidney Levin to keep up his interest in a backslider, and yet Weldon always wished that Sid would address his letters to the bank, where they didn't give you that sneaky, shamed feeling when you read them. He tore the cover with a sense of admitting a self-invited guest, a guest who didn't wipe his feet and scattered cigarette ashes on the cushions.

"It's from Sidney Levin." He liked to have Shirley read most of his letters for herself, but Levin's, somehow, seemed to get themselves into the fire after only a condensed report, not always strictly faithful, of their drift. "Says he's sent me a copy of The Little Quarterly; his new play's in it."

The scowl deepened. The Little Quarterly wasn't the sort of magazine a fellow wanted to have lying around the house. He resented the adjective, suddenly. They were always tacking it to things—little magazines and little theaters and little groups. That dog-goned "little" magazine would come on the afternoon mail, and Shirley'd open it and read Sid's "little" play, unless he asked her not to.

He glanced up. Shirley wore a look he had learned to associate with apologetic reports of minor household accidents such as the mysterious disappearance of the old cap that Shirley considered hardly dignified enough for a cashier, and the unhappy breakage of precisely those wedding-gift vases that Shirley hadn't liked.

"I'm just too awfully sorry, Phil. I ought to have known better than to open that magazine when your mother was here ——"

"Mother!" Weldon's head moved in an apprehensive backward glance, and his lips rebelled at that unforgettable taste of —— "You don't mean that she—she read any of it?"

"Well, only just the very least bit. Then she put it in the fire. She—she used the tongs."

Philip Weldon laughed affectionately; for some reason he almost liked the taste that made his mouth feel so unmistakably clean.

"Just what she'd do," he said. "Never forget how she scrubbed out my mouth with yellow soap for repeating something I'd heard down at the livery stable."

"Oh!" Shirley's palm comforted the lips. "You—you mustn't blame her, Phil. We—we're all like that—women like mother and me, I mean. We love clean white things so much that we'll do anything to—to keep them that way—even if it hurts." Her voice changed.

"I just knew I'd love your mother. I knew it that first time I saw you, there in Levin's flat, and your mouth twisted up in that nice funny way while Sidney Levin talked. I always loved to keep clean things just—just perfectly spotless, even if—if ——"

Philip Weldon followed her out to the candle-lighted table. He did not speculate upon the possible significance of that unfinished sentence; Shirley had a trick of letting them float away like that. But he gave asylum, impenitently, to the heretic fancy that there was something like realism here, as if there were clean white pages on which nothing could be printed that would be as realistic as the page itself—not even finger marks!

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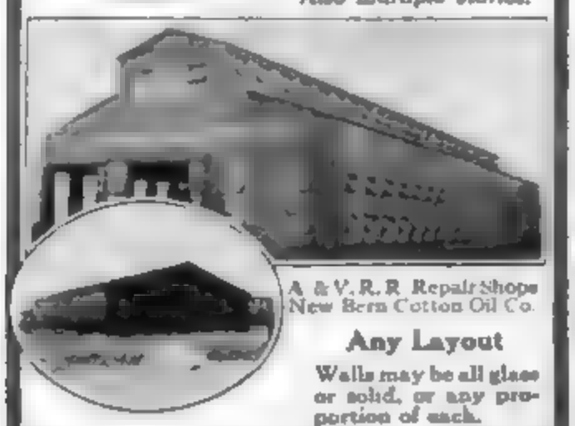

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ANCIENT FIRES

(Continued from Page 34)

become hostile and strong. The cool, fierce keenness of his expression changed to a sardonic humor, as though he found himself caught in a trap that was at once tragic and horribly funny.

"Marreno's moved sooner than I expected," he said briefly. "In a few minutes this place will be surrounded. I have been warned."

His eyes rested on Lisbeth's face. They must have been difficult to resist in their imperiousness. But I do not think she saw him. And without a word, with a famished movement that was yet one of exquisite restraint and tenderness, he drew her to him, lifting her like a child.

"Come, too," he ordered; "and for God's sake quietly."

I obeyed. Whether Lisbeth had fainted or not I did not know. But I was going with her. And I could afford to marvel at his strength. Though he was neither tall nor obviously athletic, he carried her with such ease, holding her against his breast; and even then, with death or worse hot at our heels, I knew that he was fighting for her with all the passion and magnetism of which he stood possessed. I saw his lips at her ear. I heard the stream of tenderness which he poured over her, and for all its headlong sincerity, it was the tenderness of a great lover who knows his power and measures it.

So we passed like ghosts down unlit corridors and through an unguarded side door into an empty street. He had not acted too soon. A party of armed men swung round the street corner at the double, bearing down upon the palace. They had come out suddenly from shadow into the moonlight, and did not see us as we stepped back into the protection of a doorway. As I looked after them I saw them break up into parties, and sentries take their stand at the very exit from which we had just escaped.

"They always suspected that I was the devil himself," John Smith murmured. "When they find I've gone they'll be sure of it. But they'll make a bloody massacre all the same. Decies got away, too, fortunately. He's gone to warn my men and bring horses. Marreno's been cleverer than I thought possible. I shall have the fight on my hands before I wanted it."

He was not afraid for the final issue—not even very much concerned. His mind was set on some other more dangerous conflict. And yet there were men in that crowded assembly who trusted him, and had come from all the ends of the earth to follow him, and whom he had left to their fate. I guessed that he had planned for this possibility. At least, he made his way from one deserted street to another with an unfaltering precision. And when at last we were driven out into a thoroughfare he set Lisbeth to her feet and spoke to her with a gentle authority.

"You must walk now. Lean on me. Cover your hair. There's only one woman with such hair in Quetzelango."

Even then he could pay her a gallant compliment, bending over her with that mastering adoration. And though she made no answer, she responded bravely. I covered his gay uniform with my cloak and he smiled and thanked me.

"We're always doing each other good turns in spite of ourselves, Fitzroy."

So they crossed the street, crowded with the city's desultory pleasure seekers, unaware as yet that their brief peace was already in atoms, arm in arm like any other pair of lovers. And I walked close in front of them, trying to shelter them, for one glance of recognition would have lost us all.

Then, once free of the crowd, back in the unlit side streets, he lifted her in his arms again, mocking her a little for being so small and light. She had passed out of reach and he knew, and there was no laughter in his face now. But it was implacably resolute.

We came finally to the shabby outskirts of the city. Here, I remembered, the baron had been quartered, and for a reason that was now clear to me. He at any rate was on the line of retreat. But the house might have been his own choice. It was like himself. In the unwholesome moonlight it had a look of lost magnificence and bold, shameless decay. He opened the decrepit door to us. He was flagrantly drunk and in his shirt sleeves, but booted and spurred. The bedroom behind him was littered with the accouterments of a swagger cavalryman and thick with smoke and the smell of spirits. But I will say this for him: He recognized us and was sober. He pulled us in, shutting the door and locking it. Before he had asked a single question he had thrust himself into his tunic and was buckling on his sword belt.

"Our friend Marreno, *hein?*"

John Smith set his burden down gently on the squalid bed. He ran his hand over her hair, smoothing its disorder as though nothing else mattered to him.

"Yes; he was nearly too smart for me. He has a thousand men inside the palace by this time. But I was warned—as, of course, I knew I should be warned."

"What now?"

"Decies is safe. I have told him to withdraw the men out of the city to Antora. I shall rejoin him there and we can choose our moment to settle with Marreno finally. But if there are any stragglers tonight—well, they won't straggle again, poor devils."

"And your wife, general?"

"You and Fitzroy will ride with her to San Juan. You have horses. You know the road. There are native troops up there, and a score or so of our own men—enough to protect you if they should think of attacking you. But they won't. You should get through easily. They've hardly realized I've got away. The roads will be unguarded for another hour at least."

"What about yourself?"

"Decies will be here soon. I shall get news."

"Good!" The baron adjusted his military cap to the correct angle. I saw him glance at himself in a cracked fragment of glass on the dirty wall. He looked a debauched ruffian, but perhaps he caught a glimpse of the slender-waisted dandy of the dragoons he had once been. Our eyes met and he grimaced resignedly. "*Glauben Sie nur, Herr Graf,* unter den Linden I was the devil of a fellow."

"Better saddle up," John Smith ordered. "If there is anyone hanging round shoot him—or choke the life out of him. We can run no risks."

The baron nodded and went out. John Smith turned to me. He seemed undaunted and the old ironic gayety was in his eyes. But there was something about him which made me wince as I have always winced at the sight of pain beyond help.

"Well, at any rate I'm confoundedly glad you were there, Fitzroy. You understand and you will make her understand."

It was audacious—and well judged. He challenged me to be fair. And perhaps because, as Lisbeth said, I was a man, too, I could not fail him. I could at least see that he was playing for terrific stakes against enemies who were not fastidious as to their weapons. Nor could he be fastidious—nor, for that matter, had he ever been. Even now I could see in him a sort of indignant and impatient bafflement at the realization that such things could matter or count against the magnificence of his purpose.

He turned from me to Lisbeth. She had not moved, but sat where he had placed her, her hands folded in her lap, her face composed into a look of remote and inaccessible thought. The features were sharpened. It was as though it had been fined down to the bone, and I think he saw clearly for the first time what I had always seen the lines of a strength and an implacability not less than his own. He went to her and sat beside her, gathering her hands in his, chafing them as though he found them cold.

"You saw us, didn't you? She was my spy, Lisbeth. I had to pay her in the only coin she wanted. It was for all our lives."

But she made no answer. She did not seem to hear, and he let her go and stood up violently. He began to talk then as I had never heard him talk, as I should have believed impossible to his cool self-confidence, pacing backwards and forwards, raging at us both. We were fools, blind bigots, blasphemers. We had the minds of a London suburb; we would sell our God for a twopenny convention. Didn't we see—didn't we understand that this was the hour of destiny in the history of a whole continent? Didn't we know that he was to turn savagery and chaos into peace and order? Didn't we know that there were men in every state of Central America awaiting his signal to throw in their forces on the side of unity? A kind of heroic eloquence poured from him. He spoke like a man inspired of great new human beginnings—of art and poetry that were to be reborn on this virgin soil, of effete nations that were to make way for this empire of adventuring and daring men. He had a vision, a force of self-expression that even in the heat of passion he was using deliberately, and that swept me like a tidal wave from my judgment. I forgot our wretched surroundings, the apparent ludicrousness of his powers, the imminent danger in which we all stood. He was like a drawn sword, flashed before my eyes, dazzling and stupefying me.

"And now, at the turning point, you want to trip me up and hobble me. You dare to measure me by the standards of little men who live and die like flies, who have no other god but their respectability, their miserable anæmic virtues. You are slaves, you and your fears and your pity and your scruples. But I am free and all free men will follow me to the end of time."

He spoke of himself as of something fundamental and eternal. And he was saved from grandiloquence by an absolute belief. Yet I knew that he had never theorized before concerning his destiny, had never stopped for a moment to justify himself. In desperate haste he was building up this splendid edifice. He offered it to her. He held the doors open, and she would not even look. She was sunk in her own vision.

"Lisbeth!"

He cried out to her. But she only made a little movement of the hands, infinitely weary.

"I am very tired. I should like to go somewhere where it is very quiet. You see, I have to think of my baby."

"Fitzroy, she's ill."

"What else do you expect?" I asked bitterly.

The baron threw open the door. Our lives depended on his quickness. But we had forgotten.

"All ready," he said, grinning. "We'll show them a clean pair of heels. Decies is here."

I saw the colonel's immaculate figure on the threshold.

"Withdrawing in good order, general. I had hard work keeping the men from falling on the palace then and there. But street fighting at night wouldn't suit our book. I told them we were going to play for a clean sweep."

John Smith did not answer. He was looking at me.

"Will she stand the journey?"

"God knows."

"Well, it can't be helped now. She must take her chance. Go ahead. You must carry her. Change horses."

I went out and mounted. He followed with Lisbeth in his arms. He lifted her up to me. Our eyes met and I shook my head significantly.

"It was no good."

"Well, that can't be helped either."

She lay quietly across my saddle and against my shoulder. With my one arm I knew that I could not hold her there for long, but that moment seemed to wipe out everything that I had suffered. He smiled—a little at the unreasoning and selfish happiness I could not hide, a little at my infirmity.

"I'll win yet, Fitzroy. You're not strong enough. But you'll take care of her. You'll make her understand that there's no one else in the world for me."

Decies touched him.

"They're all right. Better be going, general."

But he would not move. We rode at a sharp trot to the end of the street. I looked back and he was still standing there. The moon rising over his shoulder threw out his huge shadow across the dead-white roadway. It was his only companion, sinister and ironic.

XXXV

WE RODE all night. There was no question as to what Lisbeth could bear. It was what we had to do. There was no place of rest or safety for us till we reached San Juan. For an hour I carried her. I gave myself that hour, not thinking any more, shutting off past and future. The baron rode ahead on the winding trail, and as the moon went down darkness hid us, and she and I were alone together in an empty world. She may have slept. More likely an instinct of self-preservation had induced a sort of numbness. She, too, had ceased to

(Continued on Page 64)

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(Continued from Page 62)

struggle and gave herself passively to the event. One hand, half clenched, rested against my breast, like the hand of a tired, confiding child. Yet she was a woman, and even that touch had the secret strength, the mystic compassion of a woman. I was not the protector. Perhaps no man has ever really protected a woman. He plays the part as an imaginative boy will play at hero, but it is always the woman who at the end of the game draws him, half smiling, to her breast, shielding him from life. His need of her is her only need of him.

And yet, knowing that, it charmed away the deadly weariness of my body to think that at least she was at peace with me.

It was not her pain but mine that roused her finally. She made me let her ride alone on the spare horse, and while I walked beside her, her hand would drop to my shoulder, pressing it gently, assuring me that everything was well with her. She hardly spoke, and when she did it was in a low voice, almost inaudible even in that oppressive silence, and what she said made my heart stand still. For first she asked me to forgive her—she did not say for what—and after that, it seemed, she went back many years to our last picnic together under Old Stoneborough's gray walls.

"Of course you will love Oxford. I shall miss you so, dear Euan; but I mustn't tell you, because you ought to be glad." She sighed deeply. It was as though her body spoke now, against her will, without her knowledge. "It hurts," she murmured. "It hurts."

I put my arm about her. Her pain ran all through my nerves.

I remember how hot that night was. The red peak behind us sent out a feverish, burning breath. The loose stones scorched my feet. But towards morning, before the sun rose and one ash-hued veil after another was lifted from the mountains, a bitter chill, like the coming of death, descended upon us. Hope ebbed. We were at the bottom of our vitality. I saw the baron pull up suddenly and look back at us.

"Something queer here," he said. "There should be an outpost. Wait."

He dismounted. He went to the edge of the trail and bent over something that looked like a heap of dirty, discarded clothing. After a moment's hesitation he lifted it and carried it into the bushes. He came back wiping his great hands on his tunic. In the unearthly morning light he looked old and fallow.

"He's overreached himself this time. Something has happened. Heaven knows ——"

My gesture stopped him. He threw Lisbeth a glance that was startlingly compassionate, and with a shrug of his shoulders remounted. A few yards farther on we came out into the road that led from the camp to the hacienda, and it was empty and silent with a silence that was not of sleep. No trotting peddlers, no soldiers on the march. Somewhere, somehow the stream of activity had been cut short. I dared not look my fear in the face, but I felt it at my heels, haunting me step by step. We reached San Juan just as the sun rose in a fierce conflagration above the rim of the Cordilleras. It was like a sudden terrible rekindling of the fire that had turned San Juan in one night from its princely magnificence into a heap of black and smoldering ruins.

A strange figure came out from under the shattered archway to meet us. I remembered soldiers whom I had seen staggering back from the first-line trenches after a forty-eight-hour bombardment. He was like that. He was grimy, tattered, disrupted-looking, with sunken, bloodshot eyes in which a vision of hell still seemed to linger. He swayed as he walked. But he was game too. The irrepressible gameness of him was my one key to his identity. As to us, I don't think he knew who we were, or cared. Respect for persons was probably not deeply ingrained in him at the best of times, and now his familiarity was such that it must have stirred up red rage in the baron's Prussian spirit. He almost leaned against that officer's horse, giggling feebly.

"Well," he said, "you've missed a picnic and no mistake. Like old times."

Then he saw Lisbeth. His jaw dropped. Under other circumstances I could have sworn he had been drinking. He had all a drunken man's absurd gravity.

"Look 'ere, you can't, you know. Not a lidy. Not fit for lidies. Take 'er back, quick, señor. It's a beastly mess, that's wot it is."

The baron caught him by the shoulder and shook him savagely.

"What's happened? Where are the rest?"

Finney made no resistance. When the baron had finished shaking him he recovered his equilibrium with difficulty, but without resentment.

"Well, some of us are here and some of us aren't. I don't know where they've gone. It's them damn half-breeds done it. Got wind from somewhere the general had been murdered. Stampeded—the whole lot. I always said you couldn't trust 'em. Hundreds! There were twenty of us. We held out here as long as we could. But they rushed us. We made a bolt for the woods. When it seemed quieter-like I sneaked back. Felt I ought'er keep the home fires burning, so to speak."

We three considered one another grimly. I had seen Lisbeth's face. She had passed beyond realization. I fancied that the sinister and piteous ruins of his ambition appeared to her mind as a picture of her life—symbolic rather than actual. Consciousness of danger she had none. But she was the center of the situation for all three of us. She moved even the two others profoundly. Finney was a sentimentalist, like most cockneys; but the baron, too, remorseless as he was, had an expression on his face as he looked at her which redeemed it from its brutality.

She had lost her mantilla on the road, and her hair had come loose and hung about her shoulders. Even when Lisbeth is an old woman there will linger a certain untouched youthfulness about her, a kind of morning glow. And it was that and the hollowness of her cheeks and the lines about her mouth, pain-drawn and indomitable, giving her a look as old as pain itself, that hurt all three of us. Her eyes were fixed in front of her as on something visible only to herself, and we thought she did not even hear.

"Well, we can't go back," the baron muttered. "There's nowhere to go back to. Besides, the señora isn't strong enough. We've got to make the best of things."

"Are those devils likely to show themselves again?" I asked.

Finney grimaced.

"They've looted everything they could loot. That's all I know."

"Is there a roof left?"

"A few rooms. The fire burnt itself out."

"They'll have to do."

But Finney held his ground. He became suddenly obstinate and purposeful. The señora must wait. It was a mess—that's what it was—a mess. Not fit for a lady. For the moment with his queer insistence he dominated us. I lifted Lisbeth to the ground and we made a sort of resting place for her under the charred walls. She was unresisting, and yet somewhere at the back of her mind must have been a consciousness of our anxiety and a compassionate desire to make things easier for us. She held the baron's hand and smiled up at him with a piteous cheerfulness. He might have been an old and trusted friend, and I knew that she had distrusted and disliked him.

"You mustn't worry about me. I'm quite all right. But I should like to stay here if we could. It's so peaceful, isn't it?"

That was beyond his comprehension. He could only growl an unintelligible reassurance at her. But his face had a queer expression of despair.

"Women," he said afterwards, "good or bad, are the devil, anyway. They upset everything. There's no chance of a decent clean fight with them round. Either they or we are mistakes. I don't know which. Look at us. I don't mind. If those half-breed scalawags come back I'll be glad to shoot a few of 'em before I get my congé. I'm bound to die in my boots. I don't ask anything better. But with her there, what are we to do?"

"One of us has got to find John Smith," I said.

He assented.

"If he's wiped out Marreno —— If not ——"

He left it at that. We went through the archway into the patio. A wave of brutal, stupid destruction had broken over its beauty, stripped the orange trees to gaunt skeletons, flung down the fountains, beaten the flowers into the earth. The golden god had gone from his place. He lay face downwards amidst the fragments of his pedestal. The wreckers had been too mad, too terrified perhaps, to carry him with them.

Finney beckoned me.

"They caught three of us," he whispered. "Beasts, that's wot they are. That's wot I didn't want 'er to see."

It had been Lisbeth's room, I think. At least it was a woman's room, and its shattered, sullied delicacy filled me with a rage beyond all reason. It was as though I actually saw the dirty animal hands at their work, as though they were mauling her own self, despoiling her, breaking into her intimate life. But all that was imaginary. It was not that that really mattered. At sight of these three mutilated, ghastly figures, huddled under the high barred window, as though caught in one last desperate effort at escape, I heard the baron break into a torrent of black oaths.

Finney spoke with the dispassionateness of an old campaigner to whom horror had become a part of life. Indignation was natural, of course, but quite useless.

"It wasn't only them native soldiers. The miners were the first. Wot happened to old Jakes I don't know. In shreds, as likely as not. He wasn't soft-handed himself and they'd be glad to pay off old scores. They came up in the dark. You couldn't see 'em—you could just feel 'em swarming. Not 'umans—nor animals, either—sort of 'alf-and-'alf creatures that made you sick. Well, we barricaded ourselves in 'ere, but there wasn't much we could do in the dark like that. You see, they didn't care about guns—not about nothink except killing. Suppose they thought it was about their turn to hand out some of the rough stuff, as you might say." He passed the back of his hand over his mouth as though trying to wipe away a bitter taste. "Them three were rather pals of mine. I 'opes they died quick."

He was scarcely resentful. They were beasts, but he had a dim sense of justice that blunted anger, and the dead were dead anyway.

"Got to think of the señora," he said.

I sent him back to keep guard over her, and the baron and I worked in silent, feverish haste. The three poor bodies we laid among the ruins of John Smith's chapel at the feet of the despoiled and faceless Madonna. Then we set to and cleaned up the room, hiding the traces of disaster as best we could. We found fresh linen somewhere, and it was a queer, half-laughable, half-moving sight to see the hulking, blue-jowled blackguard toiling, with a kind of military precision, to make her bed for her. He even discovered her personal things in a shattered drawer and laid them out, fingering a lace cap with an expression of extreme mockery.

"Lady's maid!" he said. "Na, no man can tell what he may come to!"

But I knew that he was secretly proud of himself.

When our best was done I brought her in, leaning on my arm. I tried to talk easily and lightly.

"You must be awfully tired, Lisbeth. Well, you're safe home now. You can rest as long as you like."

She looked round her. How much she saw I don't know. The ruin was obvious enough. But I think that pain and weariness and the premonition of a greater agony to come absorbed her so that only a few things were clear.

"You won't go far, will you? I think I could sleep if only I knew you were quite near, Euan."

I kissed her hand.

"I shall be outside, waiting. You've only got to call."

Her eyes rested on me with a sad intentness.

"Yes; you've always been there waiting, haven't you?"

I did not—could not have answered. I closed the door and took up my post like a sentinel. If I had known that afternoon outside Old Stoneborough that one day I should keep guard over her in dead earnest I should have been proud and comforted. But now I was older. I could only think of her danger and my helplessness.

XXXVI

LISBETH slept. She lay outstretched in a frightening inertness. Or my love may have made a coward of me. I crept up to her and listened to her breathing. She seemed to feel my nearness and to take comfort, for she turned over then, with a deep sigh, lying more naturally, like a tired child.

The afternoon sun blazed down on the ruined garden. It covered the wrecked loveliness with a profound and drowsy peace so that the disaster might have been an ancient, half-forgotten story. We three sat in the shadow of Lisbeth's silence and

(Continued on Page 67)

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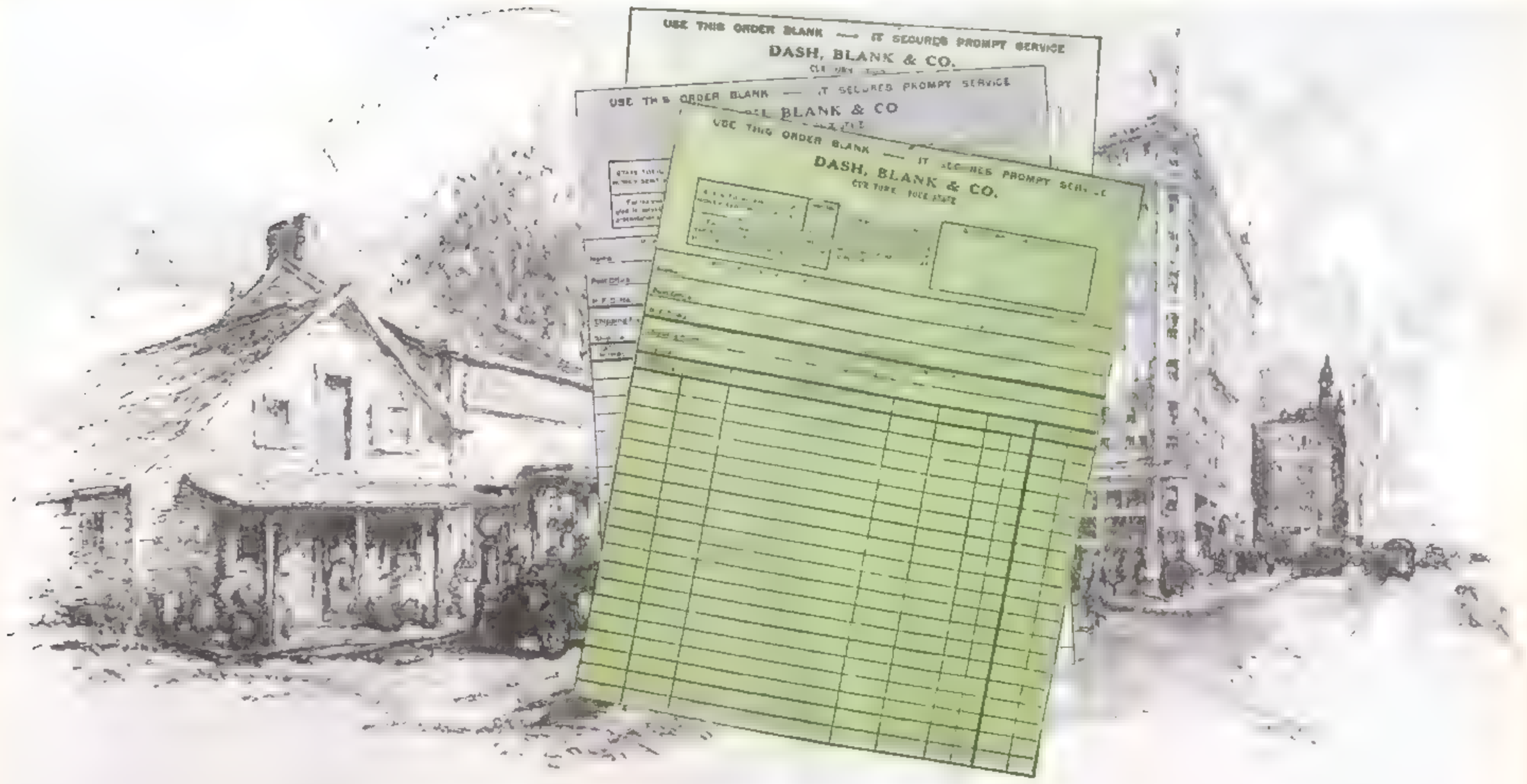
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(Continued from Page 64)

took counsel. We were as divided from one another by temperament and upbringing as we well could be, but I doubt if three men have ever been better comrades. Some influence transcended our differences. Our loneliness and helplessness seemed an outward manifestation of a profounder isolation which drove us to seek refuge with one another. And we could hardly have sat in the midst of such a scene without realizing, each of us in his own way, the futility of most of the desires which had haunted us. We were dead tired too. Even the baron's rough vitality had flagged, leaving him high and dry on the shores of a bitter disillusionment.

"Yes, I'll find John Smith," he said. "I've got to. And probably I'll ruin him and myself and a few hundred others who haf put their shirts on his coming through. He'll drop everything. When he hears of this he'll leave Marreno to do his worst. There's a curse on him. Things have been shaky for months past. He's slipped out of one mistake after another by a huge effort at the last moment. But you can't go on forever like that. And he's been gambling—and fate has got her claws out for a big man who gambles with her. This, for instance"—he waved his arm—"you couldn't say exactly that this was his fault. He couldn't haf known. But a year ago it wouldn't haf happened. Makes me think he's up against something we don't know about."

Still, he would go to Antora. He knew the trail, and with luck might get through. If so we could expect relief within twenty-four hours. Meantime Finney and I could only hope for the best. Finney had a rifle and no ammunition, and I had my revolver. If the mutineers chose to return the struggle could only be a very brief one. Our one chance lay in the very completeness of the havoc they had wrought. There was nothing for them to return to. Earlier in the day Finney had made a cautious descent to the river and had found the San Juan mine a smoldering ruin. Jakes' body lay where death had overtaken him. Finney passed over the details with a shrug.

"Seems to me grinding the faces of your bloomin' fellow creatures don't pay," he reflected. "You get it in the neck in the end."

With the sudden coming of night the baron led out his horse. He was not a romantic or a pathetic figure. And yet there was a certain pathos in his farewell to us. A crass materialist brought face to face with the more subtle, more vital issues of the spirit is like a lost child. He did not know what was the matter with him. He only felt that the solid foundations on which he built his conduct were giving way, and he expressed that feeling in his own terms.

"A woman against an empire!" he said. "Na, it's happened before, and it always ends the same way."

He rode off, slouching heavily in his saddle. I think he would have been genuinely glad if a native machete had caught him between the shoulders.

He dropped into the night and I went back to my post. As to Finney, he prowled the place like a somnambulist, too worn down with weariness to know what danger he was listening for.

The moon had not yet risen, but a hot and brilliant starlight filled the patio with a pale brightness and shadows that took on grotesque and threatening shapes. I know I did not sleep, and yet sometimes I seemed to lose hold on my surroundings. For long minutes together the outlines of past and present became merged in one another. I was back in Old Stoneborough. These were the familiar ruins that had become unfamiliar and horrible, as though an evil and alien spirit had entered into them. I saw John Smith come out of the darkness. The unearthly light flickered on the borrowed helmet and the steel breastplate.

"They fit me perfectly," he said, smiling.

I could hear his voice, clear and very young still.

Gradually these pictures faded. My mind died. I was nothing but an instinct of protection. There was not a sound, not the flutter of bird or the rustle of some reptile that had already found a hiding place among the tumbled walls, that did not reach me with its full significance. I was on guard with every nerve, every physical faculty—to what end I no longer thought.

I had killed men. The bitter and even just necessity of it had not saved me from the results. Better men than I had gone with me to the war and come back unscathed, even if their bodies were shattered. For their generation was not mine. But I had come back crippled in mind and soul. And not till I had atoned in part for that offense against myself had I become whole again.

And now at a given signal from Finney I should kill Lisbeth. I should save my last shot for her. That was the immemorial duty of men. The ferocious wrong of it helped to stupefy me. It made everything unreal. Either I was a madman or this was a mad world. There were things too hideous to be true—like those medieval instruments of torture. One looked at them, thinking, "No human being could have borne suffering like that," and turned away from them.

Then, in a moment, the whole of me awoke. I don't believe that it was any sound that brought me to that sudden and absolute awareness. No sound, at least, could have told me what I seemed to know instantly. Before a thought had formed itself I was on my feet—had thrown open her door.

There was enough light for me to see her. Her back was to the white wall opposite me, as though she had taken her last stand there against a pursuing, implacable enemy. Her lips, which even when she smiled retained their closed sweetness, were parted now. Her face was that of another woman who had sprung out of herself at the call of an agony beyond belief—distraught, possessed by an appalling knowledge. Her youth—her beauty had foundered, and yet there was a kind of terrible glory about her. As she saw me she took a step forward, then crumpled up as though an invisible blow had struck her to the heart.

I ran to her, lifted her. Her limp body was drenched with an icy sweat. I half dragged, half carried her to her bed. I doubt if she realized who I was. She could not have cared. Alternately she clung to me and thrust me off with frantic hands. The pain tore her asunder, disrupted her whole being so that for the moment she was a tortured thing that passed out of knowledge of itself. She cried out at last, so piteously, so terribly that it brought Finney, aghast and shaken, to the open door. I turned fiercely on him.

"She's ill! Keep away from here!"

"Not—not ——"

He gaped stupidly at me.

"Yes; get out! Don't come near us—not unless you have to."

He was gone like a shadow.

I knelt down beside her. I helped her as best I could. As the pain relaxed its grip, standing back from her like a wild beast, itself exhausted, waiting to spring again, I slipped my arm under her head and for a little while she lay quite still, half conscious, against my shoulder. It gave me time—a moment's space in which to face myself and her; in which to prepare to meet her when she should turn to me at last in full realization of what lay before us both.

She drew away from me. Our faces were on a level. We looked close into each other's lightless eyes. She said in a low voice, "Is it that, Euan?"

"Yes."

"Send someone."

"There's no one—only me."

She tried to push me away from her.

"Leave me alone. Oh, please, please leave me alone!"

I shook my head and she began to cry with weakness and horror at the thing which had happened to us, and for a while I could not try to comfort her. There was panic in my heart, too—the fear that takes a man before what he knows to be the supreme and testing crisis of his life. In one sense this was the end towards which I had been living. If I failed now I failed utterly and finally. If I could not lift her with me out of this shameful shame to some high, clear perception of our common dignity, if I could not find the releasing word to set us free to face this destiny of ours with untroubled eyes, then the absolute chastity of my whole life went for nothing. Then I was any man and she was any woman, caught in a trap of circumstances intolerable to them both.

The dark was kind to me. It hid me from her. I was just a shadow, talking to her, the very heart of Euan Fitzroy talking to the very heart of Lisbeth Gay. We had never talked like that before or been so close to each other. I found myself with my face pressed gently against hers. We might have been two children again.

I told her of the time when she had been so ill—how I had stood, night after night, looking up at that sad light in her window, and how on the worst night of all I had put my face down on her gate and cried my heart out. Then how a kind of rage had seized me and how I had sworn to become a doctor, because if there was pain like that in the world I had to be there to help.

Then I told her about the afternoon when she had slept and I had sat beside her, guarding her from the dragons that wouldn't come.

"They've come now, Lisbeth."

And she lay very still, listening, judging me.

All at once it came—my releasing word—quite simply and naturally as perhaps all inspiration comes. I kissed her cheek.

I said, "I love you." I could have added: "Not as a man loves the woman he desires, not as he might love his sister; but as one human being may love another at the hour of death, with passion and with understanding, with high admiration and the tenderest pity." But all that was said. It had come straight from my heart. I had lived it. She turned to me again and the tears were dry. She knew that our time was short to reach that absolute peace with each other which we must have—that in a few minutes the wave would break over her. Her voice was just a breath.

"I'm—glad it's you."

And then in her selflessness, on the edge of an abyss which she was to sound to its uttermost depths, she took my face between her slender woman's hands, soothing and comforting me.

She and I lived through that night alone. There was no one else but us two in the regions where we traveled. Where she went I followed—through red agony into brief stretches of gray oblivion. With each awful onslaught I felt my own body being dismembered, the cold sweat run down my cheeks. With her piteous cry, "The pain, Euan, the pain!" I answered, "I know," between set teeth. And yet my brain remained clear and quiet. What I could do was well done.

Sometimes she went down utterly—was drowned in it—so that her very soul seemed to be extinguished. But more and more, towards the end, she rallied. She was like a gallant soldier, overwhelmed by the first rush, who gathers strength and courage with every moment's respite; and at the last it was a splendid thing to see the immortal spirit in her shake off its enemy and shine out with a clear steadfastness.

With the first light of morning the end came, and John Smith's son was born and died.

I thought she was dying too. I was herself and life was ebbing out of me. And one thing, at least, was clear, making death inevitable. She and I could never go back into the world we had both left. We had reached our destination. The road thither, the other travelers we had passed and spoken with, were already lost in mist, like a fading dream.

I knelt beside her again. There was nothing more that I could do. The light was brightening with every minute and we saw each other clearly. That didn't matter now. Since the hearts of Euan Fitzroy and Lisbeth had found each other, their bodies were only visible and outward signs of their love and faith.

Her face was very small and the color of death. Her red-gold hair, caught in the gathering sunshine, became an aureole. Her eyes, broken with weariness, were blue and clear as an Italian sky.

"I am dying. It doesn't matter now, my darling."

We kissed each other. She put her weak arms about me and drew me against her breast as though I had been the child she had never seen. So we remained. We were both sinking into darkness. She drew me with her and I went gladly. The ordinary instinctive clinging to life was over. My weary body relaxed its hold. Only the obstinate will to follow her, to bear her company to the end of time, remained. Nothing else lived in me. In the depths where she and I went together there was no sound but the slow, faltering beat of her heart—my own heart—slower and slower.

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Large 5-ounce bottle 50c. Costs almost nothing per day—only a few drops needed. By mail postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer hasn't it yet.

Try It Free!

Send for free "150 drop" test bottle. Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn. (Canada: 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal)

Williams Aqua Velva is made from a scientist's formula *expressly* for after-shaving use.

By the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

It's new!

99¢ a ton more—but Consolidation Coal was worth it

For the sake of obtaining Consolidation Gas Coal, one of the great Canadian gas companies was willing to pay a large freight differential and increased price f.o.b. mines amounting in all to 99 cents per ton higher than the cost of other available standard gas coals.

Such is the value of Consolidation Gas Coal from high gas and by-product yields of superior quality, such is the excellent coking property of this coal, such is its low ash and sulphur content, that it proved profitable to incur this additional charge of 99 cents a ton.

There is a Consolidation Coal for every industrial use.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Munson Building - New York City

DETROIT, MICH. First Nat'l Bank Bldg.
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HON. DINK O'DAY

(Continued from Page 11)

"You mean taxes?" inquires the reporter.

"Not taxes," I amiles, "but the tax. You sure has heard of my golf-tax plank?"

"A little something," stutters the lad, "but I'd like to hear you explain it."

"In brief," says I, "my ideas is to put a tax of a dollar on every ball, five dollars on each stick and to assess links for three times as much as the land around 'em."

"But why?" he wants to know.

"Ain't it as plain as the face around your nose?" I retorts. "Nearly every day they is laying out a new course on Long Island, and what'll happen? I don't even have to pause for no replies. Pretty soon they won't be nothing here excepting links, and man cannot live on links alone. The poor is being crowded offa their farms. What then, I asks, will become of the potatoes and ducks that has made Long Island famous? What is more important to the human race, mashed potatoes or mashie shots, slices of white meat or slices into the rough, birds or birdies, niblicks or giblets? I'm here to tell everybody within sight of my voice that the building of courses is a curse. If it ain't stopped I can easy see the time when all our farmers will be manicuring fairways and marceling greens, while their children will be caddies, breaking their young backs and ruining their eyes hunting for lost balls. And what then of the Long Island duckling? Will he not become as distinct as the bobo bird? The big issue in this district, and I may say, without fear of even unsuccessful contradiction, the only one, is this, my lad—shall we lay out courses or let the ducklings lay?"

This is the longest spiel I ever pulled and the kid reporter listens pop-eyed to the cuckoo cackle. That's one of the beauties of being a candidate. You can talk on and on without saying nothing, and if you does it loud enough and can get your breast to heaving, the come-ons'll go away with the ideas that you is a cross between Henry Webster, Daniel Clay and the guy that got the dollar watch named after him. The same sort of stuff uncorked by a ordinary bimbo'd land him in one of them places where they agrees with you when you tells 'em you're Napoleon.

"Do I understand," says the News man, "you is gonna make your whole campaign on this golf-tax thing?"

"Why not?" I spars back.

"It's all right," he answers, hasty; "but Wilberforce is sure to try and smoke you out ——"

"It can't be done," I cuts in. "They ain't no issues that can't walk my plank. My tax'll bring enough jack to cut most of the others; it'll fetch enough dough to pay off that adjusted consideration them soldiers is after; it'll reduce domestical troubles by getting guys off the links long enough to find out if the kid born two years ago is a boy or girl, and what else'll you have?"

"I admits," says the reporter lad, "that at first flush I thought your ideas was kinda funny; but I can see now where it oughta be a great vote swinger with the farmers and the womenfolks. What I don't get's this though. If you feels that way about the game, how is it you is living up here in this swell golf colony and playing around with the pill-chasers?"

"Sh-h!" I whispers, pulling him over close. "I'm just getting campaign material; and believe me, boy, I got some. When this gang hears what I'm gonna expose ——"

I breaks off significant. The youngster gets up to go.

"Be sure," I tells him at the door, "and misquote me right."

III

NEXT day I beats it down to the village, not wanting particular to be around the house when the interview in the Doughmore News meets up with the blood they is already in the wife's eye. They ain't a word been passed between us since the big blow-off over the nomination; but from what I makes of her thoughts, a jury of mind readers would easy indict her for mayhem anyways.

The first person I runs into is Luke Cravens. He greets me with a grin and slaps me on the back with a folded newspaper.

"Hot stuffo, Dink," says he. "You got something new there, feller, and it'll start all kinds of talk and arguments. I was just chinning with a bunch of truck peddlers down the market and they was strong for you. One of 'em ——"

"They ain't no danger, is they?" I gasps.

"Of what?" he asks.

"Of getting shipped to Albany."

"No more'n they is of you growing six toes on your third foot," comes back Luke; "but you got a chance of maybe running a few hundred ahead of the usual. That notion of slapping a heavy tax on the golf goofs is bound to go big with the guys that don't know the difference between a midiron and a flatiron. You gotta understand, Dink, that the farmers and duck herders around here, and others that don't play golf, is got a idea that everybody that does is smothered in smackers. Besides and which, they ain't got nothing but contempts for fat wampuses that'll dress up in their wife's old bicycle bloomers and act serious about pushing a marble around a quarter section. You're in good with those boys."

"I didn't spring that stunt of mine to get in good with nobody," I barks. "I don't want no love—all that I wants is hate—on the hill."

"I been in politics a long time," says Cravens, "but I ain't never been in no cross-eyed campaign like this before. It don't make no difference what you wants. Any bird is bound to get popular with the mob that springs a idea about slapping a tax on a few folks and tapering the tap on the rest. That's the secret of getting along in this game."

"I ain't looking for none of them kinda secrets," I tells him. "What I wants is the secret for getting Doughmore to tell me to get along."

"I thinks," returns Luke, "you has maybe found it. After that screech in the News this morning about the tax and them hints of yourn about spilling the rough stuff they been pulling at the club, you oughta be about as popular with them Doughmoron doughboys as the seven-year itch'd be with the lad in them winter underwear ads. They maybe is even now melting up the tar and tearing the insides outta pillows."

"That'd be too much luck," I sighs.

"I don't make you," says Cravens, puzzled. "If you don't like the place, why ain't you up and went before this?"

"You married?" I inquires.

"Yeh," he answers. "I'm afraid too."

I lingers around town mosta the day, and I'm surprised myself at the number of cuckoos that takes my golf blah serious and thinks it's a hot sketch. I does meet a few fellers that gives me the razz, but on accounts of me not having no chances of getting to the legislature with my load of bricks, they don't act so worried.

It's kinda late in the afternoon when I starts for home. About a block from the hut I notices the wife and a other jane sitting on the porch, and I can hardly take my eyes' word for it that the visiting gal's Cordelia Blodgett.

To have that high-nose frozen-face even run over you with her buzz wagon is a honor in Doughmore, but to have her call on you is all five in one hand. From what I has heard of this frill her folks was waiting on the dock at Boston when the Mayflower came in, making snippy cracks about the kinda riffraffs they was sending over from Europe. I stands still under a tree for a minute, trying to figure out what Cordelia's doing at our shack, when suddenly it all comes to me just as plain as a yellow necktie on a blue shirt.

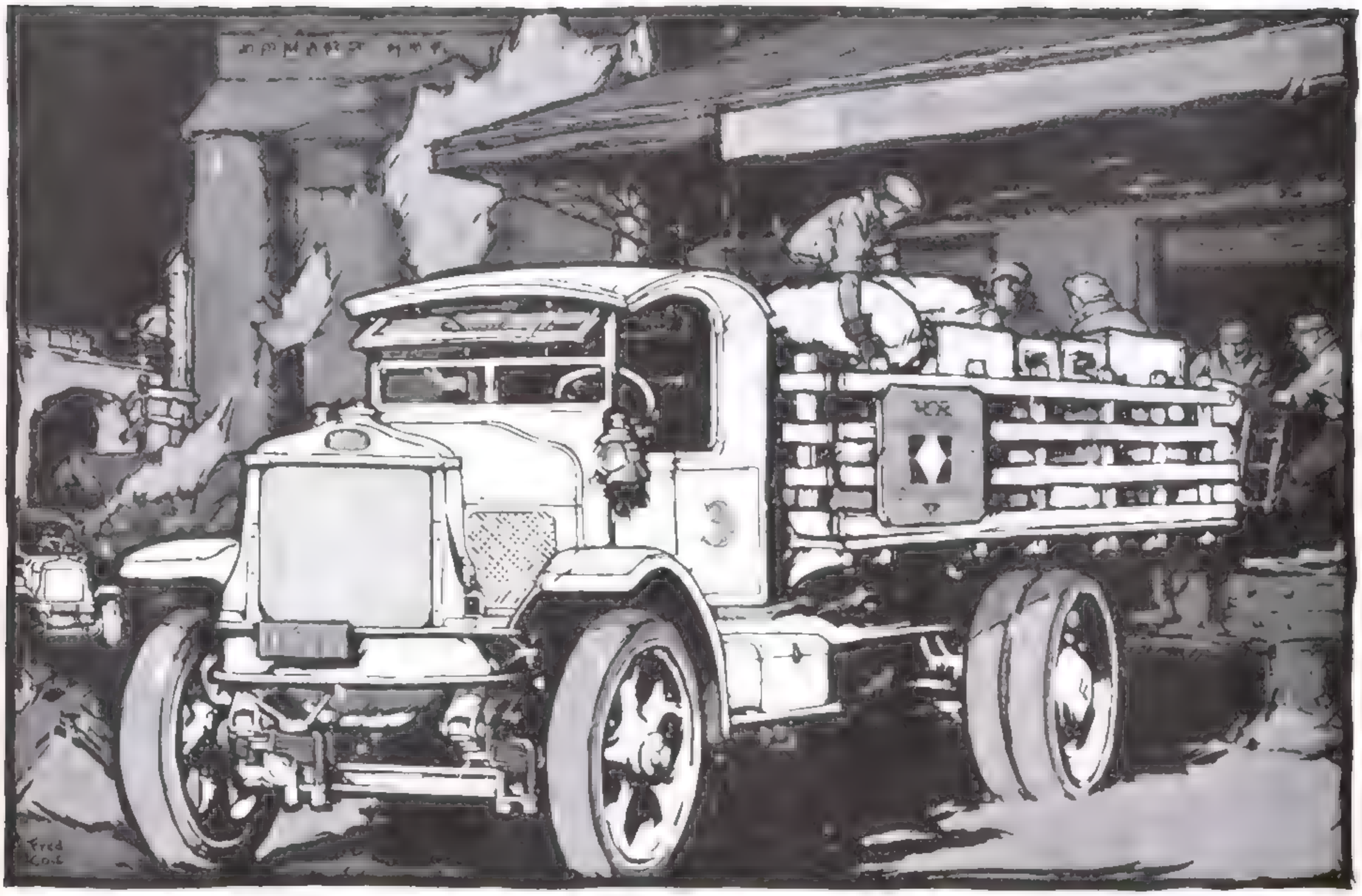
It's a cinch. Mrs. Blodgett has been picked by the gang of fluffs that practically runs the colony we is living at to order us to park our shoes outta town, and without taking 'em off neither. I hugs my wise friend O'Day with joys. They has stood a lot from me in Doughmore, but this stunt of getting into politics, going after their pet pastime and threatening to make more closet room on the hill by dragging out the skeletons, is much too many. Figuring thus, I gayly prances toward the slaughter.

I ain't no sooner on the porch when Cordelia Blodgett gets up, smiles and slips me the mitt. I notices quick, too, that Kate ain't looking so unhappy and my heart drops into my socks.

"I was just congratulating your wife," says frosty-phiz, "on the wonderful interview you had in the News. So clever!"

"You interested in ducks?" I comes back.

(Continued on Page 70)



Wherever truck wheels turn

TONGUE or pen has never uttered a truck advertisement more clear and convincing than the one being written every hour of every day on the face of earth by the tens of thousands of White Trucks in service.

These White Trucks write in work, not words; in performance, not promise. They write in money-earning miles.

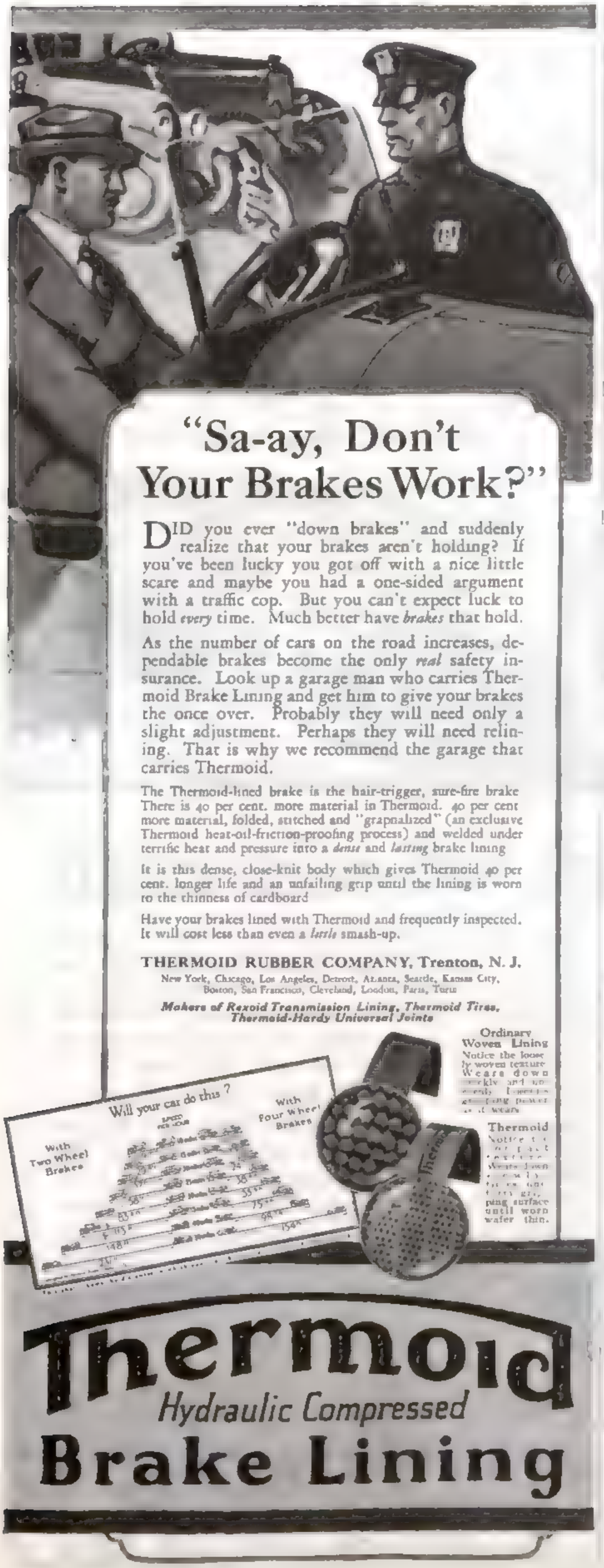
And men read what they write. It is read on the neat mahogany desk top of the fleet owner. It is written there on cost records. It is read in the sweaty clatter and turmoil of the teeming freight depot; amid screeching of hoists and clanging of buckets where great buildings are struggling towards the sky line; on the long, silent, all-night drive over a trackless plateau to a lone, gaunt oil derrick or a mine shaft. It is written there in unfailing dependability. It is read by the hard-headed, tight-fisted captain of industry and by the weather-beaten, hard-handed captain of a single truck—the driver. And each reader understands it, for it is written in the universal language of work well done.

The vast fleets on the White Roll Call; the unmatched volume of mileage records in multiples of 100,000 miles; the 23 years through which The White Company has risen to the leadership of the truck industry—these are chapters in this story.

Before you buy a truck, read this advertisement which is being written daily by White Trucks in service. It is being written wherever truck wheels turn—in your city, right there in the street outside your window.

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

WHITE TRUCKS


"Sa-ay, Don't Your Brakes Work?"
DID you ever "down brakes" and suddenly realize that your brakes aren't holding? If you've been lucky you got off with a nice little scare and maybe you had a one-sided argument with a traffic cop. But you can't expect luck to hold *every* time. Much better have *brakes* that hold.
As the number of cars on the road increases, dependable brakes become the only *real* safety insurance. Look up a garage man who carries Thermoid Brake Lining and get him to give your brakes the once over. Probably they will need only a slight adjustment. Perhaps they will need relining. That is why we recommend the garage that carries Thermoid.
The Thermoid-lined brake is the hair-trigger, sure-fire brake There is 40 per cent. more material in Thermoid. 40 per cent more material, folded, stitched and "grapnalized" (an exclusive Thermoid heat-oil-friction-proofing process) and welded under terrific heat and pressure into a *dense* and *lasting* brake lining
It is this dense, close-knit body which gives Thermoid 40 per cent. longer life and an unfailing grip until the lining is worn to the thinness of cardboard
Have your brakes lined with Thermoid and frequently inspected. It will cost less than even a *little* smash-up.
THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY, Trenton, N. J.
New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta, Seattle, Kansas City, Boston, San Francisco, Cleveland, London, Paris, Turin
Makers of Rexoid Transmission Lining, Thermoid Tires, Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints
Ordinary Woven Lining
Notice the loose fly woven texture We wear down
Thermoid
Will your car do this?
With Two Wheel Brakes
With Four Wheel Brakes
Thermoid
Hydraulic Compressed
Brake Lining

(Continued from Page 68)

"How adroit!" goes on Cordelia. "Just before I came here I remarked to Mr. Blodgett that only a man with a marvelous brain could have worked out so perfectly, so neatly, a problem ——"

"You for the golf tax?" I cuts in, dizzy.

"You know we are," she answers; "only I don't think you made it quite high enough. Just last week we had a little meeting at my place to talk over plans for keeping the common city trash from putting in courses all over the island. Why, my dear, it's getting so that the most ordinary tradesmen are forming clubs. At this meeting I'm speaking of we decided that something must be done to keep the game where it belongs—among the better classes. Now when you get to the legislature ——"

"I ain't got no chances of being elected," I tells her, still dopey from riding around on the merry-go-round.

"Don't be so sure," returns Cordelia. "Mr. Blodgett says with enough money anything can be done in politics, and we have arranged to get up a large fund ——"

"You mean," I interrupts, "you folks is gonna back my campaign?"

"To the limit," says she, firm. "We must keep the game of golf in the right hands and only a high tax'll hold back the rubbish. We don't want it to go the way of bridge. Just fancy, the other afternoon I found the housekeeper and the cook and two of the underbutlers playing a rubber!"

"No!" I exclaims. "Of course you are joking?"

"It's a fact," Cordelia assures me, solemn, "but as I was saying to Mrs. O'Day before you came, it was so clever of you to make it look like you was fighting for the duck farmers. Mashed potatoes or mashie shots! Niblicks or giblets! And that delicious touch about exposing us! Mr. Blodgett is still laughing over it. The people are stupid, aren't they? Well, I'm off. I must see more of you, Mrs. O'Day, and you, too, senator."

"Why didn't you tell me," asks the wife after she beats it, "that you went into politics for that?"

"I suppose," I comes back, sour, "you thinks I took the nomination to play ball for those fatheads, huh?"

"No?" inquires Kate. "What for then? You ain't wild about ducks, is you?"

"No," I begins; "but ——"

"Geese," cuts in the frau, "is more like you."

"Come on, dearie," says I. "I wanna be called something worse than that. A goose with its head off, that's been in cold storage for a year, is got more sense than me."

"Flatterer," obliges the misses.

"That's better," I returns, grateful.

IV

I DON'T waste no times hunting up Luke Cravens, and I finds him that night at the county seat ten miles away. Before I has a chance to untie my say and sick it on him, he grabs a paper outta his pocket and flashes it at me.

"Boy," he shouts, "you're coming pretty! Give it a see! North Shore Duckling Association Out for O'Day! That's lining 'em up, Dink! Most of them lads is Republicans too. The way things is breaking, you oughta come within two thousand votes of winning."

"How many votes did you say they was in this district?" I inquires, cold.

"Sixty-three hundred and fifty," answers Luke.

"As far as I'm concerned," I tells him, "that's also Wilberforce's majority. I'm through."

"What do you mean?" snaps Cravens.

"I've quit," says I, stern, "and if my name should get on the ticket, even by mistake, I shall take great joys in walking up to the sheriff and remarking, with a light laugh, 'Don't look no further. I killed Luke Cravens and threw the parts of the body you found, in the swamp.'"

"What have I done to you?" asks the chairman.

"Three or four times as much as plenty," I answers, and tells him of the stuff pulled by the Blodgett dame.

"Is they that dumb up there?" inquires Luke, after he laughs hisself out.

"Much thater," I replies, mournful. "Take a look at me for a sample."

"Well," says Cravens, "I don't see what you is working up all that lather about. Why don't you give out a other interview or something, making it plainer where you stands on the golf tax?"

"It can't be done," I answers. "If I was to print a statement suggesting that all babies be drowned, that gang of Doughmorons would figure it out that I was collecting money for an old folks' home No, I've made a sucker play and I want out. Scratch me, bo."

"Sorry, Dink," returns Luke, "but it's too late. We got a lotta stuff printed and the election's only a week away. You ain't gonna win and ——"

"I ain't so sure about that," I interrupts. "That crowd at the club's talking about getting up a lotta jack and they might buy me the job."

"Don't even worry about that," says Luke. "If they is gonna be any kale passed around it's gotta go through me; and, if you wants, I'll see that it ain't used to get no votes for you. Just stick on the ticket and I'll ——"

"Not a chance," I cuts in.

"Just a minute," urges Cravens. "You don't like that layout on the hill, does you?"

"I'd be willing to pay handsome for a attack of the bubonic plague," I tells him, "if I was sure that they'd all catch it from me."

"All right," says Luke. "You ain't got no particular objections to me buying a new car, has you?"

"You means," I remarks, getting jerry, "you'd like our set to set you up to one, eh?"

"Why not?" replied Cravens. "They wants to put up jack to get votes for you; you don't want no votes; I need a boat, and you'd like to stick a harpoon into the Blodgetts and the rest. Why not let me nick 'em for a few grand?"

That kinda appeals to me. Of course, getting stung for a smear of smackers ain't gonna hurt them rich fluffs much, but the ideas of decorating 'em with the double-cross gets me. Besides the which I got a sneaking liking for Luke and I figure it'll be sorta nice to have the snobby Doughmorons buy a car for a low politician. He might even be lucky enough to run the machine over one of 'em some day.

I finally agrees to let my monniker stay on the ballot, Cravens giving me his word that he won't do nothing to get no votes for me.

"Go on a fishing trip," says he, "and forget all about it. I'll take care of everything. What's your phone number?"

"Doughmore 1346," I tells him.

"All right," he comes back. "That's the vote we'll give you—thirteen hundred and forty-six."

"Gosh," I exclaims, "can you figure 'em that close?"

"Some of my lads down at the courthouse," says Luke, with a grin, "can even count 'em in fractions."

I follows Cravens' advice and talks the wife into letting me sneak away to Montauk Point for a week's fishing. I forgets all about the election while I is there and don't think of it a-tall until I is on my way back to Doughmore the night of the voting. Even then I'm only interested in finding out if the phone number and the count for me gee.

I'd wired the frau I was coming and I expects to find her at the station with the bus. She's there all right, and so is a brass band and a couple hundred folks, whooping and yelling and waving at me. I can't make out what they is saying and what the rah-rah's all about, but when I sees Cravens pushing his way toward me, pale and excited, I begins seeing the lights.

"It ain't my fault," gasps Luke, pushing me off in a corner.

"What ain't?" I asks.

"You being elected," he answers.

"What?" I yelps. "What about them counters of yourn?"

"They didn't have a chance," says Cravens. "Ain't you read the papers?"

"Not for a week," I tells him.

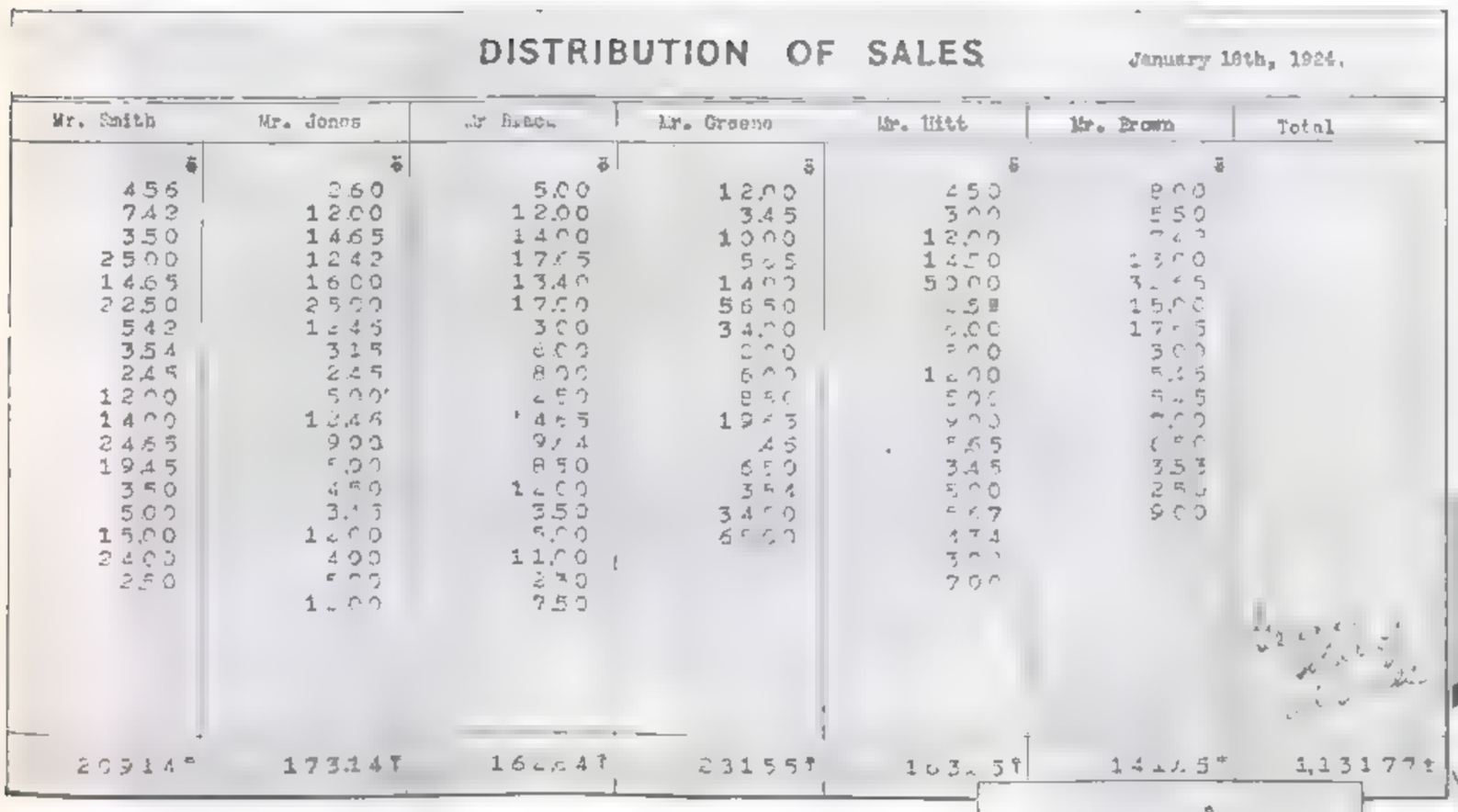
"Then," goes on Luke, "you didn't know Wilberforce beat it with twenty thousand of the building-and-loan jack and the gal in his office. It didn't come out till yesterday and it was too late for the Republicans to put up another guy. Everybody just hadda vote for you."

It's all so cuckoo I can't even get sore. I just looks simpy at the mob and I don't hardly notice that the frau's standing beside me.

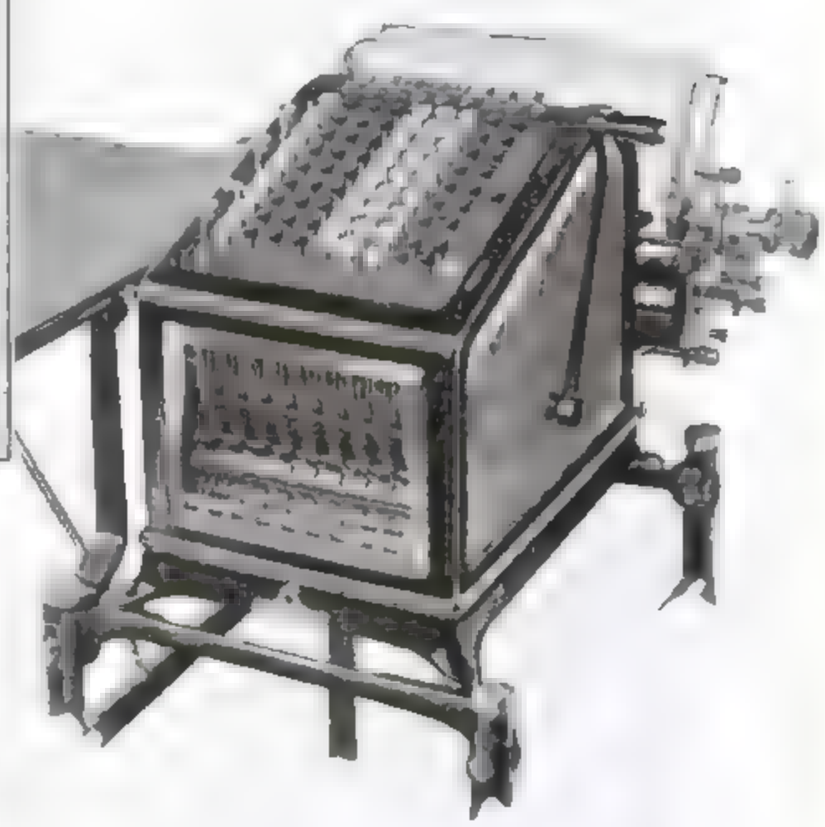
"What was my vote?" I asks Luke, just to be saying sumethings.

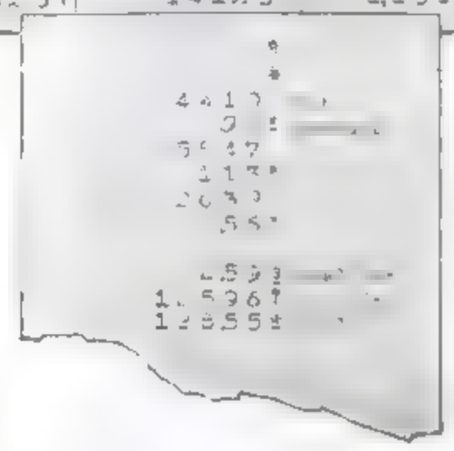
"Thirty-eight forty-three," he tells me.

"That's funny," remarks Kate. "That's our new phone number. They changed it yesterday."


DISTRIBUTION OF SALES January 18th, 1924.

Mr. Smith	Mr. Jones	Mr. Brace	Mr. Greene	Mr. Litt	Mr. Brown	Total
$	$	$	$	$	$	
456	260	5.00	12.00	450	800	
742	12.00	12.00	3.45	300	550	
350	1465	1400	1000	12.00	[illegible]	
2500	1242	1765	505	1450	1300	
1465	1600	1340	1400	5000	3[illegible]65	
2250	2500	1750	5650	[illegible]58	1500	
542	1[illegible]45	300	34.00	[illegible]00	17[illegible]5	
354	315	600	[illegible]00	[illegible]00	300	
245	245	800	600	1[illegible]00	[illegible]35	
1200	500	[illegible]50	850	500	[illegible]45	
1400	10[illegible]46	1[illegible]65	19[illegible]3	[illegible]00	[illegible]00	
2465	900	97[illegible]4	[illegible]45	[illegible]65	[illegible]00	
1945	[illegible]00	850	650	345	353	
350	[illegible]60	1[illegible]00	354	500	2[illegible]5	
500	3[illegible]3	350	3[illegible]0	[illegible]37	900	
1500	1[illegible]00	[illegible]00	60[illegible]0	[illegible]74		
2400	400	1100		[illegible]0[illegible]		
250	[illegible]00	[illegible]30		700		
	1[illegible]00	750				
20914*	17314†	16[illegible]4†	23155†	10[illegible]5†	14[illegible]5*	1,13177†





The Burroughs Duplex will list columns of figures, give the total (not sub-total) of each column and combine these totals into a grand total without relisting. It will also list two different sets of figures at the one operation and give the total of each, automatically combining them into a grand total if desired

Here's an Unusual Adding Machine —*A Machine with a Memory!*

If you knew a man who could add several groups of figures—one after the other—and then remember all the totals so that he could instantly write the grand total of all the groups, you would consider him very unusual, wouldn't you?

Certainly you would! But remarkable as it may seem, any one of your employees using a Burroughs Duplex can do the same thing for you. The Duplex will add groups of figures, furnish totals and then produce a grand total without relisting or re-adding a single item.

This remarkable machine will also list two sets of figures simultaneously and give an independent total of each which may be combined into a single total if you desire.

The Burroughs Duplex brings added speed and accuracy to the handling of all kinds of analysis and distribution work such as sales by salesmen, commodities or departments. It will also list cost and selling price, quantities and amounts, gross and net, debits and credits, cash and discount, in one operation and give an independent total of each.

Much time is needlessly wasted in making two operations of work which the Burroughs Duplex—the adding machine with a memory—will take care of in one. Think of the time, labor and money that this machine will save you in your business. Let the Burroughs man show you how the Burroughs Duplex will help you.

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The F. E. Fair Ford Agency of Kalamazoo, Mich., say, "With the Burroughs Duplex we know each salesman's record daily—how each line of merchandise is moving. We have eliminated unimportant lines and increased our profit."

And the Cutler Ice Company of Binghamton, N. Y., say, "With a Burroughs Duplex we get quickly and easily the figures that show us where we are making money—and where we are not making the profit we should."

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Name

Business

Address

It is easy to observe the changing smoking habits of younger men in the leading clubs, and other meeting places of those who have an important place in the social and business world.

Smoking habits change

—just as styles do

Today you will find more young men smoking cigars than ever before—a significant fact—"After all nothing satisfies like a good cigar."

Robt. Burns Cigar

A General Cigar Co. National Brand

THREE popular sizes—the PANATELA at 10c straight, the PERFECTO at 2 for 25c, and the foil-wrapped INVINCIBLE at 15c. Uniform in high quality—the *filler* of every Robt Burns is *all Havana.*

Actual size of the PANATELA

THE DANGER OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 36)

new paganism in full riot—wild pagan women, the ecstasy of pagan youth liberated from the dark jungles of death, an orgy of joy in the life of the senses which had been so thwarted and denied during the years of war. I saw it from one end of Europe to the other, in dancing halls, in the night life of European capitals, in its streets. Christianity itself reeled.

The reaction came with disappointed hopes. It came most sharply to those who had held on to idealism, not yielding to paganism. Hundreds of millions of people among victor nations, and vanquished, had only reconciled themselves to the war because of the promise that after that bloody sacrifice the world would be made safe for democracy, that militarism would be dethroned forever, that the common folk of Europe would be safe in their homes, with a better chance of reward for their labor, with brighter and cleaner lives, with justice and liberty and peace as their payment for their war work. Those things did not happen. They have not happened yet. There is less reward for labor in Europe—no chance of labor, even, for millions of men in many countries—and less safety for the common folk, and no kind of justice or liberty or peace between nation and nation, but a rising tide of hatred, new causes of quarrel, preparations for another and different kind of war. The leaders of the world have failed. The peoples of Europe have failed. Cynicism and fatalism have replaced the generous emotion that uplifted many hearts for just a little while after peace. Now they are back again on the basis of force. Might is right between nation and nation, as in the old days of the robber barons, and worse than in those days, because the barons, on the whole, were not bad fellows and had a certain kind of chivalry. Is it any wonder that there is a disease of the soul in Europe—the creeping paralysis of despair?

Statesmen Behind the Times

Somehow or other education has failed. What was the use of all those schools and colleges, all those pleasant novels and pretty poems, all the newspapers with their quick cheap news, if the end of it all is to be—Armageddon and poison gas?

What was the cause of that failure of education in the enlightened age? It was, I think, the evil spirit of Nietzsche with his gospel of force which invaded German philosophy, and the complete indifference, or rather the absolute antagonism, of the military and aristocratic castes in all European countries to the liberal ideals of the common folk.

Teachers and preachers in most of these nations had not advanced with the spirit of the age. They were in England, as well as in France, the supporters of militarism, jingoes of the most advanced type and recruiting agents for the army and navy.

Their motives were admirable, their patriotism high-minded, but their education, mostly classical and unscientific, did not enable them to see that the industrial system established in Europe was dependent on peace, and that the advancement of science had been so rapid that a war between highly civilized nations would be utterly different from the old style of warfare, in which professional armies had the field to themselves, and, whatever the fortune of war, did not affect very much the life of their people.

Spiritually the rulers of Europe, their system of education and their influence on youth of the well-to-do classes were not in pace with the advance of science or with the liberal thought of all those reformers, idealists and peaceful citizens who believed the world had finished with the barbarism of international conflict except in outlying regions beyond the pale of civilization. In France, in Germany, in Russia, even in England, the old régime, the traditionalists, the military caste, were less educated in the spiritual values of life than the writers of books and their average readers, and hopelessly out of touch with the spirit of tolerance which had permeated the common thought of civilized peoples. Education failed because its most advanced teaching had failed to enter the minds of the rulers, their statesmen, their castes and their military academies. They were thinking in terms of the eighteenth century instead of the twentieth.

Indeed, it is true to say that mankind as a whole had not caught up morally or spiritually with the scientific discoveries of their age. Nor have they done so yet. In the old days knowledge progressed so slowly that men were able to adapt themselves to its revelations. Their moral nature advanced with their control of natural forces. They remained masters of the instruments invented for their use. Their minds were superior to their machines. But see what has happened during the past hundred years, even during the past twenty years. Scientists suddenly broke through to knowledge which had been veiled from mankind through all the ages. In less than a hundred years they have discovered the knowledge of forces which were unknown, or but dimly apprehended, for two thousand years before. They created engines which revolutionized all the age-long habits of mankind and altered the natural conditions of life as it had been lived since the beginning of history. These engines, increasing in power, in speed, in intricacy of action, so that many of them seem not only human but superhuman, have put a responsibility upon the moral character of men to which they are not yet equal.

Men are not the masters of machines. Machinery is becoming the master of men. At least it is exactly true to say that men have made no laws, have not risen to any new spiritual codes which control the use of those mighty engines which they have created.

It is the great betrayal of science. For science, and all knowledge, should be adapted to the use of men and should be used for the attainment of spiritual power in humanity and surely not to destroy mankind. Yet to that we have come. Science is now the instrument of slaughter. The machines it has invented are a menace to the very life of their creators.

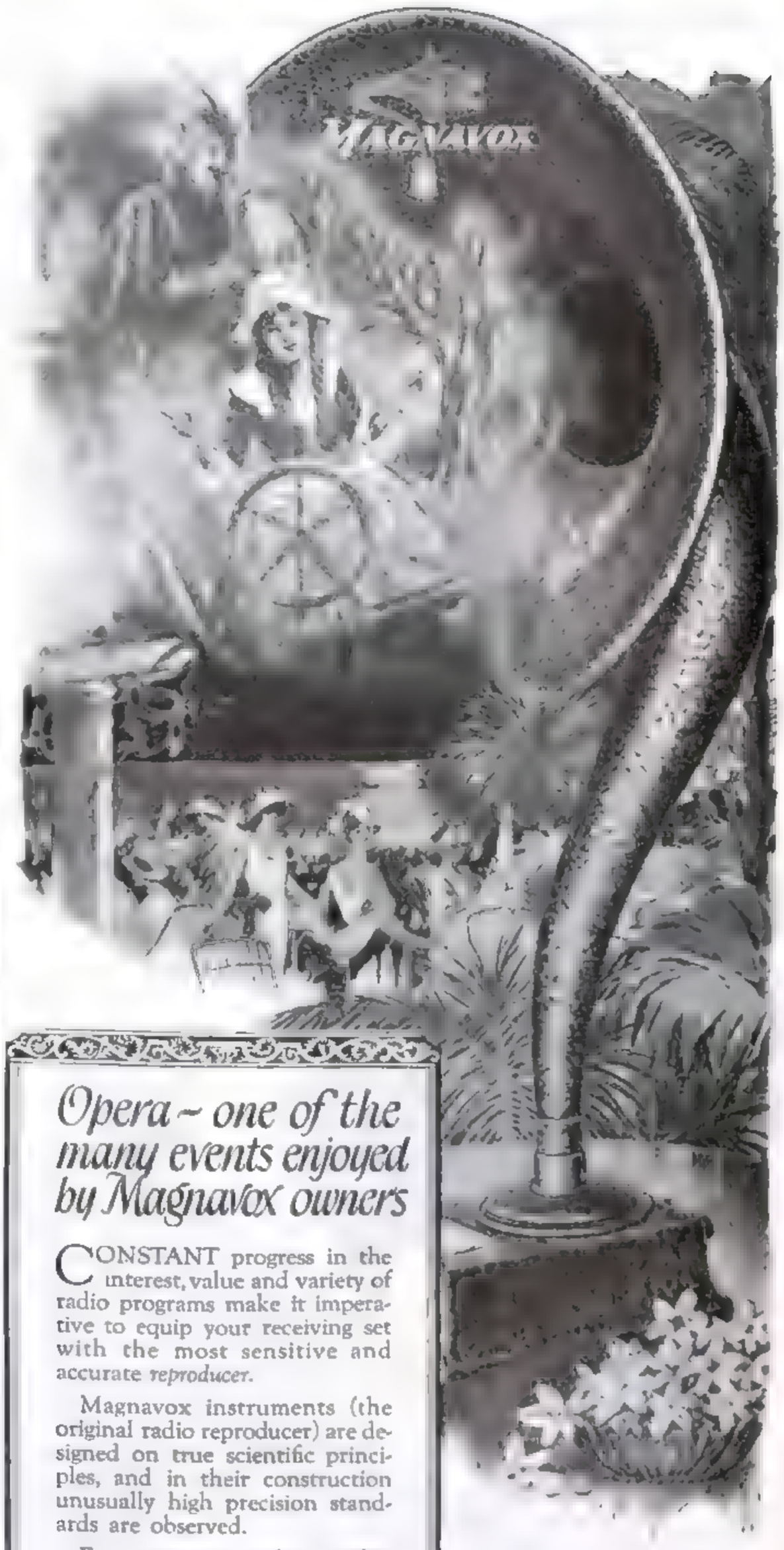
In the last war human courage, the noblest qualities of character, physical strength and beauty were of no avail against mechanical force. What was the splendor of youth when some piglike lout forty miles away might pull a string and by liberating the force of a great gun send a high-explosive shell to make a shambles in a crowded trench or in a billet behind the lines where heroes slept? What were the valor of soul, the dream of a poet, the vision of a great reformer, when some engine away in a muddy field could belch out death and destroy blindly the noblest of mankind? What is the value of human life itself, of its training towards civilized ideals, its care of youth, its moral education, when thousands of men, the picked splendor of their race, may be swept down in an hour or less, torn to bits of blood and flesh, maimed, blinded or maddened, by a tornado of fire from massed guns, as I have seen? Surely when it has come to that, mankind is not the master of machinery, but is at its mercy, which is merciless.

A Betrayal of Knowledge

And it has come to worse than that. For since the last war guns have a longer range, a greater power of destruction, and bombs dropped from aëroplanes will destroy in greater masses not only the armed forces of a nation but its women and children in crowded cities.

For thousands of years men of imagination, watching birds fly, dreamed of man's conquest of flight. That would be the most wonderful achievement, the most beautiful, the highest reach of man, with all his other attributes, to Godhead. In less than twenty years after all those thousands the wonder has been achieved. Man flies, more strongly and surely than the birds. He has flown above the clouds in the light of the sun. His speed of wing is miraculous. More wonderful than in the old tales of enchantment, he can have breakfast in London, luncheon in Paris, and be home again for supper. Over cities and woods and fields his aëroplane flies faster than the eagle, like Mercury, the messenger of the immortal gods. And that gift to man from science has been grabbed for destruction, for the murder of babes in their beds, for dropping down death on darkened cities. What an outrage against God! What a betrayal of knowledge! What a surrender of man's moral nature to devilish powers!

These powers are uncontrolled by civilizations. There is no law for their limitation



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or use. They are getting out of hand and are a direct threat to mankind. The old vicious system of competition in armaments is taking place with aëroplanes. France has twenty-five hundred. Because of that, Great Britain, almost defenseless in the air, has voted credits for new aircraft. Russia is buying aëroplanes from British manufacturers and Germans. Germany is hastening up with civil aviation, destined for war purposes. As soon as the next war is declared the wretched peoples of these nations will find themselves defenseless against their own destruction, although they are able to destroy others. For one lesson of the last war was this: One cannot guard the passes of the air against hostile craft.

There must be an international law for the abolition of aërial bombing, or the greatest cities in Europe will be laid low by this evil use of the greatest scientific achievement of mankind. Those very words were used to me, a day before I have written them down, by the most famous manufacturer of weight-carrying planes in England. He said: "Though it would mean my ruin, I would vote for any international compact to abolish all aëroplanes for military purposes, and I would go willingly to the workhouse if I thought that public opinion had destroyed my own inventions for bomb carrying and bomb dropping."

I believe the scientists of the world would be willing to make a compact for the control of the powers they have created. If not, I believe civilized mankind itself must arise and destroy the unlimited use of those powers before it is itself destroyed. Science applied to destruction is a new diabolism, worse than the old black magic of the past, more devilish, more blasphemous and more damnable, because it is not based on the dark superstitions of ignorant souls but upon knowledge almost divine in its intelligence.

Christianity has failed because of the infidelity of Christians. Education has failed because of its low standards of moral values and its allegiance to old catchwords and outworn ideas. Science has been betrayed by the scientists. And now democracy itself has broken down.

Failures of Democracy

It is the fashion to sneer at democracy, even to abuse it, and in many countries to abolish it. In many nations of Europe one sees a reaction to autocratic forms of government, either by monarchy or dictatorship. Parliamentary forms of government are thrust on one side or utterly overthrown, though they were fought for as the one precious safeguard of liberty through centuries of history. Mussolini is now the hero of the reactionary mind, not only in Europe but in the United States of America, where the Ku-Klux Klan is another name for Fascism.

Democracy certainly failed. It failed to defend itself against the propaganda of hate and national egotism which was pumped into its brain and heart. It failed to live up to its own ideals and interests when, in Russia, it allied itself with a new form of tyranny; in Germany, to the arrogance of a brutal militarism; and now, in France, to the gospel of Poincaré. It is no wonder that democracy is almost a term of abuse and ridicule, for the democrat hauled down his colors and made a pitiful surrender of his soul. But I am one of those who still believe in the spirit of democracy, in the government of the people by the people. It is true that democracy has not so far shown itself more tolerant than autocracy, less inclined to go to war than when it was under the heel of military despotism, more intelligent in world affairs than the old autocratic diplomacy. The French people supported Poincaré in his most rigid measures, the Italian people supported Mussolini in his adventure at Corfu, everywhere the people are easily inflamed to fever by appeals to national pride—of the 100 per cent variety—and patriotic egotism.

The Only Path to Peace

Nevertheless, it is only by an enlightened democracy that the world can have peace, only by the morality and the power of democracy itself, raised to higher standards of fair play, and nobler visions of human brotherhood, saner views on the common interests of nations, that humanity can make a move forward to a better civilization. We are not going to move forward under the leadership of Signor Mussolini or at the bidding of Monsieur Poincaré. We are going to move backward into tribal conflict again. We are not going to move forward by the intolerance of autocratic government or by the revival of militarism. Unless the peoples of Europe regain the liberties of parliamentary government, control of the political machine, freedom of speech and thought, and, above all, the old idealism which animated the liberal thought of all their leaders in the past, democracy will find itself enslaved, and civilization will hardly escape all the perils I have named.

As it stands now, bewildered, crippled, demoralized and disillusioned, swinging back fast to reactionary ideas, democracy is not equal to its task or its destiny. It must be inspired by a new philosophy of life, beginning with tolerance of other peoples, rising to a spiritual plane of thought in which men shall master the tyranny of mechanism, dedicate science to life and not to death, and reëstablish moral law in their own souls, not for national unity alone but for human service.

Democracy, the common will of common folk, believing in peace, desiring a better standard of life, ready for conciliation, loyal to fair play, not quick to quarrel, with Christian ethics, holding fast to a high code of honor, loving beauty and charity and human kindness, killing the brute in man, and looking into the light of knowledge, can save civilization from that downfall which is threatened. I see no other way in which civilization can be saved, and no other way of escape from the danger of Europe which is creeping close.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth and last of a series of articles by Sir Philip Gibbs. The views of Sir Philip Gibbs should not be confused with the opinions of the editors, which appear from week to week on our editorial page, but we believe that they do reflect the ideas of an important group of Englishmen.

RUIN

(Continued from Page 25)

wife had just told him what had happened, and declared his regret. He suggested that, of course, Creig had a copy, and Creig shook his head.

"I didn't have any carbon paper about," he explained. "And it's a nuisance to work with it anyway. You have to change two copies when you revise." He spoke carefully, finding a certain calming effect in the commonplace words. Creig wished to be very calm. By and by he told them that after all it was of small account. "Maddelin didn't want it," he explained. "And I wrote it to fit her. There was no one else who could have done the part." He had a secret amusement at the sound of his own careless voice.

Then Lois and Carolyn Ridgely came up the steep walk from the boathouse, and Gregor dropped down the steps to meet them, and old Gavin made them welcome. Creig was slow to rise. He could not wholly trust his legs, so profoundly was he shaken; but when they had come up the steps he left his chair to greet them. Carolyn, he saw with a swift glance, had never been so gravely beautiful; she was serene as eternity, and he had a momentary satisfaction in the certainty that Maddelin would never see that poise shaken. Then he heard Gregor telling Lois that the play was burned, and the girl swung to him with quick and generous sympathy, her eyes for an instant moist with tears. He laughed reassuringly and told her it was nothing.

"It was everything!" she cried. "You'd worked so. I don't see how you could be so careless. But there, you must feel worse than any of us." He met her eyes and smiled a little, but did not reply. She seemed to guess at something unsaid, in his glance, and she asked eagerly, "What is it?"

He shook his head, answered lightly, "Tell you by and by."

He saw that young Gregor had marked this interchange with a jealous eye, and was amused. The faint suggestion of a mutual secret thus created held him and Lois together during the light talk that followed; and when Gavin went to mix cocktails, and they all followed him into the big

(Continued on Page 76)

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(Continued from Page 74)

hall where a fire had been kindled, Lois kept near Creig's side. Maddelin came downstairs almost at once, and this in itself was so unusual a circumstance that they marked it as surprising and joked her about it. Only Creig understood that she had come so that she might be at hand to see the first encounter between her husband and Carolyn, and he smiled with grim amusement. Maddelin expressed her regret over the destruction of the play.

"Mother's rowing terribly about the table and the rug," she confessed. "But I know how you're feeling, old dear. I'm mighty sorry." She saw his smile and added, "Honestly!"

"I feel sure of it," he told her; and her eyes danced as she confessed, "But of course I'm glad such a damaging document is out of the way."

He could imagine that her eyes must have danced just so in the moment when she held a lighted match to one of the loose pages.

"I feel sure of that too," he replied.

Then Doctor Paugh came downstairs, and she heard his step and swung and saw him and ran to meet him at the stair foot, thrust her arm through his and turned to face them all. The two sisters were standing beyond the mantel, and she led her husband toward them, watching Carolyn's countenance. Creig also watched; and he saw that Carolyn was as still and cool as she always was, that Paugh showed only the courteous interest that might have been expected during the introduction that followed.

The four stood together for a moment, talking with some animation; then Paugh, in a matter-of-fact way, directed his attention to the elder sister, and Gregor joined them, absorbing Lois.

Maddelin stood intently by for a moment, watching her husband and the girl; then turned toward Creig with a faint frown in her eyes and came across to him and asked with lifted brows, "Well?"

"Fell flat, didn't it?" Creig murmured.

"You really think they knew each other?"

"I know they did."

"Then why didn't they show it? They knew!" Creig had fresh cause to wonder at the quickness of her perceptions. "They knew they were going to see each other here." She flung a challenge in his face. "Did you tell them?"

"They must have known—must have been in correspondence," he suggested. "I expect that was the way of it."

"I don't believe she would write to him," Maddelin confessed honestly. "She'd take a grim pleasure in punishing herself so, instead of grabbing what happiness she could." She became, with one of the quick changes characteristic of her, impatient with all the world. "Why do people love to hurt themselves?" she demanded. "Goodness knows, happiness is hard enough to come by. Why don't they catch it while they can?"

"It's just possible," he suggested sardonically, "that there would be no happiness for them without marriage."

She swung again to laughter.

"Well, I won't let her have that much of him." Her brows wrinkled faintly. "I remember, though, he did suggest once that I divorce him. I told him I wouldn't think of it. I need a husband now and then."

"He might, just possibly, free himself," Creig suggested maliciously.

She made a face at him

"You don't know Davie. He's not the man to traduce his lawful wedded wife."

A maidservant brought the cocktail tray and passed it among them. Maddelin drifted toward her husband again; and Paugh, with a glance toward the mantel, said amiably, "I see you still cling to the household gods."

She followed his eyes toward the picture hanging there.

"You mean that? Oh, yes." To Carolyn she explained, "I never told you, did I? That horrible crayon enlargement of me at the age of four. Mother has always insisted it represented our luck, because the man who did it—oh, he was a man of many abilities—read her palm and advised her to put me on the stage. I believe he warned her to keep the portrait always in sight too. So it hangs over the mantel wherever we go."

Carolyn said quietly, "There are so many of them tucked away in our attics, aren't there? I wonder how many thousands of crayon men there were twenty years or so ago."

Young Gregor volunteered the information that his mother had one representing himself at two years old.

Lois cried, "There's one at home of me with my arms around Carolyn's neck."

Maddelin said to her husband, in laughing accusation, "I expect there's a skeleton in your closet too, Davie."

"If there is, it's because I never happened upon it," he replied. "I've always had a desire to destroy that one of yours. The very sight of the things makes me want to slash and cut and burn."

Mrs. Gavin came to the defense of her treasure.

"Well, now I think they're pretty," she protested. "And I like having a souvenir of my baby where I can always see it. Maddelin was unusually pretty, even as a baby, you see."

"You seem to suggest that I've never outgrown it, mother dear," Maddelin said maliciously.

And Mrs. Gavin tossed her head and retorted, "You're not half so pretty as you were ten years ago."

There was such palpable truth in this that it faintly chilled them all, and it was a relief when dinner was announced.

As they sat down, Mrs. Gavin said apologetically, "I prefer to use doilies on the table in summer; but, with that terrible burn, of course we had to have a cloth."

Maddelin laughed across the table at Creig.

"You see, my dear, your play was a mistake from beginning to end."

He had to join in the smile this provoked; and his bitterness against her, never more than slumbering, reawoke. Paugh had been in his room, had not heard of the catastrophe; and Mrs. Gavin related it to him. Controversy arose as to the cause of the fire. Mrs. Gavin insisted that Creig had laid a cigarette butt on the manuscript and that the pages had caught from this.

Creig asked argumentatively, "How can you be so sure of that, Mrs. Gavin?"

"You're always smoking a cigarette," she retorted. "And when you poured a drink you had to lay it somewhere. And you wouldn't dare lay it on my bare table. Besides, how else could the fire have started?"

"Ah, that's true," Creig agreed. "How, indeed?"

He was watching Maddelin, detected no shade of guilt in her bearing. She was, after all, a good actress.

"There was no fire on the hearth," Mrs. Gavin reminded them.

Paugh suggested that he did not believe a cigarette butt would set paper on fire. Gregor set him right on that point.

"I dropped a butt in a wastebasket once," he explained. "So I know it can be done if the conditions are right."

"And forest fires start from them," Lois cried. She had taken two cocktails because Carolyn disapproved of her taking any. Their traces were bright in her cheeks, and her voice was higher than it need have been.

"I think it would need very special conditions," Paugh insisted; "a little draft or a particularly inflammable paper."

"It's astonishing how a fire will start when you don't want it to," someone commented carelessly, and the talk drifted on.

They spoke again of the thefts recently perpetrated among the islands and in the surrounding summer places. Paugh had brought later papers with him, and the story grew. The headline writers had already christened the mysterious burglar Raffles. The word is no shorter than "burglar," but it looks better in a headline.

The tally of his plunder was lengthening; and Lois commented gayly, "Mercy! Give the man another day or two and he'll be a millionaire."

Gregor, who was a newspaper man by training, had read the papers with a proper discount.

"As a matter of fact," he reminded them, "all we actually know is that a few rings and a bracelet have disappeared here and there. The rest is all rumor and report. Chances are somebody's maid has been pilfering."

"But they say the man uses a fast power boat," Lois insisted argumentatively.

"They say one has been heard," Gregor corrected. "Well, you can hear one in these waters any day."

Maddelin caught his eye across the table.

"Wouldn't it be good press stuff if this fine gentleman should visit me?" The young man nodded. "Should I let him take what he wants?" she asked naïvely. "Or shoot him, or capture him, or what? What would make the best story?"

"Oh, capture him by all means," he advised. They all laughed at the joke.

But Mr. Gavin said, "She's done it before, you know. A man got into her room in a hotel in Chicago once, and she held him with a gun and rang for help. I think he's in the penitentiary now."

Gregor looked quickly at Maddelin, smiled in admiration.

"I didn't see it in the papers."

"I didn't have a good press agent then," she confessed ruefully. "He only got me a dozen lines or so."

"Do it again and I'll get you a dozen columns a day for a week," he promised.

Creig had taken no part in this conversation. Their careless comments on the destruction of his manuscript had left him bitterly angry, so that he slumped a little in his chair and with downcast eyes brooded over his plate. He was more and more convinced that Maddelin, afraid he would produce the play in spite of her, had taken advantage of his carelessness in leaving it behind; and his hatred of her grew. The contrast between the richness and profusion of the dinner service and of his surroundings at this board with his own circumstances added to his bitterness. If she had been fair, he would be financially at ease by this time. He studied her between half-closed lids. She was dressed with care this evening. Her gown alone, he thought, must have cost four or five hundred dollars.

"As much more underneath the gown," he computed. "The buckles on her shoes would add about as much again." He considered the rings she wore, the little spray of gems in her hair, the necklace at her throat. "Thirty thousand as she stands," he thought grimly. "Thirty thousand dollars she's wearing around." And his aching anger grew.

When their talk had drifted to the matter of the burglaries about the bay, his thoughts followed them. He sneered at Maddelin's proposal to capture the possible marauder. Hoped vaguely that the chap would come along and strip her of everything in the house that was movable.

"He could do it without half trying," he assured himself. "No trick at all, the way things are left around here."

He remembered that her gems were not even locked in the safe, but hidden in her rooms, and his lips curled to think how easily the theft could be accomplished. He played with the thought of doing it himself—doing it for a joke, of course. He could come over in the canoe, or swim across the gut between the islands, and creep into the house—leave a window unlocked, perhaps, when he went home—and make his way to her room. He imagined the process, chose his route, planned his maneuvers. There would be a moon tonight; he would not even need a flashlight to see his way about. He felt sure he could find what he sought without disturbing her, since it would no doubt be in her boudoir, apart from the small, many-windowed room in which she slept. And how he could laugh at their perplexities next morning; and what a colossal jest it would be to return the loot as mysteriously as it had disappeared! He might keep it a few days just to torment her. He was willing to torment Maddelin; yes, willing to go farther—willing she should suffer as he had suffered. She had laughed at his play. Well, he could laugh at her distress over her losses till he should be ready to confess the jest he had played.

But they might not believe it had been a jest. There was even a chance that he might be detected, caught in the house, in her room. That would take some explaining. He thought of leaving a note in his camp, to say that his expedition was a joke; but that would lack credibility if he were caught. He considered leaving a letter in the place of the loot he should remove; but he might be detected before he could lay fingers on the gems. A dozen alternatives occurred to him; he discarded them all, becoming more and more intent on his own thoughts, more and more absorbed in his idea.

A burst of shrill laughter from Lois startled him out of his abstraction, and he looked across the table at the young girl, where she sat between Gregor and Paugh. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were suffused. A reckless young person, Creig reminded himself; ready for anything that was forbidden. While he watched her, the perfecting detail was added to his plan.

He decided to enlist Lois in the expedition. He felt sure the joke of it would

(Continued on Page 79)

Radio fan broadcasts a Valspar message—

One day when Robert H. Fawcett of Mount Hermon, Mass., was experimenting on his radio set, he upset the storage battery. The biting acid spilled all over the rug and on the varnished table-shelf and floor.

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Tartar germs live on the enamel of your teeth. They fasten tightly to the tiny crevices in enamel, then build shelters of a hard substance called tartar. Next they begin to eat, and their food is tooth enamel. When tartar has eaten through the enamel of a tooth, that tooth soon decays.

Brush downward over the upper teeth and gums. This massages the gums and sweeps away food debris and germs. For the lower teeth and gums, brush upward.

The large end tuft reaches and cleans the backs of back teeth. The serrated bristles clean crevices between the teeth at the same time that the large end tuft cleans molars clear to the gum line.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic is curved to fit. It reaches all teeth and the crevices between them. The large end tuft, like a separate brush, cleans the backs of teeth

Tartar endangers enamel

YOU can't keep germs from getting into your mouth, but you can keep tartar from forming. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, because of its special construction, sweeps tartar-forming germs off all parts of your teeth. The bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic are set in a curve that enables them to reach and clean every one of your teeth. The wide-spaced, saw-tooth-pointed bristle tufts reach between the crevices of your teeth and drive out germs before they form destructive tartar.

The large end tuft

To make it easier for you to keep tartar from forming upon your teeth, the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush has a large end tuft, like a separate brush, that reaches and cleans the backs of teeth, and especially the backs of the back teeth.

Back teeth, molars, are important. When molars are decayed, food may be improperly chewed. That causes indigestion and even more serious trouble. When molars are lost, through decay, the whole shape and contour of the face may be changed. Yet, though molars are highly important, their out-of-the-way position keeps them from being cleansed by the natural action of the lips and tongue. This hard-to-get-at position makes it important that your tooth brush be constructed so that you can give molars the cleansing they need. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does clean the back teeth, and does it easily.

Use your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush often, three or four times a day, as shown in the photographs above.

Brush well. Scrub—and always brush the gums thoroughly, as well as the teeth. Be sure that the facsimile name Prophylactic is on the handle of your tooth brush, for the Pro-phy-lac-tic does get your teeth clean. And remember, A Clean Tooth Never Decays. Keep your teeth well brushed.

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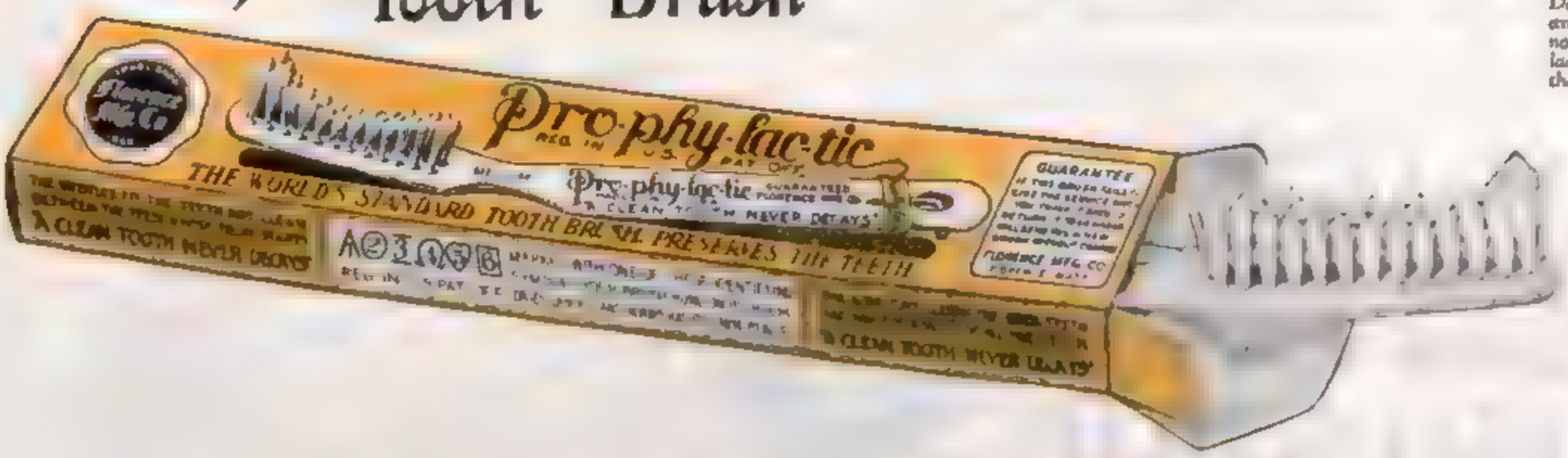

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(Continued from Page 76)

appeal to her; was equally sure that her complicity would protect himself from any danger. If they succeeded, they could laugh at the others together. If they failed, the suspicion that might have attached to a solitary attempt on his part would never be likely to fall on them both together. When Maddelin gave the signal to rise, he had already planned the persuasions that should win Lois as an ally.

VIII

WHILE they dined the wind had risen. The dining room was in that end of the house most sheltered; but even there, during the momentary lulls of the conversation, they had been able to hear the dull pounding of the surf against the rocks clear across the island. The wind was southwesterly and brought no threat of storm; but there was a playful ferocity about it, and it increased in intensity as the tide approached the flood. The living room, toward which they all tended when Maddelin gave the signal to rise, was in the southwestern end of the house; and the pressure of the gusts against the exposed windows seemed to communicate itself to the atmosphere inside of the room, so that when the wind blew most strongly the air inside seemed heavy and oppressed. In a momentary lull, Maddelin bade Paugh open one of the French windows; but when he did so the wind swept in so searchingly that it had to be shut again. The great fire on the hearth puffed and wavered in the eccentric draft. Through one window, even though the room was brightly lighted, Creig saw the far silver sparkle of the moon path across the turbulent water.

He was waiting for an opportunity to draw Lois apart from the others, to have her to himself for a little while; but she was just now between Paugh and Gregor, and she was very full of gay laughter and animated talk, so that the two men watched her as intently as they listened, enjoying the play of mirth across her features, made for laughing. Paugh now and then spoke to her in a low tone, provoking her afresh; but Creig saw that young Gregor was content to listen and to watch, and the playwright wondered if Gregor were not falling in love with her. He thought it probable. She was such a girl as appeals to men. She was pretty; her bobbed hair gave her head a saucy contour; her laughing mouth and too heavy chin added instead of detracting from the impression that she made.

Creig wondered whether she would be attracted to Gregor as he was to her, and he thought it unlikely. Gregor was inclined to be quiet; he was faintly diffident perhaps. In these surroundings he kept much in the background, as though he felt his position had something of inferiority about it; and Creig, recognizing this sentiment, curled his lip in amusement. Gregor was a boy. Lois might play with boys, but she would also dominate them. She had played with him, with Creig, this summer; he recognized the fact. But he assured himself that he could dominate her when he chose. She had, he knew, a faint awe of his abilities; and there was a loyalty in her which had made her sympathize with him as against Maddelin.

Planning what he meant to do, he thought now that he might play upon this feeling; might make it at least serve to give them the few minutes alone together which were necessary to his project.

But in this respect his schemes were proved unnecessary, for Lois herself at length proposed that he and she go outside. Maddelin had called Paugh to her side; Mrs. Gavin summoned Gregor to perform some minor service; and Lois, left momentarily to herself, turned to Creig. She crossed the room toward him and he waited where he stood, smiling a little. When she came to him, her fingers clutched his sleeve and clung there and she laughed up at him and whispered, "Take me outside, won't you? Carolyn's watching me, and I'm so dizzy. If she guessed, she'd never get over lecturing me."

Creig nodded and smiled his assent.

"Come along," he told her, and she dropped her arm on his. "We're going out and take a look at the waves, down on the point," he explained to the others.

Gregor's eyes followed them, as though he would himself have followed if he might; but Mrs. Gavin spoke to him.

"Bring another chair, please, Mr. Gregor." She was arranging a table of bridge; and he was forced to serve, forced to stand by and see Lois borne away.

Lois and Creig paused for a moment on the wide veranda, sheltered from the wind.

Then he said, "Not too cold to walk down to the mole, is it?"

She shook her head vehemently, her short hair flying.

"The wind's warm," she told him. "I love it. Besides, I need the air. D'you think Carolyn could tell I was a little nipped?"

"You seemed unusually charming," he confessed, and she made a face at him as they descended the broad steps together.

A path led to the right past the corner of the house and down the hill. The mole was a stone platform built out into the water at the southern angle of the island. It stood some twenty feet above high tide, but when storms piled the sea in from the southward solid green water sometimes swept over it. The wind tonight had built no such breakers as that; and, though spray now and then swept the place, they were able to find shelter near its shoreward end at a point where they could see abroad across the silvery waters. Occasional banks of hurrying white clouds obscured the moon; the wind had a steady and relentless thrash about it; the sea sang to them, and Lois lifted her arms in pleasure and cried out something like a song of her own in answer. Creig watched her with appreciation; he thought abstractedly that she might do well on the stage. She had a capacity for abandon, he believed; and she had that radiating charm which projects a personality across the footlights.

For a few minutes after they came to the mole Creig was content to listen to her, and to watch her, waiting for a conversational turn which might lead naturally to the project he meant to broach; but no such opportunity offered, and he became nervous for fear some of the others should come down the hill and join them.

In the end he fairly interrupted her—said abruptly—"Say, Lois, you know, I've had a hunch—a chance to have some fun."

He knew her well enough to be sure this opening would catch her interest. She was full of that hungry youth which is eternally desirous of a thrill, full of that restless eagerness for life which, restrained in other generations, in the newest has been loosed from every bound. She turned to him at once, eyes alert, a question on her lips.

"I had the hunch tonight," he explained, "when they were talking about this romantic burglar gentleman who is busy around the bay."

"You think we might catch him?" she cried.

He shook his head.

"It takes professionals to catch professionals," he assured her scornfully; added, "That's why it amused me to hear Maddelin talking about what she would do if he came this way." He laughed apologetically. "I suppose I'm feeling sore at Maddelin tonight."

"I should think you would," she agreed, and touched his hand comfortingly.

"Well, anyway," he continued, "I thought it would be good fun to come back over here after they've all turned in and sneak in and get away with something, just to have the laugh on them tomorrow morning."

She exclaimed in delight.

"Wonderful! I think that would be thrilling. Can I come with you?"

He was almost ashamed of his so-easy victory.

"I thought you might want to," he confessed.

"I'd love it," she declared. Her eyes clouded thoughtfully. "But we'd have to get into the house. How would you do that?"

"Easily," he told her. "We'll go back to the house by and by, and watch our chance and just slip into the library, one of us, and unlatch the window there. They won't notice. Then we can come back any time and climb right in."

"I'll do that," she offered. "I love being a conspirator." She could no longer sit still, rose and stood before him and looked down at him with dancing eyes. "Now what shall we steal? What shall we burglarize?"

"Oh, anything," he replied, "just to prove we can. Something that's not valuable. Something that will be a joke. Something they'll miss the first thing in the morning."

"That horrible crayon portrait!" she cried, and he instantly applauded.

"I've been trying to think," he confessed. "That's exactly the thing. Mrs. Gavin will be so indignant, and so full of dignity and so puffy and outraged. I'll tell you, we'll take it out and hang it down by the boathouse somewhere."

"No, no!" She leaned toward him. "I've a better idea than that. We'll take it home and keep it, and then Dick can put a story in the papers that this burglar has stolen it. Won't that be gorgeous? He can suggest that the man is really an old flame of Maddelin's; that he used to be wild about her, or that he knew her as a baby or something. Oh, I think that's a peach of an idea!"

Creig said he thought so too. He had caught some of her enthusiasm; the whole plan now seemed to him only an excellent practical joke. Lois evidently had not considered the possibility of detection, and he did not suggest it to her. After all, if they were discovered, her presence would make the enterprise just what it seemed—a joke and nothing more. It was for this reason, he reminded himself, he had enlisted her. He thought of proposing to her now that while they were in the house they might slip upstairs and lay hands on something of more value; but he was afraid of alarming her. It would be better to wait till she was committed, wait till they were actually in the house before suggesting it. Or he might leave her, slip away alone.

His thoughts fastened on this possibility and he became abstracted, till she asked, "What's the matter? What are you thinking about?"

"Thinking what a laugh we'll get in the morning. Keep it to ourselves, of course. You sure you can keep a straight face?"

"Oh, I'm a wonderful little liar," she assured him laughingly.

They were summoned back to the house at last by Gregor. His footsteps on the path gave them warning, and Creig whispered quickly, "I'll meet you at your landing stage at half past twelve. You can slip out, can't you?"

She assented with a confirmatory squeeze of his hand; then they turned to face Gregor, who said Carolyn was ready to go home, and the three went back up the hill together. Carolyn was at the bridge table with Paugh as her partner, against Maddelin and her father, and they stood by while the rubber was finished. When attention was centered on the final game, Lois touched Creig's hand, met his eye with a look of amused intelligence and departed toward the hall. He moved a little to one side so that through the open door he was able to see her enter the library. When she came out and saw him watching she nodded in reassurance, and he felt a sudden leap of exultation in the knowledge that a beginning had been made.

Then Carolyn rose, the rubber being finished, and the two sisters said good night. Gregor went with them to row them home across the narrows, where the wind had thrashed the water into disorder. Creig stayed behind, and he and Maddelin paired up for a final rubber. More than once his partner protested at his plays. Creig was usually a sound player; but this night he could not fix his attention on the cards. An intoxicating and triumphant excitement beat in his veins.

Sometime after Gregor returned he took his departure, and he went down the hill toward the boathouse on swift feet. His thoughts were disordered and a fierce impatience made him tremble. The hot and searching wind that blew across the island seemed cool to his hot brow.

It was as he dropped down the incline to the landing stage that he remembered for the first time the bottle of chloroform in Doctor Paugh's bag.

IX

CREIG'S mental processes, in the hours since Maddelin had so ruthlessly swept into discard the fruit of his months of work, had been disorderly and tempestuous. He had been swept by gusts of anger, by tremors of dread and fear, by malice and self-pity and selfish greed; his emotions had tortured and tormented him, giving him no rest or peace. Outwardly sufficiently composed, his relatively calm exterior had covered a jumble of the wildest projects and plans, formless and disarranged. From coveting the attributes of luxury with which Maddelin surrounded herself, he had progressed to thinking how easily a man might possess himself of them; had immediately seen the dangers in such a course; had then perceived the possibility of enlisting Lois to serve as an anchor to windward in case need should arise. But even when Lois agreed to share the adventure with him he

(Continued on Page 81)

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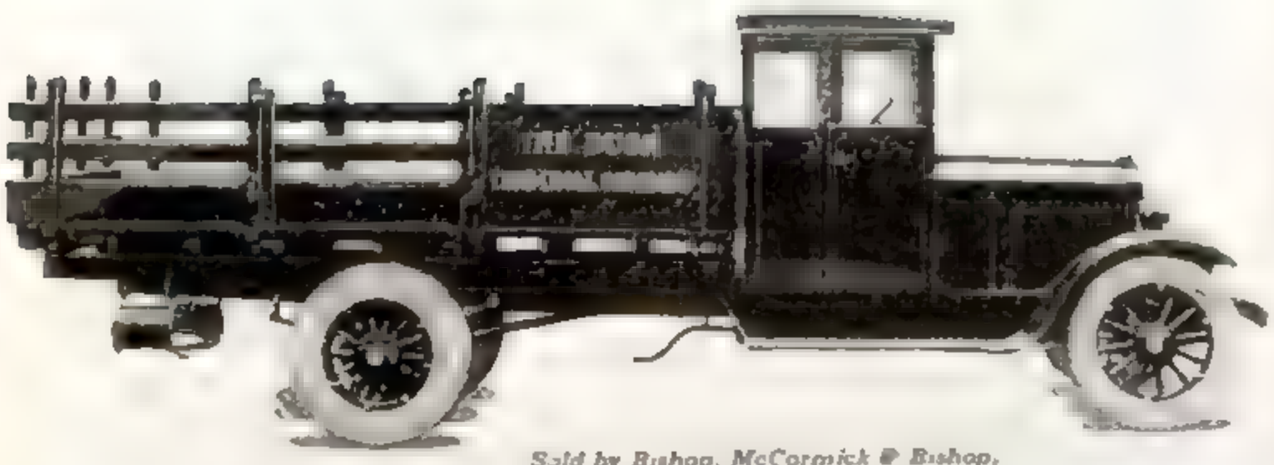

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(Continued from Page 79)

had not fixed and formed the schedule of what he meant to do. He still played with the idea of stealing something of Maddelin's—as a joke. The idea that he might take and keep and hold, divert to his own uses, had not yet attained the stature of an intention. For, after all, Maddelin was, as she had said, a light sleeper; and she would use a weapon if she chose.

The sudden recollection of the bottle of chloroform which he had seen in Doctor Paugh's bag had upon his plans the effect of a precipitate. His murky and perturbed thoughts were miraculously cleared; his doubts and fears and uncertainties disappeared and left only a clear and unmistakable intent. He knew instantly what he meant to do. A single uncertainty intruded itself; Lois, his accomplice, might prove weak when the issue was revealed. He disposed of this consideration instantly. She would serve him well in case of disaster; in case of success she would be as deeply mired as he, and must keep silent. His vacillations vanished; he moved during the succeeding hour or two with a certainty and precision born of exact knowledge and determination.

The wind had by this time reached its highest pitch and the waters of the gut between Old Hump and Grindstone were tossed and disturbed; but Creig, sliding the light dory off the stage into the water, regarded not at all the difficulty of the passage. He took his seat and the oars and automatically shaped his course for the Ridgely landing. His thoughts were busy with other matters—with the fact that Doctor Paugh's bag would be in his dressing room, Paugh himself on the sleeping porch outside with, no doubt, a closed door between; with the fact that Maddelin locked her door; that Monica, her maid, undoubtedly locked the door of her communicating room; with the comfortable consideration that a wide ledge ran under the windows on the northwest side of the house and gave easy access from the windows of the upper hall to those of Maddelin's bedroom; with the fact that, since neither mosquitoes nor flies infested the island, the windows were unscreened. It would have been impossible, he told himself exultantly, to devise an arrangement more convenient for his purposes. He nodded to himself in the darkness and the night, assured and complacent.

Then the bow of the dory—so heedless had he been of his progress—bumped against the landing stage, and Lois called softly from above him, "For mercy's sake, don't be so noisy!"

He laughed under his breath, landed and drew the light craft out of harm's way, making it fast to a mooring on the lee side with a long painter, to keep it from bumping.

Lois came down the steps to join him. The moon was obscured, but there was light enough so that he could see her dancing eyes.

"Did they find out the window was unlocked?" she whispered eagerly.

"I didn't wait to see," he told her calmly. He was quite sure of himself now. "We can get in."

"We don't want to go too early."

"Carolyn won't find out you're gone, will she?"

"She sleeps like the dead," Lois assured him, "and her room is clear across the house from mine. She hates the morning sun, and I like it, you know."

"You'd better go back and wait till we're ready to start."

She nodded.

"I know. But I wondered what to wear. I've never been a burglar before."

She giggled delightedly. He laughed and confessed he had given this matter no thought.

"Trust a girl to think of it," he commented.

"Well, I don't want to go in a dinner gown," she reminded him, "and you certainly want to get rid of those white trousers. They shine like a beacon."

"Something dark," he agreed; considered for a moment. "I'll tell you," he suggested, "I think I'll get into a bathing suit. Then if they see us, chase us ——"

"Gr-r-r-r-r!" she shivered happily, and he touched her shoulder in good-natured sympathy.

"If they get after us we can take to the water," he finished.

"I hope they do!" she exclaimed. "That would be such fun. I'll bet they'd never catch me."

"Bathing suit and tennis shoes," he suggested. "And you'll want something around you to keep warm. We can leave it in the boat."

"We might swim across," she suggested gayly; but he shook his head

"Need a boat to bring back the picture," he reminded her.

"But we can't leave a boat at the landing stage—in case we do have to run."

He considered, then said, "We'll land at that little cove around the point and anchor the boat there and wade ashore. If we beach it, the tide will leave it high and dry."

"And then if we have to swim we can go and get it after the excitement's over." He nodded and she gripped his arm "I can hardly wait," she whispered. "Won't it be fun, laughing at them in the morning?"

"I'll never let Maddelin hear the last of it," he agreed. "She's so sure of herself."

She looked up at him and said in sudden sympathy, "I'm just furious that your play got burned up."

His eyes clouded.

"It represented a good deal of work. Of course I should have made a copy."

"I don't see how a cigarette could have set it afire," she told him

"I don't believe it did," he confessed lightly. "I think Maddelin discovered it there and thought the chance to get rid of it too good to miss. I can see now that she was bound to resent the thing. And a woman has no scruples, you know."

She said in a gruff voice, "No, we're a bad lot. Burglars and everything." And he laughed as she added in a different tone, "But she would't dare do that, would she?"

"Maddelin's always had her own way," he reminded her.

"I should think you'd hate her, if you think that."

"Well, if the thing was no good, it was just waste paper," he replied with pretended philosophy

They climbed from the landing stage to the rocks above and stood a minute together, looking toward the bulk of the big house on Old Hump across the way. Lights still gleamed in windows here and there.

"We don't want to go till they're asleep," Lois remarked.

"About one o'clock," he suggested.

"I hate this waiting around," she said.

His eyes, in the half darkness, lighted with a slow fire.

"Come over to my place and I'll give you a drink," he suggested. "We'll wait there."

But she shook her head with a cool certainty. The bounds which she put upon her conduct never ceased to surprise him.

"That wouldn't do," she said good-humoredly. "Besides, I've got to dress for the dark-and-bloody deed. No, I'll meet you here."

"What's the use of your waiting here and me over there, both of us alone?" he urged. "Your sister won't wake."

"But I'm awake myself," she reminded him; and he laughed and bent and kissed her, his arm about her shoulder compelling her lips to meet his. Her lips were so cold that he wished to warm them; but she put him skillfully aside and slipped away. "One o'clock," she called back, and disappeared in the shadows of the spruces that lined the path up the hill.

Creig stood where she had left him for a moment, and something pounded in his throat and he licked his lips. A gust of irritation swept him; he swore under his breath. When, walking toward his own camp, he entered the thick growth where blackness lay, roots tripped him and unexpected branches switched his face. His mood became morose, and when he stumbled out into the comparative brightness of the open land he lighted a cigarette with a venomous delight in the hot flare of the match against his finger. In his own quarters he found a lamp and set it burning; then dropped for a moment into a chair by the table. His typewriter stood near a window; a few sheets of discarded manuscript lay on the floor; the fragments thrown aside during his final revision littered the table itself. He picked up one of them and read a bit of dialogue, with a sense of its unreality; crumpled it and threw it toward the cold hearth as his thoughts returned to the matter in hand. By and by he rose and poured himself a drink and looked at his watch. It was a quarter past twelve o'clock. Time to be changing his clothes.

While he removed his garments his thoughts cast ahead, planning each step of what he meant to do. The moment of his successful return shaped itself in his mind. He would have something to hide, and he

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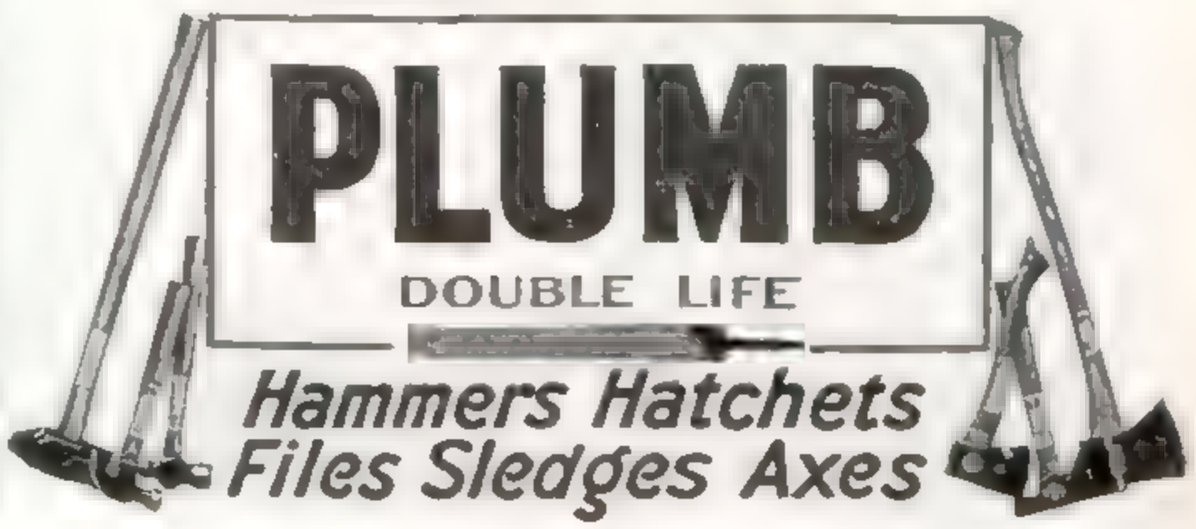


considered suitable places for its concealment. Half dressed as he was, he went outside and groped about in the darkness among the rocks along the shore till he found a deep crevice which would serve. Returning to the house, he took another drink; and when he had put on bathing suit and sneakers and had chosen a light coat to wear, he lifted the bottle again. His nerves had begun to hum and vibrate; he was full of a feverish exhilaration. Lighting a cigarette, he saw that his fingers shook, and watched them till his will compelled them to be still; smiled in grim satisfaction at his self-control.

Once he was terrified by the possibility that Lois, when she should find what he had done, would refuse to be silent. Sometimes women in their first terror lost their heads, screamed, let the world into the secret of their fears. He had better forewarn her—had better let her know. He nodded to himself in confirmation. He would say that he had brought away the gems as a final proof to Maddelin and the others that they could be brought away; would tell her that he meant to keep them only a day or two so that she would join him in that temporary silence. Thus she would be committed till too late for her confession to come with any degree of verisimilitude. He assured himself that under those circumstances she would perforce hold her peace. He would, he felt, have a powerful hold upon her then; their mutual secret would throw them into a relation of sinister intimacy and he contemplated the possibility with satisfaction—a shield while the deed was doing, his servant when it should be done. This was the part he planned that she should play.

At five minutes before the hour he extinguished his lamp and left the house and made his way through the spruces to the landing stage. She was waiting there, a dark little figure huddled in a great cape, her hair confined by a black rubber bathing cap. When she came to meet him her voice was tremulous, and he put a comfortable arm about her, reassuring her. She seemed very slim and small within the loose cape; he had a momentary satisfaction in the smooth contours of her young shoulders.

Then she whispered, "Hurry, hurry!" and put his arm aside.

He warned her, "Make haste slowly, we've lots of time," drew the dory alongside so that she might step down into the stern, then took his place at the oars.

But she cried softly, "You'll make a noise rowing." He remembered there was truth in this, and wondered what to do. She touched his hand, pointing. "There's a piece of canvas under the canoe. Tear strips from it and wrap the oars."

And he obeyed, glad of the suggestion. The expedient was clumsy; but when he tried the oars they made no sound, and he worked carefully out into the open water. The tide, well on the ebb now, had somewhat quieted the turbulence whipped up by the wind. They quartered across the gut and approached the dark and spruce-clad shore, peering into its shadows to discover the little rocky cove with a gravel beach where he intended to land.

She discovered it ahead of them and they moved in cautiously till he could touch bottom with an oar. Then he dropped the killick over the bow to hold the dory, and afterward, with a long line out, worked inshore till she could step overboard into water that came no higher than her knees. She left the cape in the dory; seemed like a boy in the vague dark. He shortened the anchor line, slipped out of his own coat, stowed the oars without a sound and lowered himself over the stern into the water. A moment later he had joined her on the gravel where the receding tide sucked about their feet.

x

THE little cove in which Creig and Lois had landed lies a little way within the thoroughfare between Grindstone and Old Hump, and nearest the northeastern end. It is concealed behind a blunt point of land, the most northerly point on Old Hump. The cove itself is so small as scarcely to be worth the name. A softer rock stratum cutting the granite of Old Hump has been, in the course of centuries, broken down by the action of frost and wind and wave so that a recess has been cut into the shore. This recess—for it is a recess rather than a cove—has a width across the mouth of no more than thirty feet, a depth half as great. It is paved with gravel, rock fragments rounded by the turbulent friction of the tides. The walls of the recess are abrupt, rising to a height of ten to fifteen feet, but so broken that they may easily be scaled. Against these walls Scotch harebells cling, the beauty of their delicate blossoms intensified by the harshness of the background. From the top of these walls along the shore toward the house a path runs through the spruce growth; but the trees near the water are so curiously interlaced that it is not always easy to find this dim and little-used way.

Creig and the girl, pausing for a moment while the water lapped about their ankles, spoke together in low voices. He reminded her of this path.

"We'll take our time," he explained; "give them a chance to get well asleep; follow the path and come up behind the tennis court and look the place over."

She said ruefully, "The branches on these trees are going to scratch my shoulders. I think I'd better wear my cape."

For all the warmth of the night wind, he saw that she was shivering.

"Pshaw!" he protested. "You're nervous; that's all. Take a brace, youngster."

"All right," she agreed, accepting the challenge. "Come along then, old man!"

He caught the mischievous gleam of the smile that went with the word as she turned to climb the wall of the little cove.

They found the rock underfoot loose and crumbling; and when they were halfway up, Creig following her, a portion gave way beneath his weight and he slipped back to the bottom. He heard her suppressed giggle; heard her whisper, "You'll wake the dead!"

"I've gashed my knee," he responded.

A sharp fragment had broken the skin, and even in that faint light he could see a swift dark stain spreading. A moment later she had dropped down beside him and bent to examine the wound, touching it lightly with her fingers.

"It's just a scratch," she assured him. "The bleeding will stop in a minute. Come on, let's try again."

The tiny hurt had angered him; he was in a morose and ugly mood as he followed her up the short ascent. When they stood on the level above she waited while he went forward to discover the path that would lead them toward the tennis court; and after a moment he called to her softly and she went toward him. Within the shadow of the trees it was very dark; they had to grope their way.

"I thought of a flashlight," he told her; "but there's a moon, and the light would give us away."

She nodded, stifling protests at the pain as the stiff twigs scratched across her bare shoulders.

"A bathing suit isn't the right gear for this work. I'll know better next time," she said once cheerfully.

At first they could see a dim light below the trees on their left where the water lay; but after a little this disappeared.

Creig explained, "The path cuts across a little neck of land here. Keep right behind me."

Their eyes were becoming somewhat accustomed to the darkness and they made their way with slow care. Then the path seemed to widen a little and they caught a glimpse of the sky overhead as they swung to the right. The low plashing of the water in the sheltered cove behind them became inaudible.

"Aren't we going away from the water?" Lois asked. "It seems to me we are."

"We do," he assured her. "I've been along here before."

She giggled.

"There's one thing—they'll never find us if we get in here."

Creig said nothing. He was occupied with the task of choosing the path; she had only to follow him. They pressed on for a considerable time, till she asked, "Aren't we almost out of this?"

"We've been going slow," he reminded her. "But there's light ahead."

She looked past him and saw the dim radiance of moonlight in an opening among the trees. Then the way widened and became easy to follow and they went forward more swiftly, and abruptly emerged from the shadows. She heard Creig's low oath.

"We've come way into the quarry," he said. "Must have taken the wrong path."

Lois stood beside him, looking out across the open workings. Above and at their left the wall rose perpendicularly, its surface touched with color where the moon struck, deep-blue shadows at every angle. At the top they could see the round water tower. It was so near the brink it seemed in imminent danger of falling. The pit was, from their point of view, not deep. The granite had formerly been hauled out this way. But above the still pool of dark water a little mist hovered in an unhealthful and oppressive fashion; and the moonlight that poured into the place had a ghastly quality—had the sheen of ancient weathered bones. They both felt the spell of the place.

Lois found herself clutching at his arm with both hands, heard herself whisper, "Come away! Come away!"

He hesitated for a moment as though the spot had a fascination for him; looked up toward the lip of the cliff above their heads.

"I'm glad we stumbled into it here rather than up there," he commented grimly. "At least we can get out again."

"It's bad enough to look down into it," she agreed. "But it's terrible to be down here, looking up. I keep expecting it all to fall in on us. Let's get away."

He nodded and turned with her, and it was almost with relief that they plunged into the black shadows of the wood again. Dark though it was, the path under their feet had a familiarity about it; they recognized, by the touch, hummocks and ledges and roots which had tripped them at their first passage. After a little time, Creig saw an opening leading to the right and turned that way experimentally, and they came to a short stiff climb which brought them over the lip of a bench of granite to the level, more open ground. Just ahead a white gleam marked the path from the boathouse up to the tower, and they climbed the guard rail and crossed the path and felt turf under their feet.

The moon, unobscured by clouds, lay brightly across the lawn toward the tennis court. The house, white as silver, lifted itself beyond. In the shadow of a clump of cedars they stopped and whispered, and Creig pointed out a single lighted window.

"That's Maddelin's maid," he explained. "We'll have to wait till she gets to bed. She's a regular old owl."

Lois said nervously, "I hate this waiting. Can't we go ahead quietly?"

Creig shook his head.

"She'd be sure to see us out of her window."

"She can't with the light on," Lois reminded him; and he perceived the truth of this, so they went cautiously forward and drew nearer.

The tennis court, shrubs and evergreens banked at either side, barred their way; but they crept along between the wire-net backstops and the shrubs and came to the low pavilion where those who watched the play were accustomed to sit.

When from this vantage they looked toward the house again the window that had been lighted was dark, and Creig said gratefully, "Now the old lady is abed. Give her ten minutes to settle down and we can start around the house. We want to take a look at the other windows too."

Lois was shivering again and he laughed at her nervousness.

"It's a fool thing to do though," Lois reminded him.

"It's a lark," he insisted. "We'll be able to laugh at them tomorrow."

"I hope it will be funny tomorrow," she agreed. "It don't seem so very funny to me now. I wish I had my cape."

"You're scared," he derided; "not cold, just scared." And when she denied the accusation, he persisted in it laughingly till in her anger she forgot to shiver and to tremble. "You see?" he pointed out. "Soon as you get mad you quit being cold."

She laughed ruefully.

"Just the same," she whispered, "I've a notion to back out. This didn't look like such a wild scheme after dinner, when I had two or three drinks too many. But I think I'm a bit of a fool now. Let's go back home."

"Oh, don't be a quitter," he challenged. He was suddenly terribly afraid she would refuse to go on.

"I'm not a quitter," she retorted. "I'm just coming to my senses. But if you're foolish enough to go ahead, I suppose I'll go with you."

"When I start a thing, I go through with it," he told her. She hugged herself nervously.

"But it's so awfully quiet," she explained. "And this sitting still! Can't we start on?"

He touched her shoulder reassuringly, nodded.

"All right," he agreed. "But if you want to speak to me, touch my arm and come right to my ear. They'll be able to hear us talking if they're awake. The wind's dying down. And keep in the shadows!"

"You go first," she bade him, and followed as he led along the line of shrubbery toward the farther end of the house.

She saw he was watching the windows. A cloud had hidden the moon so that it was darker, and this darkness she welcomed as she would have welcomed a cloak. They made their way along the rear of the house to the farther end, and passed that end and crossed the path that led down to the mole. She thought with a faint, grim amusement that she would avoid the mole hereafter.

"That's where I got myself into this," she reminded herself.

Past the end of the house they swung down toward the water till they could see the second-story windows above the veranda roof. All were dark, and Creig touched her arm in reassurance. Then, keeping in the shelter of the shrubbery whenever it was possible, they moved swiftly up the hill till they reached the gravel walk, wider here than elsewhere.

Creig drew her near him, whispered so softly that though his lips touched her ear she scarce could hear, "Go easily. That gravel is noisy."

She nodded and went forward and he stood still, listening. Her feet pressed the earth so gently there was no slightest sound; he followed, with more noise, but not enough to be heard twenty feet away. The smooth stone steps had a reassuring texture; and a moment later they stood together upon the veranda, its flagging underfoot.

"Now," he whispered, "we'll see if they locked the window."

She followed as he tiptoed across the veranda, moving as silently as a shadow. The window he had chosen was a broad one, and one often open in the daytime when the sun was warm. He knew it moved easily, and he put his fingers against the sash and pressed in and upward. It lifted an inch or two without a sound, and Lois caught his fingers and squeezed them with sudden delight. Now that the waiting was over and the adventure was begun, she was exhilarated and afire. The laborious patience with which he raised the window an inch at a time seemed to her unutterably wearisome; but he would not be hurried. When the sash was lifted to its highest point he stepped aside.

"You go first," he whispered. "You can move more quietly. I'd knock something over. I'll follow you."

She nodded her assent and leaned in through the window, feeling about with her hands. The cushioned window seat below it, without springs, made her silent entrance easy. She moved a little aside upon it, without touching the floor, while he crawled through the window and joined her.

He heard the faint chattering of her teeth and whispered, "Scared?"

"No; just terribly excited," she replied.

"Wait till your eyes get used to it," he warned her, and she nodded and they sat still, shoulders touching, till the vague blur that represented the door into the hall assumed form and they could see that neither chair nor table lay in the direct path between.

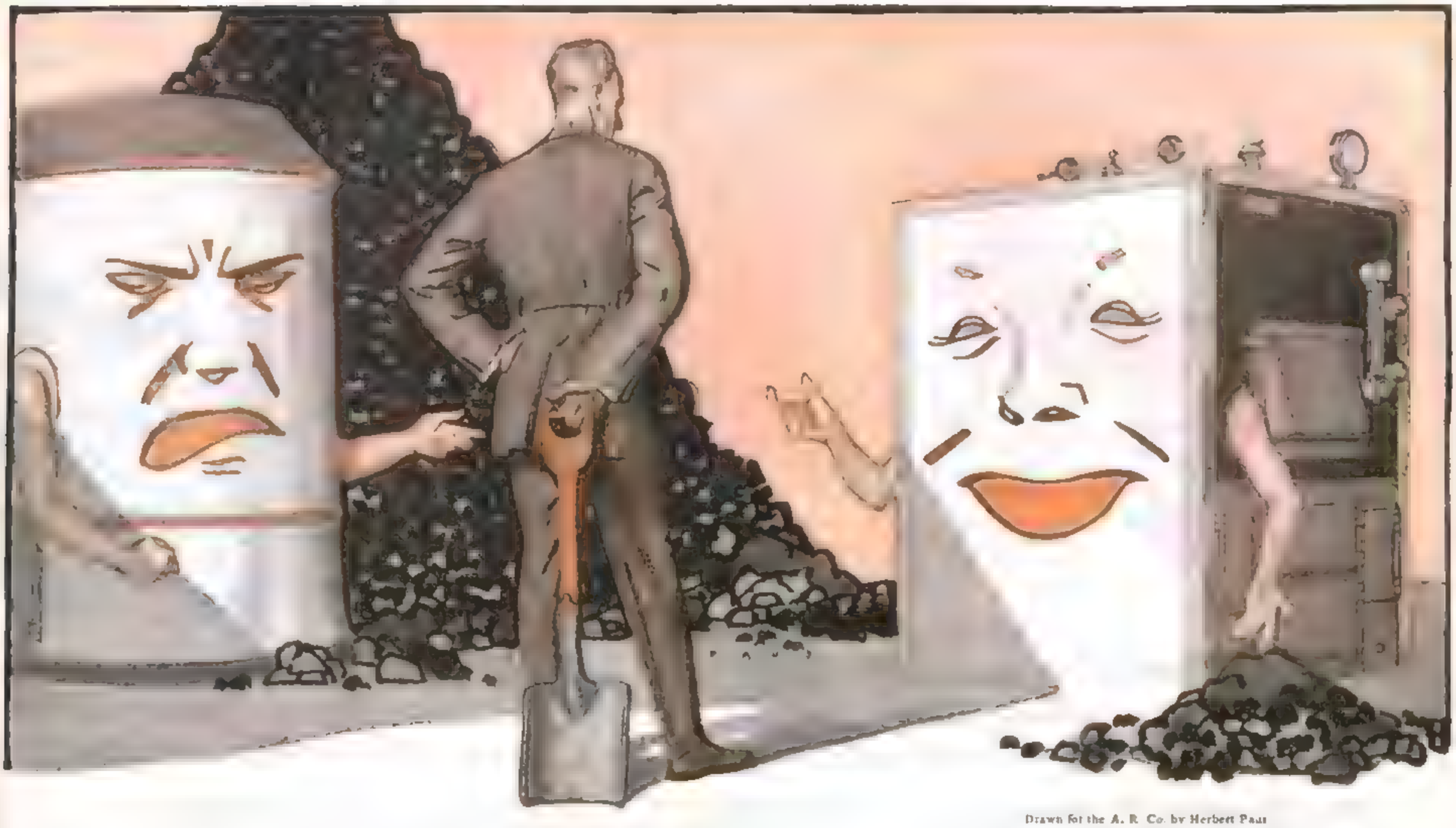
She rose at last and took his hand, and they went forward with steps laborious and slow till they reached the door, passed through and stood in the hall. The stair well above them seemed to leave them without shelter and exposed to many eyes, and Creig felt the girl shrink nearer him.

Then she whispered, "There's the picture—right over the mantel. You get it down."

He gripped her arm painfully; his lips sought her ear.

"Still!" he breathed. "I thought I heard a noise."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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is humbling the steepest climbs in America. If your town is not listed
for a demonstration. February 14-21 is National Overland

ADAMS, MASS.—Overland with the bigger engine negotiates all the ups and downs of the mountainous Mohawk Trail entirely in high gear.

ALAMOGORDO, N. M.—A rise of 5,000 feet occurs in the 20 miles between Alamogordo and Cloudcroft. Overland with the big new engine makes a round trip over this hilly course without using low gear, and carrying six passengers.

ALTOONA, PA.—Overland with the big new engine tops the famous Kettle Hill in high gear at 24 miles an hour, carrying three passengers weighing 525 pounds.

ATLANTA, GA.—Starting at 5 miles an hour at the base of the well-known Baker Street Hill, Overland with the big new engine climbs to the top without effort. Then to cap this feat, Overland climbs steep stone stairway of 18 steps in Piedmont Park.

AURORA, ILL.—With four passengers, Overland with the big new engine starts at foot of Holbrook Street Hill and goes over the top on high! This on a 30% grade.

BANGOR, ME.—Carrying four passengers weighing 700 pounds, Overland with big new engine climbs famous Highland Avenue Hill in high gear. Over top at 20 miles an hour.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Overland with the big new engine pulls to the very top of the mountainous Milner Heights in high gear. No hill in hilly Birmingham is steep enough to daunt Overland.

BOISE, IDAHO—New Overland carrying two passengers weighing 325 pounds, climbs the mountainous Camel's Back Hill from 16th Street in second gear all the way. It is said that no other car has ever accomplished this climb without shifting into low gear.

BROOKLINE, MASS.—Overland with the big new engine, carrying three passengers, easily climbs the long steep grade of Corey Hill in high gear, finishing at 20 miles an hour!

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Overland with five passengers soars up Snake Hill in high gear and over the top at 25 miles an hour. The big new engine makes Snake Hill seem like a level road!

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Overland with big new engine pulls Blowing Rock Mountain in high with capacity load.

COLUMBIA, S. C.—New Overland loaded with 19 newsboys, a driver and 700 pounds of newspapers climbs South Main Street Hill in high gear all the way.

DENVER, COLO.—Overland with three passengers climbs to the top of the famous Lookout Mountain in high gear.

EL PASO, TEX.—Overland with big new engine, owned by Mr. D. L. Ritchie, makes the Stanton Street Hill, El Paso's worst grade, in high gear every day.

EVANSVILLE, IND.—New Overland with five passengers negotiates the famous Boehne Camp Hill in high gear, finishing at 30 miles an hour.

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—Loaded with 12 men, Overland with its big new engine easily tames the 1¼ mile grade of 8th Street Hill — the terror of Huntington. Entirely in high gear except for a short shift at Lovett's Hairpin Turn.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—Overland with big new engine climbs Westnedge Avenue Hill in high gear with five passengers, attaining 30 miles an hour at top.

KANSAS CITY, KAN.—Overland with the b engine masters the steep slope of Prospe in high gear.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—With 12 passengers ing 2,070 pounds, Overland with the b engine humbles Hospital Hill, the worst Kansas City, in high gear.

LEMONT, ILL.—New Overland carrying eig sengers weighing 1,369 pounds climbs the car-testing hill at Lemont in high.

MEMPHIS, TENN.—New Overland, with all occupied, pulls in high gear up Monroe A Hill all the way from the river!

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Overland with th new engine makes remarkable showing i gear by starting at bottom of Kenwood 27 miles an hour and climbing all the this 33⅓% grade in high gear. Also e the bad grade of Columbia Park Hill, c 7 men over the top. Then, loaded with climbs the famous Second Avenue East tween 6th and 7th Streets, a grade of 23

NEW YORK, N. Y.—New Yorkers call Ft. Hill a car-killer. Overland with the b engine starts up this long, steep grade miles an hour and finishes in high. So loaded with 14 men negotiates same s second gear.

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performing all cars anywhere near its size, price, and weight. Read how Overland pick out the hardest grade in your vicinity and ask your Overland dealer Demonstration Week. Enjoy a new power thrill. First, read—

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—Carrying five passengers, Overland with big new engine starts at base of the famous Lewistown Hill, on the Gorge Route Drive, at 4 miles an hour and makes the entire grade in high gear, finishing at 25 miles an hour.

OGDEN, UTAH—With four passengers weighing 685 pounds, Overland with big new engine climbs famous 27th Street Hill in high gear, finishing at 30 miles an hour.

OMAHA, NEBR.—New Overland with four passengers starts at bottom of Dewey Avenue Hill at 17 miles an hour and clears top in high gear. Dewey Hill is Omaha's worst grade.

OSCEOLA, IA.—With four passengers, Overland with the big new engine starts at bottom of the notorious Madorio Hill on the Jefferson Highway and makes this gruelling climb entirely in high gear.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—New Overland with five passengers masters Fairmont Park's Country Club and Tam-O-Shanter Hills, the steepest grades in Philadelphia, in high.

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Over jagged rocks that cut tires to ribbons, through areas of fine rock and granite, new Overland with seven passengers amazes Phoenix by climbing the famous motorcycle Hill—40% grade, known as Arizona's worst—over the top in second gear! Hill now rechristened "Overland Peak".

WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO. Ltd., TORONTO, CAN.

PITTSBURGH, PA.—New Overland with two passengers weighing 359 pounds climbs famous Haberton Hill on high.

PORT CHESTER, N. Y.—Overland with the big new engine climbs William Street Hill to top of Prospect Hill in high gear.

PRINCETON, N. J.—New Overland with five passengers weighing 768 pounds climbs the famous Brewer Hill in high gear, clearing top at 30 miles per hour.

ROCKWALL, TEX.—Overland with the big new engine negotiates Rockwall Hill in high gear with 19 men aboard weighing 2,950 pounds.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—New Overland with four passengers climbs through the sage brush and sun-flowers up to within 15 feet of the large "U" on the mountain known to all residents and travelers!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Overland with its big new engine climbs Jones Street Hill, a grade of 28%, in second gear, with four passengers.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—In constant high gear, Overland with the big new engine negotiates the long, winding stretches and sharp hairpin turns of the famous Old Town Hill.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—New Overland with four passengers masters Belknap Hill in high gear, *making complete turns at all street intersections!*

SEATTLE, WASH.—20 men weighing 3,200 pounds ride in an Overland with the big new engine up such back-breaking grades as Virginia Street, E. Madison, E. Boston and Queen Anne Avenue.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D.—New Overland with four passengers humbles the notorious Minnesota Avenue Hill at 27 miles an hour.

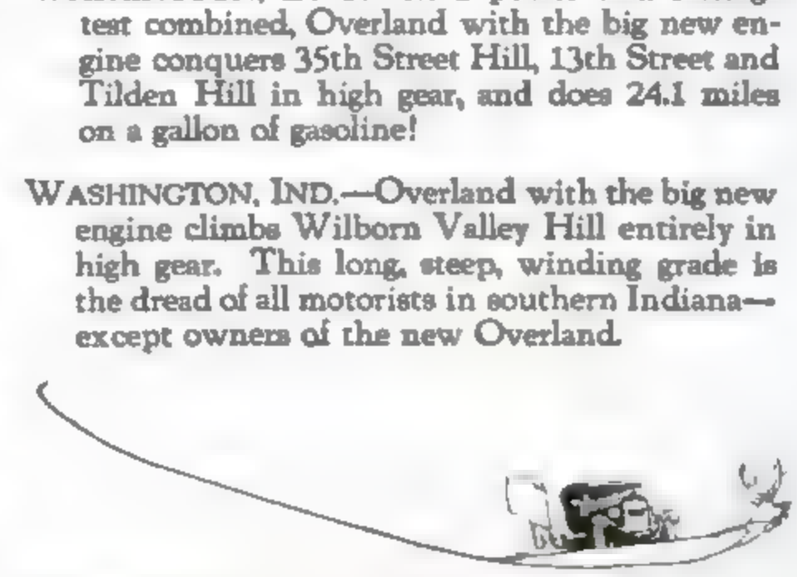
ST. JOSEPH, MO.—New Overland with three passengers pulls Hamburg Hill in high gear.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.—Overland with the big new engine scales the historic Reelsville Hill in high gear, topping the climb at 25 miles per hour.

TEXARKANA, ARK.—Carrying six passengers weighing 910 pounds, Overland with the big new engine vanquishes famous Tennessee Hill in high gear.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In a power and mileage test combined, Overland with the big new engine conquers 35th Street Hill, 13th Street and Tilden Hill in high gear, and does 24.1 miles on a gallon of gasoline!

WASHINGTON, IND.—Overland with the big new engine climbs Wilborn Valley Hill entirely in high gear. This long, steep, winding grade is the dread of all motorists in southern Indiana—except owners of the new Overland.



WATERTOWN, N. Y.—From a standing start in low gear, then into second and quickly into high, new Overland with five passengers climbs the mountainous grade known as Second State Street Hill.

WEST ORANGE, N. J.—New Overland with four passengers clears top of famous Northfield Road Hill at 30 miles an hour—in high all the way!

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—Overland with big new engine climbs Williams Street and Orowampum Hills in high gear with four passengers.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO—New Overland with five passengers weighing 907 pounds conquers the famous Trumbull Hill in high gear, topping the grade at 23 miles per hour.

Overland

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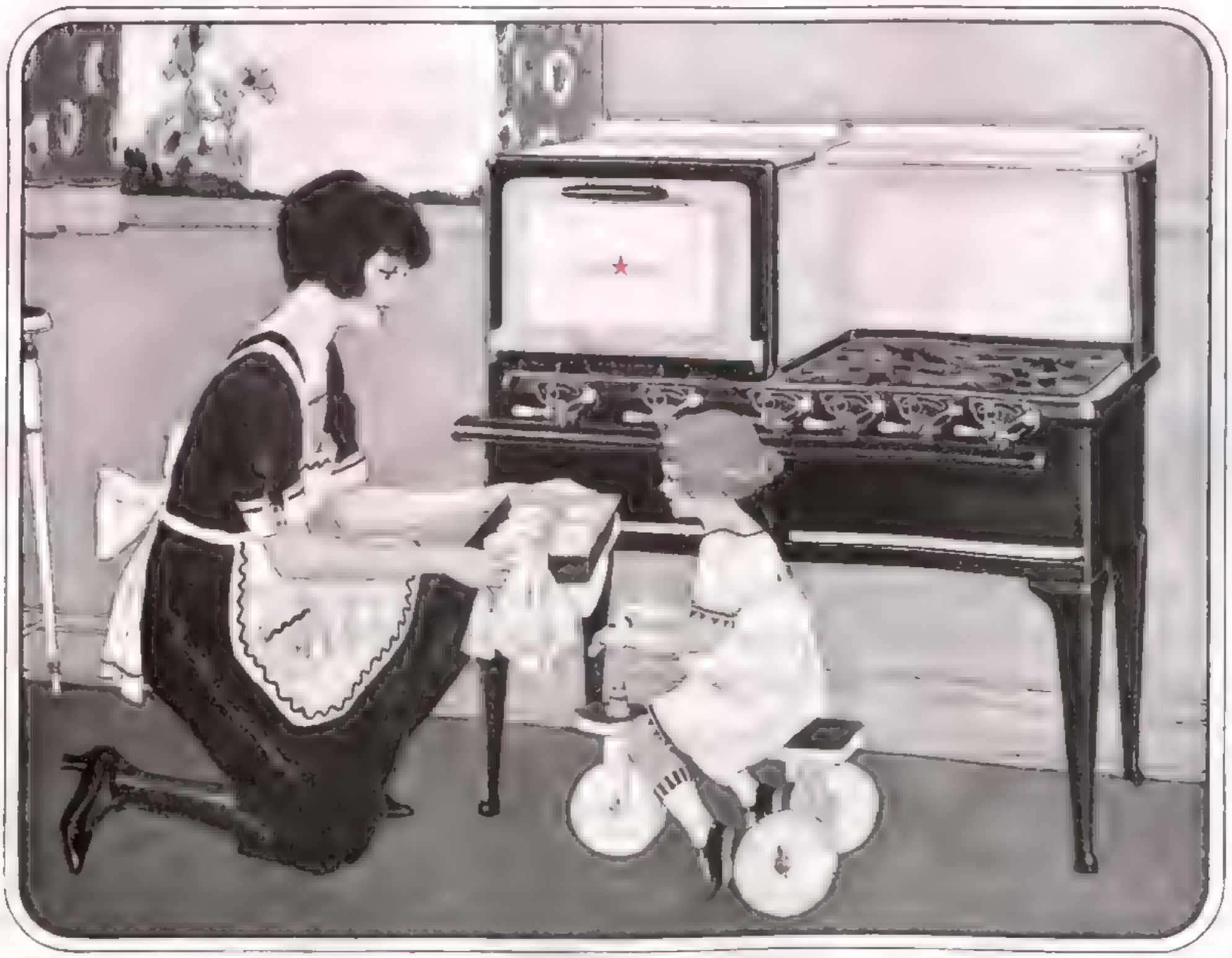

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NOT JUST NOW!

(Continued from Page 9

In the past Joan had been in the habit of treating intrusive strangers with frigidity, but there was something in the conduct of Hugh Caine that placed him outside the ranks of intrusive strangers and inside the circle of needed friends. To begin with, he was an admirable sailor, whereas Joan was not a sailor at all, but merely the instrument of a bilious attack.

Before the steamer left Folkestone, deck-chaired, rugged and magazined, she had emplaced herself on the boat deck. A highly efficient porter had bestowed her various belongings where, without moving, they came under her personal chaperonage. Everything had gone well and smoothly, much better than an inexperienced traveler had any right to expect. There is a delightful sense of adventure about one's journey abroad, and the joy of it was already beginning to stir within her. Naturally it was sad having left Hervey at home, but apart from this fly the ointment was clear. Joan was looking forward to everything that the future held in store. She was in her most receptive mood. She looked forward to the Channel crossing, to the excitement of foreign porters and customhouses, to the long journey south; and finally, with a sort of wistful curiosity, to finding out whether her carefully acquired school French, for which in the past she had received a certificate—framed in ebony, it hung over the washstand in the spare room of her mother's house—would be of the slightest service in making her wishes understood. The new life into which she was entering was surcharged with unknown elements, and the first proved to be the biliousness to which reference has already been made.

No sooner had the mail steamer passed from the protection of the harbor bar than she was struck by heavy—not to say mountainous—seas. A succession of pitches, a roll this way, that—a corkscrew twist impossible to describe, a heaving chaos of greeny-white water and Joan was lost. Her chair skidded back four feet, hung a moment, slid forward, tilted up and pitched her against the rail, where she clung pathetically. A wisp of chiffon tied about her head unraveled itself and was up and away on the wind; her wedding ring, slack on the finger from weight recently lost, eased over the joint and fell unnoticed in the sea.

"Oh, dear!" she moaned. "Oh, dear!"

The words sounded upside down, everything was reversed, the ship was going backwards, life was standing on its head, the sea was above! In a minute—in a minute ——

Then a voice beside her said, "You'd much better lie down. Have you a cabin? I'll get you one. Here, take my arm."

Joan heard herself reply in Chinese, "I can't—I think—going to be ill—oh ——"

"That's all right," said Hugh: "you'll be heaps better afterwards. Don't worry, I've got you."

He put an arm round her shoulders and held her tight.

What did it matter? The ship was lurching so. Ill people are anyone's property.

Presently Joan was rubbing her forehead against a tweed shoulder which smelled of heather or something good that grows on land. The handkerchief with which she dabbed her eyes did not belong to her. What did it matter?

She said, "Oh-ho, I'm so thirsty."

She had been dead for many years. The world was spinning faster than it used to spin. One had to hold on to something or someone. Nobody could walk alone on those tilting, slippery surfaces. He would help her. He was so strong—capable didn't mind people being ill—Hervey would—such a friend he was, but he hadn't a name.

He must have brought the cabin to her. She could not remember going to it. What a lot of handkerchiefs he had! He put another over the red plush bolster of the little bunk. Plush is prickly stuff against a cheek. Fancy a man knowing that! He spoke about "being late with this sea running" and "getting some sleep if you can." And there was a tumblerful of iced something—champagne—so cold—comforting and dreamy. And that smell of heather tweed! The sea was only a mother who rocked a cradle—what a kind mother! Then a humming like wind in telegraph wires—and such a deep sleep!

She awoke suddenly to a motionless but noisy calm. Outside the cabin door a man was standing.

"We're in," he said. "Better?"

"Thank you, yes. I'm all right now. I can't remember much. You must have been very kind."

He laughed agreeably and she suddenly remembered.

"Oh, my luggage!"

"That's all right: I had it brought down. Going to Cannes, aren't you?"

"How did you know?"

"I read your labels."

"That was very kind of you—I mean bringing my luggage down. I'd better find a porter."

"I've got one if you'd care to use him. All the heavy stuff is registered through. He could easily manage this little lot as well as mine."

"I couldn't possibly let — "

"Just as you like; but as we're both going south, I thought I might see you as far as your reservation."

Joan looked puzzled.

"My reservation?"

"Seat in the train."

"Oh, of course."

"Sometimes unless one is pretty nippy one finds ——"

"Does one? I don't feel very nippy—at least not yet. My head's still buzzing rather."

"Then you'd better leave it to me."

Joan hesitated, and at that moment a porter came up and roared something in her face which, although the words were unintelligible, seemed to have reference to garlic. She felt quite faint.

"Perhaps, after all, I had better," she admitted.

So he did everything, and did it with the air of doing nothing. He piloted her through the customs, indicated the moment to produce her passport, found her seat in the train, spoke to the guard and arranged about the meals she would take. There was nothing proprietary about his attitude and nothing to suggest that he expected more than the barest civility by way of return. He even accepted without a murmur the five francs she offered him to give the porter; and best of all, he was delightfully unaware of the services he had rendered. When all that could be done had been done, he pulled off his hat, wished her a pleasant journey and made off to find his own compartment. Not a single convention had been overstepped by word, act or inference; he had been useful and chivalrous, and having supplied the needs of a moment he had withdrawn. And yet, although nothing had been forgotten, Joan experienced the odd sensation, as the train moved out of the station, that she had left something behind.

Let us hasten the narrative a few hundred miles forward and a matter of ten days.

The Potters—Mr. and Mrs. of that name—did not prove the source of interest and delight that Hervey had prophesied. After an effusive display of friendship towards Joan on her arrival—which did not include the offer of a place at their table—they left her severely alone. By this omission they may be said to have shown unlooked-for charity, since they were heavily engaged in a serial difference on the subject of each other's want of skill in playing *chemin de fer*. Fresh installments of the serial, pregnant with interest, were published at every meal, concluding with such effects as, "He rose from the table and stalked out of the room," or alternatively, "She withered me with a glance and swept from the room."

Their table was no place for a third party, and from her solitude in a big bay window Joan watched the tides of their anger and contempt rise and fall, and rejoiced in her exclusion from the effect thereof.

Joan did not mind being alone. The days were a little dull, but never boring. Relaxation from house duties and the responsibility of providing for Hervey's comfort offered her leisure for personal reflections. Hitherto she rarely thought about herself, and she was surprised to find how coldly and clearly she was able to do so. It is distressing to record that these ruminations did not lead to an accretion of her good opinion of Hervey. He was honest, faithful, and probably his affection for her was of a sturdy and substantial order. But having said that you had said all. There was very little refinement in his habit of mind, very little charm, and no subtlety. He never troubled to adjust himself to any mood other than his own. In the presence of sickness he revealed resentment rather than sympathy. He would not have acted like that stranger on the boat. He was a man who demanded health and normality from those with whom he came into contact. If they were ill or unusual, they became automatically a nuisance. Somehow Joan could not escape from the belief that had he wished to do so he could easily have accompanied her to Cannes, and that it was not so much pressure of business that had prevented him as a desire to avoid her society until such a time as her nervous system should no longer imperil his comfort.

And this thought led to another much deeper and far more perilous. Did Hervey really love her, or was she no more than a convenience to his home? She could not answer the question, although it kept cropping up in her mind all day long. Did he love her? Did she love him? Did he did she? Why had she never asked herself that question before? Terrifying thought—there was no way of finding out. Suppose she asked him point-blank—he would tell her not to be foolish and that would tell her nothing. Surely love is a demonstrative passion urgent, ardent. Then what was this awful calm they shared? She didn't know.

There is something in the air of the South of France which inspires chivalry between the sexes. A dozen times a day Joan saw evidence of this; small acts of grace, unimportant in themselves, but so charming. There were people there who preserved the bloom on the fruit of life and did not bring it to the table as a vegetable with mud upon it. She wondered if the thought was unhealthy and decided it could not be. After all, why should life be clumsily served? Why should it be robbed of all delicacy and transformed into a coarse reach-me-down affair that fitted where it touched like a huckaback overall?

It was all very perplexing, very unsettling; and to ease her mind from thinking of such affairs Joan devoted many hours writing long letters to Hervey, saying how much she missed him—which was perfectly true—and he responded with practical post cards saying business was all right, or something had gone wrong with the gas meter—which was also true.

Interest in one locality wearing out through curiosity as to another brought Hugh Caine from Mentone to Monte Carlo, thence via Nice to Cannes. As luck would have it—for we will presume he had forgotten what he read on Joan's traveling labels—he put up at the very hotel at which she was staying. Having dressed for dinner with characteristic exactitude, for he was a man who wore mufti by day and a uniform at night, he came into the foyer and the first thing he saw was Joan herself. Mastering a natural impulse to go towards her, he waited in a prominent position to see whether or not she would recognize him. She did—with a tiny frown which melted into a smile and extended to a handshake. He sat beside her, talked of where he'd been and what he thought of it all.

"Those ghastly rooms at Monte Carlo—haunted by vanished fortunes."

"You lost?"

"No, I made a bit. That's duller, anyhow. Done anything interesting?"

"I've just sat about."

"You're with friends?"

"No, alone. My husband couldn't come."

The word "husband" came to him as something of a shock.

"Husband—I didn't know—I thought on the boat ——"

She held up her left hand. She was wearing a new wedding ring.

"Of course. I lost it—must have dropped overboard and I didn't notice. I don't think I noticed much on that voyage—except that you were very kind and helpful."

There was a subtle flattery in the tone of her voice—entirely unintentional—entirely genuine. It was one of those inflections men notice with satisfaction when it is sincere and warily when it is not.

The couch on which Joan was sitting was a little high. Automatically Hugh pushed

Continued on Page 89

(Controlled Spring Action)

"Ride Rites" Save YOU Save Your CAR

You need never slow up for the small bumps. You need never dodge them. They are the ones that tire your nerves, hammer your tires, and throw your motor out of tune. You can't miss them, but you can float your car over them with Harvey "Ride Rites" without that destructive vibration. You will ride in perfect comfort—save tires—reduce upkeep—save gas with Harvey "Ride Rite" Shock absorbing Springs.

Correct spring design—shock absorbing qualities built in—attains its highest development in Harvey Ride Rite Springs.

Harvey RACINE
Ride Rite (PATENTED) Shock Absorbing Springs

Look for the HARVEY Sign of Service

Send for "Springs And Their Care"

HARVEY SPRING & FORGING CO.

Dept. C, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

"Your plan doubled our sales, and brought us many new customers"

And Farm & Fireside now offers to you, without cost, the same plan which increased the sales of the Southern Escambia Hardware Company of Atmore, Alabama, from an average of less than $1,500 to more than $3,300 in a single week. Send for this plan now

Exterior, interior and one of the windows of the Southern Escambia Hardware Company, Atmore, Alabama

Nine products, as advertised in Farm & Fireside—American Fence, Capewell Horseshoe Nails, Congoleum Rugs, Dietz Lanterns, Ingersoll Watches, International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment, New Perfection Oil Ranges, O-Cedar Polish—were featured in the Farm & Fireside Week of the Southern Escambia Hardware Company. More than $1,500 worth of these products alone were sold

EVERY merchant recognizes that there are two kinds of stores in his town. One kind, and in many towns this kind is a majority, is barely "getting by"; the other kind is rendering a genuine merchandising service to the community and is thereby making money.

To the latter group belongs the Southern Escambia Hardware Company of Atmore, Alabama. Although located in a town of 1,775 population, this progressive store—quick to try out modern merchandising methods—has built up a business of $75,000 annually, and is still growing

"We are always looking for new ideas," this store writes. "When we read of the success of other merchants with your plan of a Farm & Fireside Week, it seemed to us that this plan might be worth trying.

Sales increased 100 per cent

"We are delighted with the results. Our business increased 100 per cent over the corresponding week last year, and 138 per cent over the preceding week this year. We had two days of bad weather, but in spite of this we made sales as follows:

"Sales during Farm & Fireside Week, $3,392.60; corresponding week last year, $1,698.04; preceding week this year, $1,422.63; sales of Farm & Fireside advertised products, $1,501.89; same week last year, $137.16.

"Our customers told us that our Farm & Fireside Week was the greatest thing ever pulled off in this section, or, to use the expression of one old lady: 'It certainly was a cute trick.'

"We consider Farm & Fireside Week a success from every angle. Not only was it of value in bringing into our store trade which never had visited us, but it was instrumental in our opening up many new and satisfactory accounts. We feel that we shall benefit from this week for many weeks to come. It was also responsible for quite a few of our long standing accounts being paid in full. It has enabled us to get a line on at least five or six parties who will need furniture and hardware at an early date.

Another one next year

"We wish to thank you most sincerely for showing us how to do things. We learned a great deal, especially that it pays to advertise, and we hope to have another Farm & Fireside Week next year."

And this is the plan we offer to send, without cost, to every retail merchant who is making an earnest, honest effort to build up farm trade.

If you handle any of the products in the list below, we will tell you how to reach out and bring to your store the prospects for this merchandise—prospects who have come to know about these products as a result of consistent advertising in Farm & Fireside, The National Farm Magazine.

In many communities there are a thousand, two thousand or more of these prospects, readers of Farm & Fireside, prosperous farm families who are only awaiting your invitation to come and see this merchandise in your store. The Farm & Fireside plan tells you how to bring them to your store.

Find out more about this plan—now. Just send us the names of the products in the list below which you handle, and write, "Tell us about your Farm & Fireside Week." Send your letter to the Retail Sales Director, Suite 7-A, at the address below, and he will gladly send you a complete outline of the plan.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's, *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine
Agricultural Gypsum
American Fence
American Pad & Textile Company
American Radiator Company
American Sole and Leather Belting Tanners, Inc.
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Anthony Fence
Bag Balm
Bean Spray Pumps
Black Flag Insect Powder
Boss Stoves & Ovens
Brown's Bench Jacket
Buescher Band Instrument Co.
Burpee's Seeds
Burroughs Adding Machine Co.
Canadian Government Department of Immigration and Colonization)
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
C B & Q R R Company
Certo (Sure)
Chesebro[ugh] [illegible] Products
Chevrolet Cars and Trucks
Clark Grave Vaults
Clothcraft Clothes
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Columbia Dry Cells and Batteries
Congoleum Rugs
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators & Milkers
Detroit Belt Lacer and Closing Machine
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Diamond Tires
Douglas, W. L., Shoes
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
Dr. Hess [illegible] LAXATIVE
Dunn Bottle [illegible] Water Systems
Edison Lamp Works of the General Electric Company
Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco
Enterprise Meat Choppers and Sausage [illegible]
Essex Cars
Eveready Flashlights
Eveready Radio Batteries
Ford Automobiles and Ford Trucks
General Motors Corporation
Glastenbury Underwear
Goodrich Tires
Great Northern Ry
Green Guild Watches
Hansen's Dairy Preparations
Harley Davidson Motorcycles
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Henderson Seeds
Hoosier [illegible]
Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets
Hudson Cars
Ingersoll Watches
International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment
International Motor Trucks
International Trucks
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Kook Hat [illegible] Interchangeable
Mogul Kerosene Oil Tractor
Mulsified Feed
Mulsified Cocoanut Oil
Natco Hollow Tile Silos and Farm Bldgs
National Electric Light Assn.
Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove
Nesco Royal GRANITE Enameled Ware
New Perfection Oil Ranges
Northern Pacific Ry
O-Cedar Polish
Oliver Malleable Chilled Plows
Oshkosh Trucks
Papec Ensilage Cutters
Peace Dale Yarns
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Plano Jr. Implements
President Suspenders
Remington Firearms Co., Inc. (Firearms, Ammunition and Cutlery)
Rock Island Wagons
Rosa Fence
Sapolio
Semi-Solid Buttermilk
Shark Bone Floor Tonic
Stewart Warner Speedometer Corporation
Stewart Custombuilt Auto Accessories
Sun-Maid Raisins
Swift's Products
Talking Machine [illegible]
Whiting Adams Co., Brushes
Wright's Blue Fold Tape

(Continued from Page 37)

a footstool beneath her feet. She thanked him with rather a surprised smile, for the act, trivial enough in itself, was outside her common experience.

"By the way," said he, "I'd better introduce myself, as I don't suppose you studied my labels as carefully as I studied yours."

Joan laughed.

"The only one I saw was upside down, and I could make out nothing."

"My name is Hugh Caine; by profession, barrister; by inclination, idler—traveler I don't know—something itinerant that keeps me on the move. I write a bit when the mood takes me rather well, I think; though," he added with a laugh, "publishers would take a lot of convincing on that point."

"What sort of things do you write?"

"Oh, about walks and folks—dogs I've made friends with—and neglected opportunities and any old rubbish."

Joan said, "I'd like to read some of your writings."

She wondered as she said it whether one should express so much interest in a comparative stranger.

"Be careful," he warned her. "A willing audience is very rare, you know. Suppose I took you at your word."

"I hope you will," she said, and bit her lip. Really she must be more circumspect.

This ready enthusiasm was most unmatronly. Oddly enough, her frankness seemed to embarrass him too. He looked at her quickly, searchingly, and away again. There was something about her he did not understand—an eagerness, an acceptance of his society disproportionate to the very brief time they had been acquainted.

Then a gong boomed and other guests began moving towards the dining room.

"You've a table alone?" he asked.

"Yes; by one of the windows."

He hesitated.

"I wonder – that is, I was only thinking if the hotel had happened to be crowded we might have found ourselves at the same table in the ordinary course of events."

She agreed. And curiously enough the hotel was rather crowded.

"Of course, if you'd rather not ——"

"No," she said, "I don't think it would matter, would it?"

He could not be sure about that, so he answered evasively, "Let's risk it, anyhow. After all, it is not as if I asked you to dine with me."

"No—quite different."

As they entered the dining room Joan was wishing she did not find herself agreeing with all he said.

She was rather silent during the early courses, mainly on account of having made the remarkable discovery about her companion that he was not a man with charming manners but with charming habits. Manners are a veneer which may be assumed, but habits are a state of being, an unchanging thing. It was a most unsettling thought, pregnant with terrifying comparisons. It was natural to him to see that she had all she might possibly want before considering himself. He seemed to supply her needs subconsciously, as part of his own. There was nothing of the see-how-attentive-I-am touch about him. On the very rare occasions when Hervey had "just run upstairs" to fetch whatever it might be for her, he had never failed to make a song and dance about it, or to express his inability to understand why women always managed to forget something or other. Hugh Caine was different, and when halfway through the meal Joan started to look about for her hand bag he seemed to know instinctively it would be on the sofa in the lounge, and moreover conveyed the impression that the sofa was a reasonable and proper place to have left it.

He was astonished by her gratitude when he restored the trifle with the words "Thank heaven, we have pockets! If I were a woman I'd lose everything I possessed inside a day."

Taking one thing with another, and having consideration to her receptive mood, Joan could hardly have found a more unfortunate companion.

For his part, Hugh found her air of wistfulness infinitely attractive. Being a man of the world, he did not allow himself to be convinced of its genuineness without taking soundings. He had traveled considerably and knew by bitter experience that a large majority of married women endeavor to attract sympathy to themselves by the unmeritorious practice of speaking in derogation of their husbands. It is a fashionable and, with certain audiences, a not unfruitful pastime. He who receives these confidences is implied to be a much better fellow than the poor stick at home who is in no position to defend himself.

"Been married long?" he asked.

"Five years."

"Your husband must be sick he couldn't join you out here."

"Yes, he is—but he was too busy."

There was not a hint of resentment in the tone, no way in for even a "rather bad luck on you." His line of words had been baited, and she had ignored the bait utterly. Hugh liked her for that. She was loyal. Loyalty is rare. He switched the talk to another direction.

"What does one do after dinner—or doesn't one?"

"They mostly gamble."

"Do you?"

She shook her head.

"I read—go to bed early most nights."

"Ever dance?" He put the question tentatively.

"I haven't for years—quite five years—except sometimes to a phonograph when my brother stays with us."

"Your husband doesn't care about it?"

"I don't think he does. It means being up late, you see."

"And do you?"

"Do I what?"

"Like dancing?"

"I used to."

"I don't see why we shouldn't go and dance," said he. "Honestly, I don't see why we shouldn't. Do you see why ——"

"It would be rather fun."

"I should warn you, though, I'm the world's worst."

"Oh, well," she laughed, "anyway, I don't believe it." Why did she keep saying those little complimentary things? She added hastily, "I'll get a wrap."

"Take a coat," he advised. "It's often cold at night—the what do they call it?—mistral or something."

As she went up in the lift Joan reflected that Hervey never said "Take a coat"—never thought ahead for her. Sometimes he would say "I can't think why you didn't bring a coat." But that was different.

There is a polished marble floor at the Cannes Casino. It is made of air. No one can help dancing upon it. You don't have to dance; you float and let the music blow you along. The music comes from both sides. When one band stops the other begins, so there is no stopping. There are special flowers on your table; and they mix somehow with the thousand scents in the air, with the violins and with the women who are dressed like butterflies. You need not talk; but if you do, your talk will be different from others you have made and heard or remembered. It will be rhythmic and very strangely complete, even though it be composed of no more than bare half sentences.

Something in the atmosphere of that place mounted to Joan's head like strong wine. She felt suddenly that she was released from a burden of intolerable disappointment. She had been too long in swathings of convention and routine and her freed spirit was struggling to extricate itself. She wanted to say something marvelous, to hear amazing words—not of complaint or of sympathy, but relative to a new force of appreciation which was coming into being within her. This strange new force, of which she should have been afraid, found her without any sense of fear; she welcomed it as frankly as a mother welcomes her child. She welcomed it without questioning its origin or meaning, for her senses were free of all curiosity. She was only aware of acute appreciation, intense enjoyment, coupled with an idea barely formed of a partnership far more complete than any other of which she had memory.

There were very small grounds for the intensity of Joan's emotions that night. If one excepts the fact that she was in, for her, a new element, there was little out of the ordinary in the way they spent the evening. Hugh was delightful, attentive and rather funny. There was nothing serious even in his vocal tones. He recounted a few experiences, fitted an occasional phrase neatly to the moment, expressed some amusing theories on life and danced not so well as her brother. He was at once casual and courteous, and yet there was something in his personality that seemed to wrap round her with a delightful sense of warmth and protection. He did not attempt to dominate the conversation, but was an

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THE brightest spot in any room, the spot that gets the most attention, is where the windows are.

How important, then, is every detail that affects the windows!

Handsome draperies and curtains, of course. But even more important are the window shades. Their slightest imperfection is flaunted by the light. Faded, stained, or streaked with ugly pinhole cracks, they can utterly ruin the beauty of the windows. They can spoil the charm of the whole room!

Lasting beauty for a few cents more

In Brenlin there is lasting beauty. And Brenlin costs but a few cents more than ordinary shade cloth. Unlike ordinary shade cloth, Brenlin has no brittle filling of chalk or clay to break and fall out, causing unsightly cracks and pinholes that show in glaring relief against the outdoor light.

Strong and flexible, Brenlin has weight and body enough in itself to give opaqueness and to hang straight and graceful. It resists the constant strain of rolling and unrolling, the jerking and snapping of the wind. Rain will not discolor it as it discolors shades of inferior quality. And its beautiful hues, applied by hand, resist fading in the sun.

Brenlin wears two or three times as long as the ordinary shade. It may be had in soft, rich colors to harmonize with every interior scheme. Brenlin Duplex, with a different color on each side, will blend with both interior and exterior.

Be sure it's Brenlin

The Brenlin name is embossed or perforated on the edge of every Brenlin shade. If you don't know where to get Brenlin, write us.

And write today for booklet: "How to Shade and Decorate Your Windows." We'll be glad to send it, together with some samples of Brenlin in different colors. Address Cincinnati.

THE CHAS. W. BRENEMAN CO.

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Dealers may also be supplied by:

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Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out BRENLIN has no filling It outwears several ordinary shades

The eagles knew what their home needed

They feathered their nest with tobacco can picked up on Indian trail

In the busy business world, bald-headed eagles may never have passed as great thinkers. In fact, your average critic probably would set down the eagle as just a bunch of feathers with a roving disposition.

But that only proves that you shouldn't pass judgment on too slight acquaintance—at least not until you have heard about the flock of bald-headed eagles up in Northern Minnesota in the Bowstring Country.

Mr. F. W. Miller, writing from Bowstring Lodge, in the heart of the Bowstring Country, sends in the full, authentic details of the case:

Larus & Brother Company,
Richmond, Va.
Dear Sirs:

To begin with, I am an Edgeworth smoker and a dealer. I sell three cans of Edgeworth to any other brand. Most of my customers are Indians who are all Edgeworth smokers.

I have read many of your advertisements in different magazines, and I herewith hand you a good one, true in every detail.

Up here in the big woods there has been a flock of bald-headed eagles nesting for years. Two weeks ago my men, who were cutting wood for summer use, came to a big Norway pine, 69 feet high. Near the top of the pine they saw an eagle's nest, unoccupied, as it was too early for nesting.

I was on the ground when the tree was felled. In the nest we found a blue can nearly filled with Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. The can was so woven into the nest that the force of the tree falling didn't dislodge it.

Probably the can was dropped out of somebody's pocket on an Indian trail and the bright blue color attracted the attention of the birds, who carried it to their nest.

How is that for a story? I have three to vouch for it as a fact.

Yours sincerely,
F. W. Miller.

There are, without question, better uses for Edgeworth than for feathering eagles' nests. A great many smokers claim it is the only tobacco that gives them complete pipe satisfaction.

Edgeworth seems to have the happy faculty of pleasing smokers not easily suited. It doesn't please all. It may or may not please you, but you can never tell until you try it.

If you will send your name and address on a postcard, Larus & Brother Company will be glad to send you free samples—generous helpings of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. Then you can smoke a few pipes and judge the tobacco for yourself.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

If you will also include the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer, your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth, Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

attentive listener as well as a good talker. Here again was a new experience for Joan, since at home when she had anything to say Hervey always gave the impression that he was being interrupted. At home she and Hervey rarely seemed to be talking about the same thing. Their talks were in the form of a distich:

JOAN: Nellie Seymour called today. She's been playing a lot of golf lately.

HERVEY: That was a fine round of Hagen's at Sandwich.

JOAN: She says she's found a new laundry that's simply splendid.

HERVEY: Has that gray suit of mine come back from the cleaner's?

And so on. They were wanting in cohesion—could not contain their words or thoughts to a single subject. They talked along parallel lines, in sight of each other, but never actually meeting.

This was so different so strangely different—like dancing where the movements of two are united into one.

"You like this place?" he asked.

She nodded. Her eyes were very bright, as eyes ever are bright when lit with new appreciations.

"Yes, it's jolly," he agreed. "Like many other things—jolly for a while."

"Why only for a while?"

"I don't know; but that's the general way, isn't it? I'm a lot older than you are and that makes me cautious of too much enthusiasm. Unknown things are nearly always delightful, but it's a mistake to believe overmuch in their permanent value."

"I don't understand quite. One always knows real values, doesn't one? Tonight seems delightful to me—and the place—everything."

"You're a conclusion jumper," he laughed.

The lines of her forehead formed a query.

"A conclusion jumper?"

"Someone who accepts what they see on its face value—as a whole."

"And don't you?"

He shook his head.

"I like to jump to beginnings rather than conclusions. Conclusions scare me—their inevitability. I don't believe in taking things as a whole either."

"Why not?"

"Because it's so difficult to keep them as a whole, because time and familiarity strip them down to their bare component parts."

"You mean one gets used, and then ——"

"Yes, just that—luster goes."

She gave a little shiver.

"I don't know—I don't see why."

"Everything is perishable. Probably that is the only indisputable fact in the world—that and the ordinariness of things."

There was rebellion in the way she shook her head.

He looked towards the band.

"That sounds jolly. Shall we dance it?"

She rose and once again seemed to be lifted up in the air. Suddenly she spoke:

"I won't believe in the ordinariness of things." She said it tumultuously and her cheeks had fired crimson. She stopped dancing to say the words, and beat her foot on the marble floor. "Just to be ordinary and to perish—it isn't fair. One should fight that—fight it!"

He drew her out of the pathway of other dancers and looked almost rudely, she thought, at his watch. Very quickly she said, "Let's go, shall we?"

"I think we'd better," he replied. "Have you any notion of the time?"

"None. I thought there was no time here."

"No, only rhythm," he laughed; "but my watch says nearly one A.M., and as you are under doctor's orders —— If you'd get your things I'll find a car."

"No, don't bother; I'd sooner walk. It's no way."

They scarcely spoke as they walked back to the hotel beneath the belt of palms. Little waves were running up the shore, sequined by the moon. A soft cool breeze carried a scent of the mountains. It was a lie to say that life was ordinary.

She thanked him and wished him good night at the foot of the stairs.

"Good night, sleep well," said he.

Propped against her dressing table mirror was a letter from Hervey. It said that Sir John Wavertree, with whom he was concerned in an important deal, was going to the South and would be stopping at Nice. Sir John had suggested Hervey should do likewise and that they might conduct their business in agreeable surroundings:

"So, having a really legitimate and profitable excuse for joining you, don't be surprised to see me. I will let you know the exact date later on so you can engage a private sitting room where I can do my work."

Joan crumpled the letter after reading it—crumpled and let it drop somewhere.

Her husband, the man to whom all her love and devotion had been given, had found a legitimate excuse for coming to her—a profitable excuse in a business deal with another man.

When at last she succeeded in falling asleep her dreams were troubled with a confusion of sounds. On the one side typewriters and tape machines clicked and clacked with maddening regularity, on the other music was playing. It was a battle royal between mechanical and personal expression. Her ears were for the music, but the typewriters would not let her listen. She wrung her hands and cried out for help. Then a stranger came, or did there?—for he used no door to come in by; and "What's the matter?" said he.

"I want to be heard," she wailed, for it was she who was making the music. The stranger shook his head at her.

"Stupid woman," he said, "you will never be heard if you play so sweetly. Look now!"

And leaning over her, he crashed his hands down on the keys and made a frightful noise. The typewriters stopped abruptly and a door—it was a door this time—burst open and into the room came a man to see what all the row was about. Crash! Bang! Bang! went her hands on the keys—her hands this time.

"What's the row?" cried the man. "What's the row?" he roared; but even as he roared the look on his face changed miraculously to the expression of a music lover.

Then Joan started to play sweetly again, and the man stopped to listen, saying, "Go on, go on." And the stranger went out by no door, muttering, "I showed you—I showed you." And the man, leaning over the piano—or was it a harp?—said "Blast that stranger!" And the stranger who had gone replied, "All rot saying we're no use." His voice rang clear as the note of a triangle.

And Joan went on playing, with a wise smile at the corners of her mouth.

Joan woke from her dream with a bad headache and a firm intention to stop in bed. She drank some tea and swallowed two headache tablets, and presently her head ceased to throb and she was able to turn her thoughts to what had happened overnight. Nothing had happened, yet vaguely she felt that she had set foot on a stratum of life to which she was unused, and had mounted to an atmosphere more rarefied and benign than any she had breathed before. She had said and done nothing particularly unusual; but it was not what she had said or done or listened to that counted with her; it was the sense of having been taken up, of being lifted out of—no, it was no good; she could not deal with her feelings by a common process of defining them in words. If they were to be defined at all it must be emotionally—by emotional comparisons.

No, and again no—that was all wrong. The essential maidenliness of her nature revolted at the idea of a stranger—a man casually met on two occasions—coming under the supreme analysis of emotional comparison.

She got out of bed and reread the crumpled letter from Hervey. It did not improve at the second reading.

"A legitimate and profitable excuse!"

She returned to bed and tried to compose her mind by thinking what she would be doing at that time were she at home. She would be buying food at Barker's. Being Wednesday, she would have bought veal; and when it should be served in the evening Hervey would say something about veal, because he always did. Somehow she could not conceive the idea of Hugh Caine having anything to say about veal or bacon or marmalade or toast.

It was maddening that every line of thought should bring her back to consideration of Hugh Caine. Her mind seemed unable to escape from the man. If only he had done anything a little outrageous it would have been easy to dismiss him; but there was no excuse for dismissing anyone whose chief fault lay in the consideration he had shown her.

About eleven o'clock the *femme de chambre* came in with a few paper-backed books.

"Monsieur Caine's compliments. 'E zort madame vould like somet'ing to read. 'E is sorry she is undaire ze vezaire."

Joan blushed as she returned her thanks. The books were foreign editions of English authors—a couple of sensational stories and a copy of the Golden Age. The latter is an adorable book to read in bed. There is none better.

It was nice of Hugh Caine to have sent them up; so much nicer than sending flowers; flowers would have been an impertinence. If he had sent flowers she would have been furious. If he had written a note with the books she would have been furious. She fell to wondering whether she would mind having been made furious.

But how good it was to have someone who thought of little things.

Little things? Little things? Great big enormous little things!

Joan dressed in time for déjeuner. Her table by the window was vacant. Hugh was lunching at another—by himself. She thought it was graceful of him not to take it for granted that she would welcome his society. He smiled a greeting.

Lunch was a dull affair. She told herself she preferred being dull. Afterwards she sat in the garden and later walked down to the Casino and lost a few louis playing *boule*. Turning away from the table, she met Hugh. He said he wanted tea and wondered if she would care to invite him.

At tea they talked about books, bathing and puppies and not a word about themselves. After dinner that night they met in the lounge and talked about the Kensington Gardens, the Round Pond, model yachts and Sydney Harbor, and not a word about themselves.

Then for five successive days they met and talked about every conceivable subject under the sun, always excepting themselves. And on the evening of the sixth day, having exhausted every conceivable subject excepting themselves, they fell upon a silence of great depth and insecurity.

It was a hot night and all the stars were showing little red lamps of danger; a full moon rose up warningly crimson out of the sea. The wind had dropped and from over the curve of still water came a hint of distant music.

He said, "Wonderful night. You're very silent."

She said, with a nod, "One seems to have said everything."

The barricades were down, the dark way forward into the unknown was open before them. The way back into the known was brightly lit with arc lights and illuminated signs

Hugh Caine looked over his shoulder away from the sea. It was a long time before he spoke.

At last, "It won't do," he said. "I shall clear out of here tomorrow. I'll leave an address. You can write if you want to, but I advise don't write. You mustn't misunderstand me, for whatever you say I shall agree to. Yes, whatever you say. Good Lord, Joan, this is happening everywhere. The deep end is full of folks who can't swim, just splashing round and going to the bottom. It's not good enough—for you, anyway." Then suddenly—"It isn't as if anything were really wrong, is it?"

"No," she admitted. "Nothing is wrong. It's only ——"

"Don't say what. I feel bad enough about this."

She looked at him.

"Not only for your sake; I can feel my own hurts, too. And you're frightened about it, aren't you? Frightened and unconvinced?"

"Terribly," she confessed.

"You see, you've never talked about yourself; but I've guessed in a sort of way ——"

She interrupted him almost sharply.

"Oh, no! There was nothing to guess. I'd much rather you didn't. It was only that all this was—was different."

"I wasn't trying to coax a disloyalty from you," he assured her. "Please believe that. But every second man or woman nowadays is looking for a cure for something or someone, only to find in most instances they've become victims of a quack medicine." He broke off abruptly; then—"I'm sure of one thing: Love—real love doesn't need disappointment as a jumping board. It occurs somehow. If you and I had met as—as free people it's impossible to say what might have been. Disappointment puts most of us out of focus with ourselves, me as well, for I've some memories—some realities that would bear improving upon. Let that go. Anyway, we're not sympathy seekers—you and I."

Continued on Page 93

Incorrectly designed spark plugs cause poor motor performance.

AC Spark Plugs insure *good* performance; they are correctly designed.

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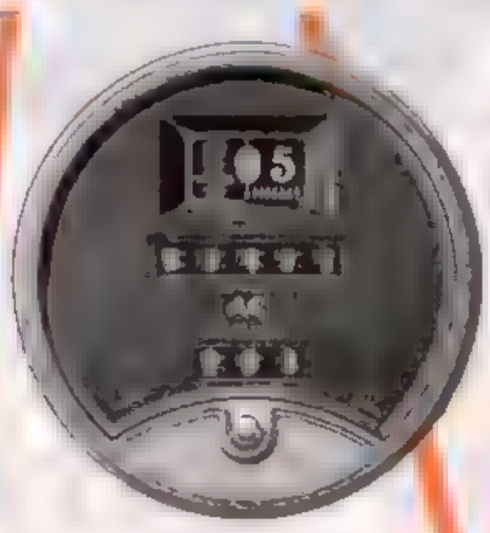

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This seal on the rug assures you a *double* guarantee: ours and your dealer's too

Bird's *Neponset* Rugs
DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 90)

He got up and pulled his hat down on his head.

"It's absurd to suppose you'll want to write to me, and for both our sakes I hope you won't. For both our sakes I hope we shall look back on these few days here as something rather pleasantly idiotic. But if you do want to write don't hesitate, because I feel somehow I've accepted a watching brief over your happiness." He stopped. "That's real enough, anyway. I shall move on in the morning. Good-by."

"Good-by," she answered, and called him back to say "Thank you."

"In heaven's name, what for?"

"For this as much as anything."

"If you remember me," he said, "I shall never forgive myself."

They parted quite conventionally. His last act was to restore her bag, which she had left hanging on the back of the garden seat. It was characteristic of both of them. He had done a great deal for her and had taken nothing in return; that is, she could not define what he had taken in return. Gratitude was her chief sensation—gratitude mixed with a confused sense of loss and relief.

She said her prayers strenuously that night, praying among other things that Hervey would come to her soon. When Hervey came she would know.

It was unfortunate Hervey should have gone through to Nice, where he spent two days with Sir John Wavertree before coming to see his wife. Joan was out when he arrived and he embraced the opportunity her absence afforded to write a few letters. She came into the room while he was addressing the last envelope. He smiled a welcome at her over his shoulder, and forestalling the inevitable, remarked, "Just half a minute while I ——"

Joan sat down on a small armchair while he moistened the gum of a postage stamp with a wet third finger and affixed it precisely.

"That's all right."

He rose and moved to the sofa, where he disposed himself at ease, a crossed leg ready to obstruct her should she seek to share it with him. But curiously enough she did not attempt to do so. Slightly perplexed, he uncrossed his legs and made room for her. Joan remained in the small armchair.

"Well now," he said, "come and tell me all about everything."

She gave a half shrug of the shoulders.

"There's nothing to tell. It's been quite nice here. Are you all right?"

He frowned. This was not the Joan of Campden Hill, all aflutter with welcome and agog with news. This was a very grown-up person.

"Do you know, you haven't kissed me," he said.

"Haven't I?" she replied, and raised her chin without apparent enthusiasm.

The action argued that if he wanted a kiss he must come and fetch it. That would never do. It is unquestionably the duty of a wife to bring her favors upon a salver when and how they shall be required.

"Is anything wrong?" he demanded.

"What should be?"

"You seem very strange."

"Because I haven't rushed at you with embraces for you to refuse?"

"What's that?" he replied, amazed.

She did not answer. He rose and stood on the fire mat.

"I don't understand what you mean. If something has put you out, it would surely do no harm to say what it is."

"Nothing has put me out."

"I suppose you are offended because I had to go to Nice before coming here."

"No."

"Then why can't you be ordinary?"

It was a most unlucky choice of a word.

"Because," said Joan, "I'm tired of being ordinary."

Her voice quavered with unexpected emotion. A wretched alarm suddenly attacked Hervey that his wife's health had not improved as a result of the change.

"My dear," he said, with hurried tenderness, "I hope you're not really ill. That would never do. Of course, if I had known I would never ——"

And he stooped to kiss her cheek. It was the surprise of his life when she ducked her head, twisted out of the chair and stood away, breathless.

"No!" she panted. "No, not now. I'd rather—I'd rather not."

With flaming cheeks she darted out of the room.

Hervey waited five minutes for her to return; but as she did not do so, he followed her to the bedroom. She was not there. A porter in the hall below said she had just gone out. Hervey bit the end of a small cigar and went to seek her in the hotel gardens. He did not find her, but he met Mrs. Potter, who shrilled gladness at seeing him—said how delightful it was and all the rest of it.

"Oh, wise, wise man, not to leave your adorable wife to the mercy of strangers."

The woman watched him. He responded by saying that Joan was far from well and concern for her health had speeded his arrival.

"Ill? But since when?" cried Mrs. Potter. "I had no idea. The sweet child was looking so well when she was dancing a few nights ago with that delightful Mr. Whoever-He-Was." Hervey pricked up his ears. "Dear me, oughtn't I to have spoken? I made sure he was a friend of yours."

Hervey said it was very likely. He had many friends at Cannes.

"It was seeing them dine at the same table so often."

Hervey invented a name.

"Probably Cleaver," he said. "Young Royston Cleaver, who ——"

"No, not Cleaver, although it began with a C. Caine, that was it. Hugh Caine—because I asked at the bureau."

Hervey lied rather effectively.

"What, is Hugh Caine here?"

"He left yesterday—or was it the day before?"

"I am sorry," said Hervey, and went back to the hotel.

Outwardly he was smiling, inwardly he was black with anger. He did not attempt to see Joan until she was dressing for dinner. He entered her room without knocking and stood in the middle of it, hands in pockets, feet planted.

Joan was brushing her hair. She did not turn round. Hervey's face and attitude were reflected in the mirror. He came straight to the point.

"Who is this fellow, Hugh Caine?"

And she replied without a tremor as though he had asked her opinion on a landscape.

"Beyond being perhaps the nicest man I ever met, I know very little about him."

Hervey said, "Look here—look here, you'd better answer my question."

"I have answered your question."

Her equanimity was maddening. Hervey's hands were opening and shutting. Joan left off brushing her hair to watch this emotional phenomenon. It was the time of day when Hervey was usually tired, but there was no evidence of listlessness in him now. He was quivering with passion.

"I swear—I swear I shall do something violent if you—if you ——"

She turned.

"Violent to me?"

The queer expression on her face checked a tide of angry words. She did not look afraid of him, but interested; as though he were a stranger who had created a favorable impression.

"Where did you meet this man?"

"On the boat. I was very ill. No one could have been nicer."

"You picked up — ."

"I think it was the other way round," she interrupted. "I don't remember much."

Hervey said, "God!" and rubbed his forehead.

"Why?" she queried. "If I had been knocked down by a taxi in the street you would hardly blame anyone for the help he offered."

"That's different."

"Yes," she agreed; "but the whole thing was different in many ways."

"What ways?"

She did not reply. She was struck by the startling fact that with complete concentration they were both discussing the same subject at the same moment. For the first time in memory she had secured his entire attention. Furthermore, the subject under discussion was herself.

"In what ways?" he repeated.

She brought her mind back from its happy excursion and answered, "I hardly know."

"Since then you've dined with this man—danced with him."

There was something in the way he said "this man" that stirred Joan's imagination. It was so bitter, so contemptuous, so passionately indignant. She wished he would keep on saying it forever.

"Yes, we've dined together once or twice, and danced."

"I'm glad you've the honesty to confess it."

Here was sarcasm, salted and peppered. Joan wondered why she did not wince beneath it. Instead she was experiencing an odd sense of comfort.

She heard herself say, "You mean if I had told an untruth you would have known?"

"Yes."

She wrinkled her forehead, then—"Of course—the Potters."

He was startled at the readiness of her intuition; and, manlike, offended that the source of his information should be so obvious to her, he retorted, "Not that I needed anyone's word to tell me what was wrong. It was clear enough the moment I arrived."

"Ah," said Joan, "because I did not kiss you?"

"If you like."

She seemed to be thinking. Her eyes were fixed on the bulb of an electric light.

"Because I didn't kiss you," she repeated. "Still that would hardly be enough to tell anyone I had met a Mr. Caine on a boat and that he and I had dined and danced together once or twice. There might be heaps of other reasons why I didn't kiss you. It might even be your fault."

"My fault? Look here, Joan, you can't get out of it that way."

"And look here," she cut in with her first show of warmth, "have I said I want to get out of it?"

"You dare to ——"

"What right have you to suppose there is anything I want to get out of or to conceal? I have met someone who has made a great difference to me."

Hervey stormed.

"You'll be telling me next you're in love with this man."

"If I were in love with him I hope I should tell you," she answered.

"Of all outrageous ——"

"But I don't know—I don't want to be—it's so terribly difficult to say without—without both of you ——"

For the first time she seemed to be losing her grasp of the situation. She was unable to end the sentence or the thought it was inspired by. Hervey's next question helped her back to simple answers.

"He made love to you—obviously he made love to you."

She shook her head.

"Oh, no, not obviously."

Such a reply was bound to explode the magazine of any man's wrath. Hervey Carrington had not been trained to receive the subtleness of a woman's mind, and for the next two minutes he raved up and down the room inarticulate with rage. Presently he paused, exhausted and breathless, over a wreckage of shifted furniture and kicked-up rugs. It was amazing to Joan that all this disturbance was on her behalf. In spite of his incoherence and the general ridiculousness of his aspect, she could not help admiring the new Hervey who was being revealed to her. It was the first real crisis in her life, and subconsciously she was observing every detail of it, weighing up and analyzing them. This was education and something more. It was as though a map of the future were being exposed for a few brief moments before her eyes and that in these moments tremendous note must be taken of the route she must follow. Hervey of the level plains had been transformed and was rushing up and down the perilous Alps. What for? To escape from her, or to find her?

She knew that by some odd accident she had become remote from him, that she was able to think apart from him, ungoverned by his wishes, this way or that. She was standing alone, wondering, coldly almost, whether he would have the power to reach her, whether she wanted him to have that power.

In his rage he had called her names—dreadful names—but they had left her with no rankling feelings, because she did not know whether the words had been uttered out of a depth of hatred or a height of love. Also she was aware of a strange battle waged within herself, quite apart from Hervey, by two subtle combatants. The one was the woman in her, shocked and startled by all this disturbance and trembling on the edge of a collapse into tears or some foolish confession of tenderness. The other was her femininity, cold, clear, calculating, attentive and receptive beyond belief. It was all very complex, very hard to know which of those two would stay the course.

"Tell me what he said," came from Hervey. "Come on, what did he say?"

"I'm thinking," she answered. Then, with a shake of the head—"No, it's impossible. You wouldn't believe me if I told you he said nothing."

"Nothing!"

Again she shook her head, and the feminine side of her answered, "Just that. It was the combination of everything. Not words. I don't believe people say words to one another—not about—not when they are serious.

"I can't remember our talking about ourselves. And yet I was never disappointed. That's what—that's why"—the woman was beginning to take command now—"it was so terribly, terribly difficult for me to know ——"

"To know what?"

"About us—you and I. Whether we had anything worth keeping, whether being ordinary is excuse enough for throwing away ——" She fumbled for a handkerchief and blew her nose. "I don't know—I don't. Oh, do sit down! You look so funny standing there. And I want to think."

For want of something better, he said, "I look funny, do I?"

"You do, rather," she replied. "Still, it doesn't matter."

He approached and took her by the wrists.

"What do you mean by saying you were never disappointed?"

"Just that. One seemed—in tune."

"In tune? Over commonplaces and nothing else?"

"Well, why not?" she replied. "That must be easy to understand."

He turned away and dropped heavily in a small armchair, where he sat biting a finger and staring at her. She did not look his way; she seemed wrapped up in her own thoughts. It was a small room, but he felt he was looking at her through the wrong end of a telescope, so distant was she, so remote.

"And you never thought of me?" he said at last.

"Oh, yes, all the time."

"Comparatively?" He snapped out the word.

"Yes."

It brought him to his feet again.

"Where is this man—where is he? I'll break every bone in his blackguardly body."

"Would you? You mean that? You're not just saying it?"

He looked as if he meant it, standing over her. She turned her eyes to his face. They were alight with a new interest.

"Where is he? You know where he is?"

"Yes, I know."

"So that you can write—meet again, I suppose."

"Or not," she replied. "You haven't understood, quite. He left it to me. If I wanted him I was to write. 'For both our sakes I hope you won't,' he said, but the choice was left to me."

"That sort of man!" said Hervey. "That puny sort! Makes love to a woman, bolts and leaves the future to her!"

"He didn't make love to me. I told you so. We were just friends, then he said that and went away."

"Leaving the rest to you?"

"That was his way all through. Leaving it to me to decide, to choose—even what we talked about sometimes."

"And then I suppose there was a fine parting."

"No, rather typical. I'd left my bag on a seat and he went and fetched it."

"A retriever!" he snorted, and threw up his head.

She was quiet for a moment. Then—"Please, Hervey, there can be no reason for insulting a man about whom you know nothing."

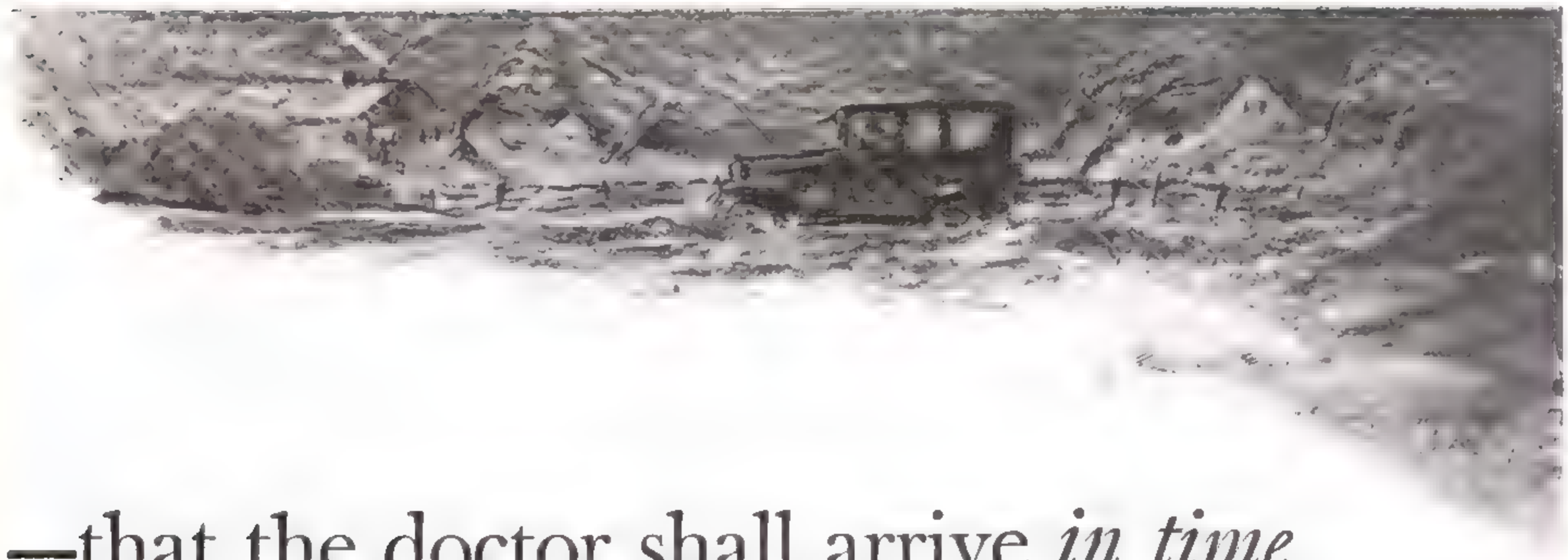
He turned to her, speechless at the impertinence of such logic.

"Know nothing? I know enough!" But that was no good. He cried out, "Give me his address!"

She only shook her head.

It was her calmness which was defeating him—her calmness and his inability to focus her attention upon himself. He did not seem even able to inspire her fear any longer. It was horrible. A ghastly impression rose up that she was standing upon a green baize table before the auctioneer, Fate. The auctioneer's ivory hammer was raised. His lips framed the words, "Going, going," and he, Hervey, had no power to bid, no goods to offer. He was bankrupt. In a second it would be too late and she

Continued on Page 96



—that the doctor shall arrive *in time*

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"I made all speed, gave the car all the gas she would digest. Reaching the house, I entered hastily, to be greeted by the heartbroken cry of the mother: 'Oh, doctor, my baby is dying!' 'Do not give up; there may yet be time,' I answered, but my hopes were at zero. I approached the bed and casting the cover aside looked down on a beautiful little girl, motionless, and apparently dead.

"Instantly I set to work, using artificial respiration; and after a few minutes, the little form stirred, and color began to creep back into the chalk-white cheeks. The smile of that mother is one of the things which I look back on as a rich part of the compensation of a country doctor's life. The little girl would never have seen another sunrise had it not been for the automobile."

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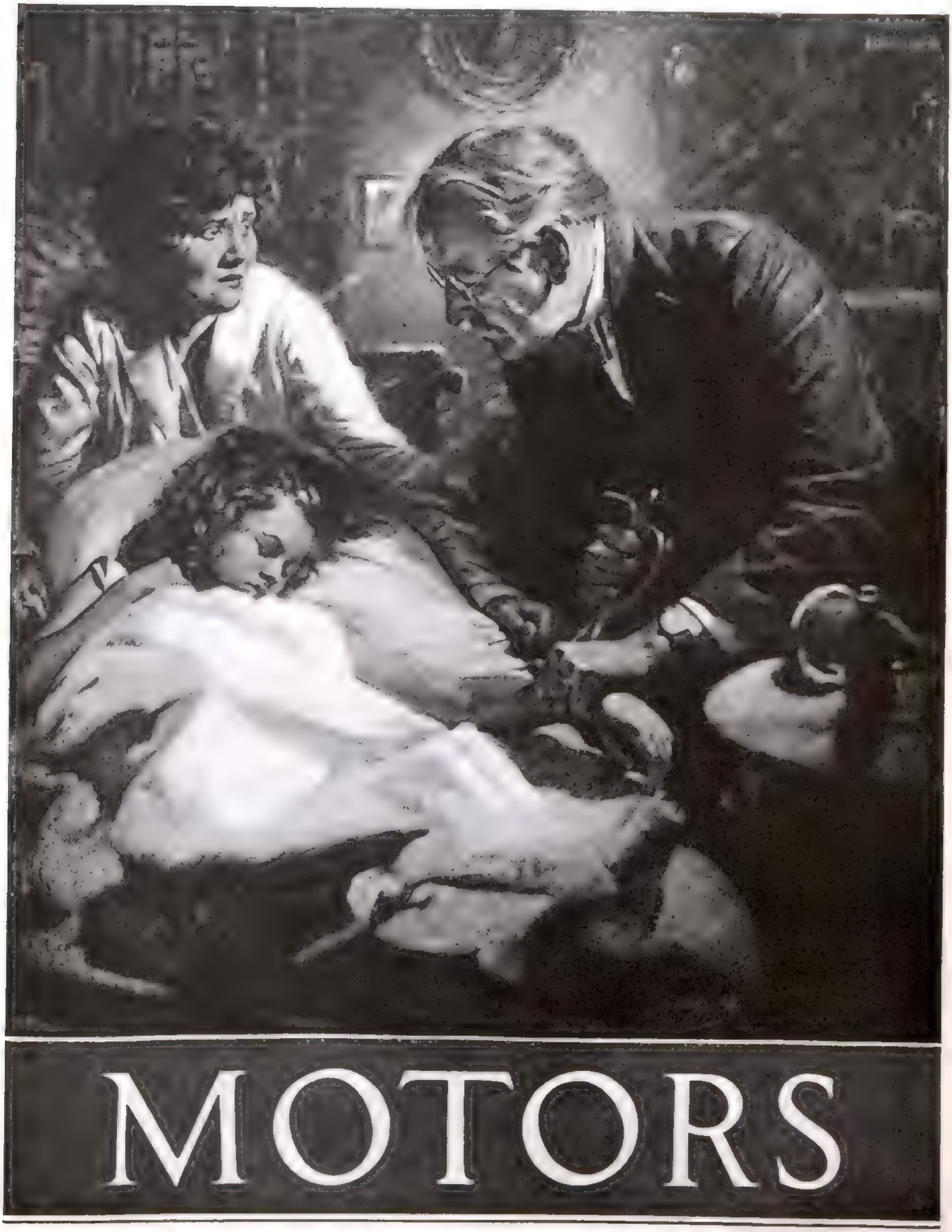
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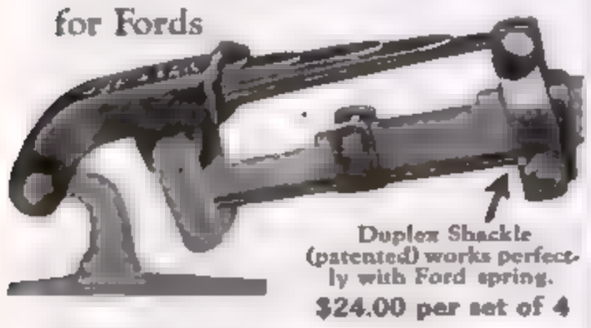

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ADVANCE EQUIPMENT
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Continued from Page 93

would pass to that mysterious bidder hidden in the crowd of strangers who compose the world.

In sudden agony he seized her shoulders and forced her to her feet, shook her and cried out her name.

"Joan, Joan, what haven't I done that you could treat me like this—forget me like this?" She looked at him then. "What haven't I done?" he repeated. "In heaven's name, haven't I loved you enough—shown it enough—proved it? Joan, you're everything to me—everything. I've never thought of or looked at—but you know that—you know—absolutely. I may have forgotten things. I—but what's that matter? It can't matter when the love itself —— Anyone—any man gets careless—but it doesn't mean—it can't lead to —— No, no, no! Why, even that blasted stranger—— Ah, I'm sorry; didn't mean to—but it's true. What haven't I to give that he can offer?"

Her eyes were closed now; on her face was an expression almost rapturous as the tempest of words and questions dinned in her ears. It was like standing on a cliff in the roar of a gale and the beating of surf. The hands that gripped her shoulders shook her to and fro. She made no effort to resist them. She was listening to music that drowned the clatter of a typewriter.

"Open your eyes! Look at me! Answer me!"

He was calling on her to return to shelter—seeking to drag her out of the clutches of this storm of angry elements and back to the commonplace. But she did not want to go; she wanted to stay there and be buffeted by the gale.

"What haven't I to give you that he can offer?"

She would have to come in; she could not stay out there forever. Slowly she opened her eyes and fixed them upon his.

"Nothing," she said. "Only you haven't given—haven't even taken what I offered. Can you wonder if I doubted whether you wanted me or I you?"

"But you must know now that ——"

"Ah, now!" she repeated. "Now is different, but it has never been now with us before."

"If I could only understand!" he said hopelessly.

"Somehow I think you never did."

"Say you hate this man!" he groaned. "Say you hate him!"

"It would be untrue to say I hated him after what he's done for me."

"Done?" he repeated. "Done? Done for me!"

"For both of us perhaps," she said softly.

His head was going from side to side, a pathetic impotent movement. He moved to the window and stared out at the dismal night.

"If anyone had told me in a wretched fortnight I could lose your affection!"

"You must not say that, Hervey."

But he did not seem to hear.

"Oh, God!" he muttered, and on a raised arm buried his face in the folds of the curtain.

He was crying for her—for the loss of her. He, the man who could not be bothered to make room for her beside him, the man who for years had dodged her caresses, evaded her moods and emotions—and she knew instinctively it was not from injured pride he wept, but for her and the loss of her love. And it was through a stranger that his transformation had been accomplished. Yes, it was through a casual stranger a way to happiness had been revealed to them that she alone or he alone had never been able to find. She knew then that it was only Hervey who counted in her scheme of life, and that the agony he was suffering now was better worth having than a whole world of Hugh Caines.

The easy solicitude he had shown, the tenderness, chivalry, banter, so highly prized an hour before, stood now revealed as so much trash. But the complexes were still at work, for though the woman within her hated Hugh Caine for the pain he had inflicted, the feminine side of her was sending out radios of gratitude and thanksgiving for the light he had shed upon the situation. But for Hugh Caine she might never have discovered the real Hervey or her real self. Their wedded life, but for him, might have pursued its dreary course to the grave.

But now, with the certitude that was hers, such a thing was impossible. The future now was glorious. Quickly she crossed to her husband and slipped her bare arms round his neck.

From the manner in which he flung away it might have been a blow rather than a caress.

"How dare you—now?"

It was the old postponement, the old evasion, and yet for the first time on record Joan did not resent it. Almost she could have laughed for joy at the intensity of his indignation. His eyes were wet and his face scarlet.

"All right," she said, "I won't come near you."

"Aren't you ashamed ——" he began.

"No," she answered. "I have no cause to be. But I'm sorry, that you ——"

"I've no use for your sympathy."

"It goes with my love," she said, "and I love you now better—much better than I ever have before."

"It's a lie!" he said huskily.

"Look at me!"

"It must be a lie, when by every word and act you've—you've proved ——"

He could not go on.

"Will you make the same mistake as I have made, Hervey—all these years believing that 'not just now' meant 'never'—meant nothing?"

"'Not just now'! What do you mean?" he repeated.

From the hall below a gong sounded.

"We had better finish dressing," said Joan.

"What do you mean?" he demanded again.

She returned slowly to her dressing table.

"Think it over," she said; "it's an easy mistake to make. You're a conclusion jumper—as I was. Mr. Caine was right when he told me it was much better to jump to beginnings. We might do that perhaps."

He stood irresolute, then blurted out, "What does this man mean to you?"

"Nothing," she answered, "to me; but he might mean everything to us. I've been thinking, Hervey, there are two people in a marriage, and if they are to be one they must remember there are two."

"You mean I've forgotten that been selfish."

"And so have I. We just haven't met."

And then it was a powerful illumination came to Hervey Carrington, lighting up new and unexplored directions of mind. Very slowly he crossed to the door leading to his room and there he turned.

"You're not going to leave me, Joan?"

"Of course not."

"You never meant to?"

"I think I never meant to."

He was silent then.

"I know nothing about this fellow, Caine, but I dare say he was a decent sort."

"He was all that."

"Joan, what was it?"

"Sharing," she answered; "sharing things, ideas and—oh, I don't know—being unexpectedly thoughtful about all sorts of trifles."

"M'm—yes," he acknowledged dubiously; "but marriage kills that somehow, Joan; numbs it—makes one careless. But it doesn't kill the real thing, Joan. That lives—love does."

She nodded slowly; a queer smile was playing at the corners of her mouth.

"You needn't have told me."

Then she added, "But why need men be so funny about love—treating it as though it were something to be ashamed of until it looks like—going, and then breaking out?"

"I suppose that's true in a way."

"Oh, it's true! But never mind; I've learned. I'm happy. Only, it seems rather a pity."

He took a half step toward her, but she began to brush her hair again with the bristles of wisdom. You cannot kiss a woman who is brushing her hair. It is a perfect defense.

"But it's all right with you and me?" he said.

There was a terrible anxiety in his voice.

"Yes, it's all right with you and me."

She went on brushing, the back hair swept over her face and hiding it. There was no way in.

"Joan," he said—"Joan, I've been a thoughtless brute; but—but can't we ——"

His hand fell on her shoulder.

"Not just now," she pleaded.

She felt his hand slip away, and turned with, "You'll never be able to say that again, Hervey."

"Have I ever said that?" he cried. "I swear I've never meant to. You're everything I care for in the world. Joan, don't keep me away, don't be a brute to me. You're my wife and all you have to give I want—I want. Joan, I've been so sure of you, so certain. Let me go on being certain. You will, won't you? You must. Joan, I swear I'll never say that again."

And the clear-seeing feminine side of her replied, "But I know you will, Hervey, and people must not be too sure."

"Joan!"

And the pure woman in her hearing the cry of the man who was her man swept the hair away from her face and tilted back her head and held out her arms.

"I don't care what you say or do," she said, "as long as we keep in reach of a moment like this."

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11 Heinz Mince Meat
12 Heinz Plum Pudding
13 Heinz Fig Pudding
14 Heinz Cherry Preserves
15 Heinz Red Raspberry Preserves
16 Heinz Peach Preserves
17 Heinz Damson Plum Preserves
18 Heinz Strawberry Preserves
19 Heinz Pineapple Preserves
20 Heinz Black Raspberry Preserves
21 Heinz Blackberry Preserves
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23 Heinz Crab-apple Jelly
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25 Heinz Grape Jelly
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27 Heinz Apple Jelly
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36 Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickle
37 Heinz Queen Olives
38 Heinz Manzanilla Olives
39 Heinz Stuffed Olives
40 Heinz Ripe Olives
41 Heinz Pure Olive Oil
42 Heinz Sour Pickled Onions
43 Heinz Worcestershire Sauce
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45 Heinz Beefsteak Sauce
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THE DOLLAR CHASERS

(Continued from Page 7)

shirt, took up the red check, and stood helplessly in front of the finished work.

"Please, please!" cried Bill. "It's done—I know it's done. I paid a dollar extra to make sure. Where's Sam? Say, listen, we're keeping all the money in San Francisco waiting. Let me help you—oh, I can't read that stuff. But please get a move on."

The old man made a gesture as of one requesting peace. He turned reproving spectacles upon the customer. They were steaming up again. Once more he studied the rack, while Bill Hammond chattered wildly at his elbow. Finally the Chinaman reached up and captured a fat package. Bill snatched it from him, tossed it into his suitcase and began to strap the latter up. The Chinaman was holding the two pieces of the check close to his eyes.

"One dolla," he announced.

"And very cheap too," said Bill.

He paid with a five-dollar bill, receiving in change four of those heavy silver dollars still in circulation on the coast. As he dashed out the door the bell rang again like an alarm. The old Chinaman was once more applying the tail of the shirt to his spectacles.

Making admirable speed, Bill Hammond returned to Post Street and located the splendid equipage that awaited him. One of the Japs stood ready to take his bag and open the door. A bit breathless, he climbed in and established himself on one of the little collapsible chairs in front, the other of which was occupied by Sally. He sat sideways and Sally sat sideways, and the introductions began.

"Aunt Dora, this is Mr. Hammond." Bill bowed. The large, commanding woman on the rear seat, who was mainly responsible for the congestion there, bowed also—sternly. "And do you know Mr. Frost?" Sally continued. "You ought to—you work for him."

Bill looked into the cold, fishy eyes of his employer. Henry Frost had the appearance of a deacon, though such was not by any means his reputation.

"How do you do, sir?" said Bill, uncomfortably. "Mr. Frost can't possibly know all those who labor in his cause," he added.

"And father. Father, this is Mr. Hammond."

Father held out a thin, small hand. He was, indeed, a thin, small man, quite unlike the accepted figure of the great financier. His face was ascetic, his eyes rather dreamy; there seemed, at first glance, nothing about his personality that would strike terror to an opponent. The aunt, towering like Mont Blanc at his side, was far more impressive, and knew it.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Hammond," said the millionaire. "Sally has spoken of you, I believe."

"It's mighty kind of you, sir, to take me along like this ——"

"An office assignment, I understand," put in Henry Frost in a high, unlovely voice.

"Oh, that's merely incidental," said Batchelor. "You'll find Mikklesen very interesting, Mr. Hammond. Ought to get a good story. But you're not to let work interfere with your outing, even if Henry—Mr. Frost—does happen to be with us." He smiled.

"I'll try not to, sir," Bill answered, smiling too. He felt much better. A human being, after all.

"I'm afraid my party's going to be rather a stag affair," Jim Batchelor said, as the car swung into the broad expanse of Market Street.

"Well, we're used to that," said Sally. "Aren't we, Aunt Dora?"

"We ought to be by this time," sniffed that lady.

"There'll be Mrs. Keith, however," Batchelor went on.

"Mrs. Keith!" Henry Frost raised his bushy eyebrows.

"A very charming woman, Henry," said Jim Batchelor. "Lived in China a great deal, I believe. I want to have a talk with her about conditions over there. You see, this isn't only a pleasure cruise for me. There are two rather important questions I have to decide before I get back. There's that contract with the Chinese Government for bridging the Yang-tse-Kiang. I guess I mentioned it to you. I haven't made up my mind whether to make a bid for the job or not. Talking with Mrs. Keith and Mikklesen may decide me."

"I understand that Blake has already put in his figures," said Frost. "He'll probably underbid you."

"Very likely. But everybody knows Blake is a crook. I imagine I can get the contract away from him if I go after it. They tell me he's waiting anxiously to know what move I'll make. I'll spoil his game if I go in." Batchelor smiled, and it was no dreamer smiling then. "However, I've got several days. The bids don't close until next Thursday."

"And the other question, Jim?" asked Frost.

"Oh, the senatorship. I'm still thinking of entering the primaries."

"Nonsense!" growled his friend. "Why get mixed up in that sort of thing?"

"Just what I tell him," said Aunt Dora. "Still, Washington would be interesting."

"Well, I don't know," mused Batchelor. "Every man has ambitions that way, I guess. At any rate, I'm taking O'Meara, the lawyer, along on this cruise to talk over the situation. When it comes to politics, he's one of the wisest."

"O'Meara!" Mr. Frost spoke rather sourly.

"It's a very mixed crowd, I'm sure," said Aunt Dora, and Bill Hammond felt that the glance she cast at him was a bit personal.

"A lot more interesting than a bunch of society fol-de-lols," Batchelor told her. "And when it comes to elegance, that end's taken care of too. I've invited Julian Hill."

"Good news for Sally, I'm sure," remarked Aunt Dora, and again the look she gave Bill Hammond had a meaning all its own.

Bill knew that they were speaking of the third vice president of the Batchelor concern, a young man of good family and social position whose engagement to Sally Batchelor had more than once been rumored. He glanced at the girl, but she was staring straight ahead, and her charming profile told him nothing.

The car was gliding along the Embarcadero now, that romantic threshold to the Orient. Ships that were destined for far ports waited motionless but ready, and on the piers was abundant evidence of the great business done upon the waters. Suddenly Henry Frost spoke.

"It's a wonder to me you could get anyone to go with you today," he said.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Batchelor.

"Friday, the thirteenth," explained the newspaper owner.

"The thirteenth! Say, I didn't realize that!" Batchelor's tone was serious, and glancing back, Bill Hammond was amazed at the gravity of his face.

"I didn't think you did," smiled Frost, "knowing your weakness as I do."

"What do you mean—weakness? I'm not superstitious." And Jim Batchelor smiled, as though he had just remembered something pleasant. "Besides, no bad luck can happen to us—not while I've got my little lucky piece in my pocket."

His lucky piece? Bill Hammond looked at Sally.

"For goodness' sake," she laughed, "don't ask him to show it to you! That calamity will befall you soon enough, and at a time when I'm elsewhere, I trust."

The car came to a halt before Pier 99, the property of a steamship company in which Jim Batchelor was a heavy stockholder. At the end of the pier, close to where a smart launch was waiting, they found the remaining four guests who had been invited on Jim Batchelor's week-end cruise.

An oddly assorted quartet, Bill Hammond thought, as Sally hastily introduced him. Mike O'Meara he already knew, having more than once sought to pry an interview out of him. A huge, bluff, ruddy man, the lawyer was decidedly out of his element and seemed to know it, but he had a gift of gab to see him through. Julian Hill proved a suave, polished man in his thirties, garbed in just the right apparel; he had no interest whatever in meeting Bill Hammond and didn't pretend any. Mrs. Keith was at that age where a woman knows that youth is going despite her gallant struggle. She had been, Bill sensed, a clinging vine in her day; but now she was a bit too plump and no doubt found the sturdy oaks elusive.

As for Mikklesen, he delighted the eye; he made the senses reel; he was magnificent. Tall, languid, with china-blue eyes and yellow hair, his slim figure clothed in tweeds, the Englishman added an artistic touch to any scene he chose to adorn. Save when he looked at Sally Batchelor, boredom afflicted him, and the indifference he showed in meeting Mr.—er—Hammond made the attitude of Julian Hill seem a bit too eager by comparison.

When the Japanese had got all the luggage aboard the launch, the guests followed. Bill Hammond had intended to sit beside Sally, but Mikklesen and Hill beat him to it, and he reflected that competition was going to be keen in the near future. He sank down beside Mrs. Keith. The launch sputtered and was on its way to where the seagoing yacht Francesca waited haughty and aloof, lording it over the more plebeiany craft that lay about her.

"Isn't this thrilling!" gushed Mrs. Keith. "You know I haven't been on a yacht for ages."

"Same here," said Bill. "Grand to be rich, don't you think?"

"It must be," sighed the woman. "I never could manage it. You must tell me all about it."

"Me?" Bill Hammond laughed. "You've got the wrong number—excuse it, please. I happen to be one of the humble poor—only a newspaper reporter."

"Oh, indeed!" Her smile faded. "How exciting—a reporter! You have the most wonderful experiences of course. You must tell me all about it."

Evidently one of the you-must-tell-me-all-about-it sisterhood, a species that dated back a bit.

"Well," said Bill Hammond cautiously, "if I'm not too busy with my work, I'll be delighted."

"Work—on the yacht?"

"I'm supposed to interview Mr. Mikklesen on conditions in the Orient."

She laughed.

"Oh, really? Mr. Mikklesen is an old—acquaintance of mine. I knew him in

(Continued on Page 102

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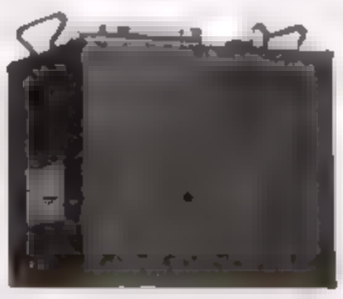

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(Continued from Page 99)

China. I'm sure he'll tell you the most interesting things—only you mustn't believe all you hear.

"He's a dear boy, but—imaginative. Oh, so very imaginative." She glanced across to where Mikklesen was bending close to Sally Batchelor. The look in her eyes was not friendly.

On the deck of the Francesca her captain waited to greet his owner. Japanese in white coats appeared to receive the baggage.

"Dinner's at 7:30," Jim Batchelor announced. "After the boys have shown you to your quarters, I suggest that you gentlemen join me in the smoking room."

"'Stag party' is right," smiled his daughter.

"Oh, well, the ladies too, of course," amended the owner of the Francesca. "I thought they'd be too busy ——"

As a matter of fact, he had forgotten all about the ladies. It was his habit; he was a man's man.

One of the Japs, burdened with luggage, politely requested Bill Hammond to follow, and led the way to the deck below. Mikklesen also was in the procession, and Bill wondered if they were to share a stateroom. It was not a happy prospect, for he knew the Englishman would coolly take seven-eighths of any room assigned them. They entered a passageway off which the cabins evidently opened, and at the third door the Jap dropped Bill's modest suitcase and, staggering under the load of the Englishman's traps, led Mikklesen inside.

"This your cabin," Bill heard him say.

"Thank heaven," Bill thought. The Jap emerged, took up the solitary bag and led the way to the next door.

"So this is mine, eh?" Bill said. "Fine! Got it all to myself, I suppose."

"Yes-s," hissed the Jap. "Francesca sleep fifteen guests."

"Good for the Francesca."

"Bath here," the servant said. He nodded toward an open door, beyond which gleamed spotless plumbing. Even as Bill looked, Mikklesen appeared in the doorway, gave him a haughty glare, shut the door and locked it.

"Bath for two cabins," the Jap said. "Yours too." He seemed distressed.

"Well, you'd better explain that to him," suggested Bill.

"Otherwise I'll never see the inside of that room again," he added.

The servant disappeared. There was the sound of voices in the next cabin. Then the lock clicked in the bathroom door and the Jap was again in Bill's room.

"All right now," he smiled.

"Maybe," said Bill. "What's your name?"

"Tatu."

"Well, Tatu ——"

He handed him a bill. The smile broadened.

"He leave door locked, you go through his room, unlock," said Tatu.

"Some judge of character, Tatu. You got his number, boy. Don't worry about me, I'll bathe all right."

The Jap disappeared, and Bill stood for a moment staring through the porthole at San Francisco's interesting sky line. This was the life, he reflected, sailing gayly off into the unknown. His heart sank. Had he remembered to bring his shirt studs? Feverishly he opened his suitcase—thank heaven, there they were.

He went out in search of the smoking room. On the upper deck he encountered Jim Batchelor.

"Ah, my boy, come along," said the millionaire. "Maybe we can scare up a cocktail."

They found Henry Frost already in the smoking room.

"When do we get to Monterey?" he wanted to know.

"Early tomorrow," said Batchelor. "There'll be plenty of time for me to trim you a round of golf before lunch."

"You hate yourself, don't you?" answered Frost. "Ten dollars a hole is my answer to that."

"Piker!" chided Batchelor. "Play golf, Hammond?"

"In a fashion," Bill said. "Not so expensively as that, however."

"Oh, it wouldn't cost you anything to take him on," Batchelor replied. "He always pays. Henry's golf's a joke to everybody but Henry himself."

O'Meara came in.

"Some boat you got here, Mr. Batchelor," he said, "I'll tell the world."

"Yes, it's quite a neat little craft."

"Little! It's the Leviathan of the west coast."

"Say, look here, O'Meara," Frost put in, "Jim here's got a crazy idea he's going to enter the senatorial primaries. Now you know the game—I'm relying on you to tell him he hasn't got a chance."

"I can't do that, and speak true," O'Meara replied. "He's got as good a chance as any of them. You put up your name, Mr. Batchelor," he added, "and leave the rest to us."

"Well, I haven't decided," the millionaire answered. "We'll talk it over later. Ah, Mr. Mikklesen, come in. Are you comfortably settled?"

"Oh, quite," said the Englishman. "It was most frightfully good of you to invite me."

"Well, my reasons weren't wholly unselfish," Batchelor admitted. "I've sort of lost track of things in China lately—thought you could set me straight."

"Any information I have, my dear sir, is yours. I believe you're thinking of that bridge contract."

"I am—seriously."

Mikklesen nodded.

"Of course, it's a bit risky," he said. "The government isn't any too stable, to put it mildly. There are other difficulties—I'll speak of them later. Yes, it's decidedly risky."

"You bet it is," remarked Julian Hill, who had just come in.

"But I like risks," smiled Batchelor.

"I know, governor, but this is the limit." Mr. Hill seemed very much in earnest. "I'm bitterly opposed."

"You were opposed to that lighthouse job in South America too," Batchelor reminded him.

"I happened to be wrong that time. But something tells me I'm not wrong now. Let's keep out. Don't you say so, Mr. Mikklesen?"

"I will say this"—the Englishman studied the end of his cigarette—"if you do go in, it will be a matter of what you call the breaks. They may be for you; they may be against you. You'll need all the luck in the world."

"Ah, luck," smiled Batchelor. "That's where the Batchelor Construction Company shines. For more than thirty-five years the breaks have been our way. And I've still got my lucky piece."

He took from his waistcoat pocket a silver dollar.

Frost and Hill smiled at each other and turned away, but the three other men regarded the coin with interest.

"Gentlemen," said Jim Batchelor softly, "there it is. The first dollar I ever earned. I was a kid of eleven at the time. My father was a mason and he was working on an apartment building they were putting up on Russian Hill. He heard they wanted a water boy and he got me the job. I had to fetch the water from a well that was a block away—a block down the hill. I carried an empty pail the easy route, but coming back it was filled, and I puffed and sweat and staggered up the grade. It was my first lesson in how hard money comes. On the first Saturday night I got my pay—this dollar—and I walked home with my father past shop windows that were one long temptation. 'What you going to spend it for, Jim?' my father asked. 'I'm not going to spend it,' I told him. 'I'm going to keep it—always.' And I have. For thirty-seven years it's been my lucky piece and it's made good on the job. I've fetched it in my pocket at the big moments of my life, and it's given me confidence and courage. A little silver dollar coined in 1884." He appeared to be holding it out to Mikklesen, and the Englishman reached forth his hand to take it. But Jim Batchelor restored it to his pocket.

"And it's still working for me, gentlemen," he added.

"Poppycock!" said Henry Frost.

"Maybe," smiled Batchelor. "But I hear there is a standing offer of one thousand dollars in the office of Blake & Co. for that little lucky piece. Poppycock, eh?"

"Oh, well, Blake & Co. know what a fool you are," said Frost. "They realize the psychological effect on your mind if you lost that thing. They're willing to pay for that."

"They'll never get the chance," answered Batchelor, and his eyes flashed. "I think I will go into that China thing. In fact I know I will. Gentlemen, here are the cocktails."

They stood about a table, each with a glass in his hand. As Bill Hammond looked around him, he saw that the eyes of each man present were on the pocket that held the little silver dollar. Mikklesen lifted his glass.

"Here's to your good luck, sir," he said. "May it continue."

"Thank you," answered Jim Batchelor, and they drank.

At seven o'clock Bill Hammond set out for his stateroom to dress for dinner. At the top of the main companionway he met Sally—Sally in a breath-taking gown and looking her loveliest.

"Hurry up," she said. "I'm eager for someone to help me enjoy the sunset."

"Keep the place open," he begged. "I'm really the best man for the job. Sally, I know who it is I have to thank for this little outing. You're always doing something for the orphans, aren't you?"

"Were you glad to come?"

"Glad? What weak words you use!"

"I thought you would be. The yacht's a lot of fun, really."

"It's not the yacht I'm thinking of. If you'd invited me out in a rowboat my joy would have been the same. You know ——"

Henry Frost and Hill came up behind them.

"Dear me," said Sally, "what a long cocktail hour! I'm afraid dad's been telling you the story of the dollar."

"He did mention it," said Hill.

"And I'm glad he did," Bill Hammond said. "It made him seem mighty human to me. The picture of him struggling up Russian Hill with that water pail ——"

"Dear dad!" Sally smiled. "There is something rather appealing about the story. The first time you hear it, I mean. But when you've had it pop up constantly for twenty years, as I have, you're bound to get a little fed up on it. I've been very wicked. There've been times when I wished to heaven he'd lose that dollar."

"Here too," said Julian Hill. "Particularly when it leads Mr. Batchelor into some wild adventure like this China bridge contract."

"Lose it!" cried Henry Frost. His little eyes glittered. "Why, it would ruin him!"

"Yes, I rather think it would," said Hill; and it wasn't so much what he said, Bill Hammond reflected as he hurried off to his cabin. It was the way he said it.

III

MIKKLESEN had left the smoking room some time before, and as Bill Hammond passed the door of the Englishman's cabin he was glad to hear a voice lifted in song inside. But when he reached his own room and tried to enter the bath, he found himself locked out. As he savagely rattled the knob he was happy to recall that George Washington won his war. Confound this Mikklesen—had he no consideration for anybody?

The answer was that he hadn't; one look at him told that.

As Bill turned angrily back into his room, Tatu entered from the passageway.

"Very late, very busy," said the Jap. "Now I lay you out." And he lifted a dinner coat from Bill's suitcase.

"Never mind, I'll attend to that," Bill told him. "You go in and lay that Englishman out. Lay him out cold, and then unlock this bath for me."

"Yes-s."

Tatu hastened away, and again there was the sound of voices in the next cabin. Again the lock in the door leading to the bath clicked, and Tatu emerged. Bill dashed by him and turned the key in Mikklesen's door. He was sorry that the gentle click resulting didn't begin to express his feelings.

"You run along, Tatu," he said. "I'm in too much of a hurry to learn how to be valeted tonight. Some time when we're both free you can give me a lesson."

"You want me, ring bell," suggested Tatu, going.

Bill was hastily peeling off his clothes. If he was to have a few moments alone with Sally and the sunset, speed was the watchword. But he had been known to rise in the morning, bathe, shave, dress and reach the office in less than twenty minutes, and he was out now to smash the record.

As he was putting the finishing touches on an elaborate shave, Mikklesen began to rattle the door knob. He rattled long and earnestly, and it was music to the reporter's ears.

"Oh, I say, old chap, you're not annoyed, are you?" Bill murmured. "Not really! How beastly!"

"Damn!" said a voice, and the clatter ceased.

Bill hurried from the bathroom, leaving the lock *in statu quo*. By way of preparation, he laid out his diamond shirt studs—rich looking, if old-fashioned—the property of poor Uncle George, handed to Bill by Aunt Ella the day after the funeral.

Humming happily to himself, he lifted the great fat package of laundry into the open. Good old Honolulu Sam, he had certainly come across as promised. That back-same-day thing was on the level. Must have hurried some. Great little people, the Chinese; you could bank on them. If they said they'd do a thing, they did it. He snapped the string with his fingers and gently laid back the wrapping paper. A bright pink shirt stared up at him.

It is astonishing sometimes, in the crises of our lives, how slow we can be in comprehending. Bill's first reaction was to wonder how this sartorial atrocity had got in with his things. He tossed it aside and was confronted by the purplest shirt he had ever met. Next in the line of march came a green shirt that would have made excellent adornment on St. Patrick's Day. Then some rather shabby underwear and eloquent socks. A few collars. But no more shirts!

Bill Hammond sat down weakly on the berth.

"Good Lord," he cried. "It's not my laundry!"

And if comprehension had been slow in coming, it came now with a rush. Alone, alone, all, all alone on a restless ocean, and without a dress shirt to his name. Dinner in fifteen minutes. At least two rivals for Sally's favor present, and each an elegant dresser on and off.

And this was the cruise on which he had hoped to make a dashing impression, to win Sally's family, to say nothing of the girl herself, by his charm. How did one do that without a shirt?

Anger overcame him. Nor did he have any trouble locating the object of his wrath. That half-blind old Chinaman with the steaming spectacles—there was the guilty party.

The old idiot! In one careless moment he had destroyed the priceless reputation of his race for accuracy, built up laboriously through many years of giving back the right shirt to the right customer—destroyed it utterly, doomed his race to extinction. For Bill Hammond would attend to that personally, and he would begin in the establishment of Honolulu Sam.

But time was passing; he mustn't waste any more of it planning the massacre of an aged Chinaman. The problem was here and now. What to do? The weather was calm enough, but the Francesca was tossing about a bit. He might retire to his berth and plead seasickness. And leave Sally to the company of Mikklesen and Julian Hill? Not likely! No, he must have a shirt—must have one—robbery—a killing or two, maybe—but he had to have a shirt.

Was there anyone aboard who would help him? O'Meara, perhaps; but no, O'Meara's shirt would go round him at least twice. As for the other men, there was not one to whom he would consider revealing his plight. Sally—if he could bring himself to tell her—would be sympathetic, but Sally had no dress shirts to distribute. That left—hold on—that left Tatu. Thank heaven he had given Tatu five dollars.

He rang the bell, and while he waited put on his underclothes. Tatu appeared. Frankness, it seemed to Bill, was the only course.

"Terrible thing's happened, Tatu," he said. "See"—he indicated the frightful pink shirt—"Chinese laundry returned the wrong wash. I haven't any dress shirt."

"Chinese not reliable people," commented Tatu.

"You've said it, my boy. Sometime you and I'll have a long talk about that. But now, Tatu, now—dinner coming on like this. What to do?" An idea flashed into his mind. "You haven't an extra shirt, have you?" he inquired hopefully.

Tatu opened his coat and revealed a fine white bosom—but no shirt went with it.

"Have extra bosom," he said. "Maybe you would like ——"

Bill recoiled in horror.

"No, no, I couldn't take a chance. Must have an entire shirt. There's five more dollars waiting for you if you can dig one up."

Tatu considered.

"Maybe," he said. "I find out."

He went on his momentous errand. Bill, left alone, put on stockings and a pair of pumps. Slowly but surely the structure was

(Continued on Page 106

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and still have clean teeth
Safely

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"YANKEE" TOOLS

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(Continued from Page 102)

approaching completion. But the shirt! Would that necessary, that vital bit of façade come to hand? Or must he sit shirtless in his cabin while the gay diners made merry round the festal board?

Something in Tatu's eye had made Bill feel that this was a moment for caution. He turned off his light and opened the door leading into the dim passageway. No one in sight. Where was that Jap anyhow? The door of the cabin at the end of the corridor began to open slowly, and a man emerged. He looked warily about him, and then, walking on tiptoe, started down the passageway. Tatu? No, it wasn't Tatu. Bill Hammond, peering from the darkness as the man passed his stateroom, saw clearly who it was. He watched him open the door of a stateroom farther down and disappear.

Nervously Bill sat down on his berth. Would Tatu never come? Why, he'd had time enough to scare up a whole outfit—Tatu appeared in the doorway. Bill leaped up, closed the door behind him and snapped on the light.

Rapture! There was a gleaming dress shirt in the Jap's hand. Like a drowning man going after the well-known straw, Bill pounced upon it.

Tatu hung onto it.

"Maybe too big," he said. "I put in studs."

He took up one of Uncle George's diamonds and began to struggle with the shirt. "Very stiff bosom," he announced. "Oh, very stiff."

"What size is it?" demanded Bill, feverishly investigating the collars bequeathed him by the owner of the pink shirt. He had a vision of sending the Jap out again for a collar.

"Doesn't tell size," whispered Tatu. "No name of maker, also. That very good."

Bill experienced a momentary qualm.

"Where'd you get this shirt, Tatu?" he demanded sternly.

"I get him," replied Tatu. "Here, try on."

"A little large," said Bill. "But it's a shirt. And say, look—this collar fits. Luck, Tatu, luck. Wow, the bosom is stiff! Got to be proud and unbending tonight." He was silent, working on his tie.

"Everything fine," Tatu hinted.

"Oh, yes, the five dollars. Here you are. Say, listen, Tatu, I'm not sure that we ought to have—er—borrowed this. We'll have to return it."

"I return it," Tatu agreed.

"That's right; of course we'll give it back, along with a dollar to cover depreciation and washing. Honesty, Tatu—the best policy. Ask anybody."

"Yes-s, thank you."

"Always be honest and you'll fear no man." The Jap was at the door. "Say, Tatu, I really ought to know where you got it."

"I got him," smiled the Jap, and went out.

Well, a desperate situation required a desperate remedy. Bill leaped into his trousers, slipped on his waistcoat and coat and was brushing his hair when the first notes of The Roast Beef of Old England, played falteringly on a bugle by a pantry boy with ambitions, floated down to him. Mikklesen was once more rattling at the bathroom door, and first extinguishing all lights, Bill noiselessly unlocked it, then hurried upstairs to the after deck to find Sally. Her eyes reproached him.

"The sun went down," she said, "and you never came up."

"I know," he answered; "forgive me." He straightened his collar nervously. "I was detained."

"That's not much of an explanation," she told him.

"Thank you," he said absently. He was thinking that the owner of the pink shirt certainly needed some new collars. This one had a razor edge and seemed to have been recently honed.

"You're perfectly welcome," smiled Sally, "whatever it is you're thanking me for. Pardon me for mentioning it, but are you in your right mind?"

"Of course not," he said. "I knew you were lovely, but somehow tonight—well, as the fellow said, my senses reel."

Sally rose.

"We'd better have the next reel in the dining saloon," she suggested. "Dad hates people to be late."

Bill found he was to sit on Sally's right, and the discovery cheered him, particularly as Henry Frost was on the other side of her—an arrangement that couldn't be improved upon. His spirits rose rapidly. A moment before plunged in the depths of despair, he had emerged triumphant and all was right with the world. What a lot of difference somebody's shirt had made!

During the first course Jim Batchelor suggested that Mikklesen tell something of his experiences in the Orient, and from that point on the dinner was a monologue. But like most Englishmen of his class, Mikklesen was a charming talker and well worth attention. He spoke of his adventures as subeditor of an English newspaper in Shanghai, of the time he had typhoid in the General Hospital in Yokohama, of the fight he got into one gory night at the old Danish hotel where the beach combers hold forth in that lovely port. He took his hearers into the interior of China on a scientific expedition, thrilled them with a hold-up by bandits, and brought them back in time for an audience with an ambassador or two in Peking. Life as he had known it had been glamorous.

It was not until the coffee that he appeared to run down and the conversation became general. Suddenly there was one of those inexplicable lulls in the gentle buzz of talk, and the voice of Jim Batchelor rang out in converse with Mrs. Keith at his right.

"And I have kept it all these years. In the big moments of my life I've felt it in my pocket, and it has given me courage to go on. A little silver dollar coined in the year ——"

"Oh, dear," Sally laughed, "he's telling her about his lucky piece."

"Thrilling!" Mrs. Keith said. She smiled encouragingly on the millionaire. "You've got it with you still?"

"I certainly have." He removed something from his pocket. "My little lucky piece." He stared at it, his face paled slightly. "This—is not—my dollar," he said slowly.

A tense silence fell. Sally finally spoke: "Not your dollar, dad? What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. This is a dollar coined in 1903." He threw it down on the table and began a search of his pockets. Again the silence. His search was evidently fruitless. "I—I'm very sorry this has happened," said Batchelor. "It may seem rather trivial to you, but to me it's almighty important. If—if it's a joke of some sort, I—I don't appreciate it. However, I'll overlook it if the joker will speak at once. In heaven's name"—his voice trembled—"is it a joke?"

He looked eagerly into each face about the table. No one spoke. Batchelor's eyes hardened.

"Then there's some more sinister motive back of it," he said.

"Nonsense, Jim!" said Aunt Dora. "You're making a mountain out of nothing."

"I'm the judge of that," the millionaire told her, and his voice was like chilled steel. "However"—with an effort he managed to smile—"you're right, in a way. I mustn't spoil the party."

The tension lessened somewhat, and Mrs. Keith took that moment to show sympathy.

"What a pity!" she said. "Perhaps one of your crew ——"

"No, Mrs. Keith," Jim Batchelor said; "my crew has been with me for years. The servants I'm not so sure. They will all be examined before leaving the yacht. And before we drop the subject, has anyone else missed anything?"

Bill Hammond's heart stood still. The shirt! Somebody would speak up regarding the mysterious disappearance of a shirt, and where would that lead? Little beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. But no one said anything. Evidently the owner of the shirt was still ignorant of his loss. Bill breathed again.

"Well, that's that," said Batchelor. "We'll let the matter drop."

"One minute!" O'Meara was on his feet. "Before we do that I've got a suggestion to make. Mr. Batchelor here has lost something of value, and until it's found we're all under a cloud. I for one want to be searched, and I guess every honest man here feels the same way."

"Nonsense!" Batchelor cried. "I won't hear of it!"

"But Mr. O'Meara is right," said Mikklesen. "I recall a dinner at the British Embassy in Peking two years ago, when the hostess lost a diamond necklace. It was a most distinguished party, but we were taken one by one into an anteroom and gone over with amazing thoroughness." He, too, stood up. "I also insist," he said.

"Rot! I wouldn't insult my guests," Batchelor was still protesting.

"You'll have nothing to do with it, governor," Julian Hill told him. "We're going through with this for our own satisfaction. If the ladies will wait for us in the saloon ——"

Reluctantly Aunt Dora, Mrs. Keith and Sally left the room. O'Meara promptly removed his coat and waistcoat.

"Now one of you go over me," he said, "and I'll do the job for the rest of you."

Julian Hill stepped forward to oblige. With a none too easy conscience, Bill Hammond also removed coat and waistcoat. That shirt was a none too successful fit—suppose someone recognized it. O'Meara, having been pronounced innocent, went at his work with enthusiasm. Evidently he had been in similar situations before. But the search had no results. Through it Jim Batchelor sat staring at the table as though the matter held no interest for him. O'Meara finished, red-faced and empty-handed.

"Well, if you boys have done with your nonsense," remarked Batchelor, "we'll join the ladies. And as a favor to me, we won't speak of this again—tonight."

Aunt Dora was superintending the placing of two tables for bridge in the main saloon. It appeared there was just the right number—with one left over. After she had disposed of the usual impassioned pleas from those desiring to be the one left out, Julian Hill was elected to that position, and shortly disappeared from the room. They cut for partners, and to his horror Bill found himself seated opposite Aunt Dora. She had the air of being the person who invented bridge, and so she had, practically.

Bill dealt. Majestically Aunt Dora took up her hand and glanced through it.

"Count your cards," she ordered. "That's Elwell's first rule. What rules do you play by, Mr. Hammond?"

"Rules?" repeated Bill wanly. "I don't know. I just play."

"We'll pivot," said Aunt Dora promptly.

"I'm afraid I don't understand," said Bill meekly.

"I mean to say, we'll change partners frequently ——"

"Oh," said Bill heartily, "I'm for it."

The glare she turned on him moved him to look the other way, and his eyes met those of the man he had seen creeping along the corridor just before dinner. He became suddenly thoughtful, so that Aunt Dora's voice suggesting that he bid seemed miles away. However, it came rapidly nearer.

IV

AUNT DORA found, as the play progressed, that she alone seemed to be giving the matter her best thought. She was a woman of superb endurance, but after a distressing rubber with O'Meara as partner, she called it an evening and rang the gong. The ship's clock had recently struck six bells, and after a careful calculation and a look at his watch, Bill Hammond knew that to mean that it was now just after eleven.

Mikklesen and Julian Hill both seemed determined on a bedtime chat with Sally, but after a meaning look at Bill Hammond the girl dissuaded them.

"Wait till I get a wrap," she whispered to Bill. "I want to tell you about that sunset."

He had nothing in particular to do, and maybe he would have waited anyhow. When she returned she led the way to a couple of chairs that stood close together in a secluded spot on the after deck.

"Wonderful night," Bill murmured. He had sized it up about right too. The Pacific was calm—for the Pacific—the water was liquid silver in the moonlight, the breeze was not too chill. A great night to be young, and they both were.

"Glad you like it," said Sally. "It's just what I ordered."

They sat silent for a moment.

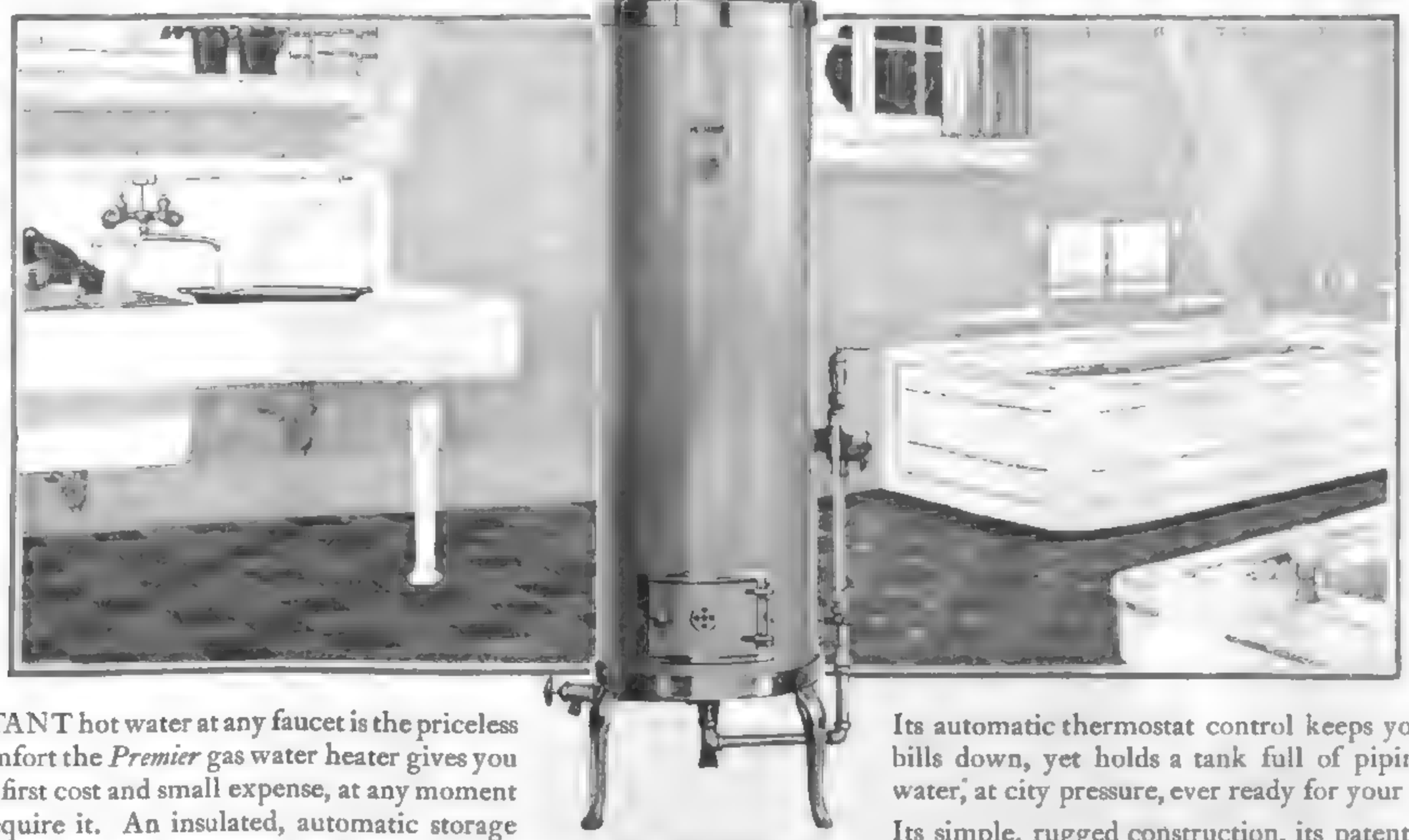
"How was the sunset anyhow?" Bill inquired.

"Not bad at all," said Sally, "for the sun. I think I prefer the moon myself." A long, long silence. "Billy, say something," the girl protested at length. "What are you thinking?"

"I'm just wishing. I'm wishing your name was Sally Jones and your father was

(Continued on Page 109)

PREMIER GAS WATER HEATER



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Its time-saving convenience and economy begin the very hour you install it. *Premier* No. 2, the standard size for the average home, costs only $125, complete, plus freight from the factory. Other sizes, satisfying a wide range of needs and the most exacting requirements, can also be had at equally moderate prices.

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(Continued from Page 106

principal of a high school—and paid accordingly. It's what I've been wishing ever since that day at the charity bazaar."

She laughed.

"Dad never wasted any time on high schools," she said. "Still, it does no harm to wish."

A cooler breeze arrived from the Pacific. Bill rose, took up a rug from a near-by chair and tucked it about her. His hand touched hers, and contrary to his intention, he seized and held it.

"Sally!" he said ecstatically.

"Bill!" she answered.

He gave up the idea and sat down. Another silence.

"How—how do you like my father?" she asked presently.

"Oh, he's all right. But it doesn't matter what I think of him. He'd be just as interested to get the opinion of one of those goldfish in the main saloon."

"Well, I don't know," said Sally. "Dad's pretty human. You must remember, he hasn't always traveled on yachts. At one time he was a stonemason, earning a hundred a month."

"How long ago was that?"

"About the time he was—married."

The way she said it, somehow; the night, the moon, the bracing effect of ocean air—whatever the cause ——

"Sally," Bill heard himself saying, "I'm in love. With you, I mean. But I guess that isn't news, is it?"

"Not precisely," she answered slowly. "However, I'm glad you said it. We couldn't have got anywhere if you hadn't."

"Sally!" The moon was under a cloud. It was just as well.

"It's no use, Sally," said Bill, coming to. "Your father would never hear of it."

"He'd be bound to."

"You know what I mean. He'd have me—boiled in oil."

"He'd have to boil me too."

"Sally, you're wonderful! Will you—will you take a chance with me?"

"I don't like the way you put it. I'll marry you, if that's what you mean."

"On our own—that's what I'm getting at. I've seen so many men marry rich girls and degenerate into lap dogs. I wouldn't take a cent from your father—nor a job either."

"Don't worry, you wouldn't get either."

"Sally, I never intended to tell you this. I was just going to eat my heart out in silence, like the great strong man that I am."

"Well, that would have been romantic. But I think I like it better this way. My rôle is a bit more active."

"Darling! Wha—what do you think I'd better do? Should I speak to your father the next time I see him?"

"Of course. Say good night or good morning, as the case may be, and that's all."

"Well, I suppose he would hit the ceiling."

"He wouldn't stamp round and forbid it, if that's what you think. It's not his way—he's too subtle. He'd just quietly queer it; nobody would ever be sure how it was done either. He's fathoms down, dad is."

"Certainly sounds too deep for a frank, wholesome lad like me."

"I think we'd better—just drift along," Sally said. "Give him a chance to take a fancy to you."

"You believe in long engagements, then?"

"Nonsense! I'm fond of you. And father and I are much alike." She pondered. "If you could only make a hit with him somehow. I'd never be quite happy about marrying anybody—not even you—if he was opposed. He's really quite wild about me."

"Naturally."

"Poor dad. He's broken-hearted. That silly little dollar meant so much to him."

It was Bill's turn to ponder.

"You know, Sally," he said, "I've done considerable police reporting and on more than one occasion a hard-boiled detective has complimented me. I've dug up some rather important evidence."

"Oh, Bill, that's an idea!"

"If I found that dollar for him, do you think he'd give me you as a reward?"

"He wouldn't stop there. He'd throw in Aunt Dora and the yacht."

"You give me pause. I mean I couldn't afford the yacht."

"Bill!" Her eyes were shining. "Let's work on the case together. What's the first move? We talk over the suspects, don't we?"

"That might be a good idea. We'll start with you. You said yourself there were times when you hoped he'd lose it."

"Yes, I know. I'm sorry I said it now. Do be serious, Bill. Aunt Dora—she wouldn't take it."

"But you can't eliminate anybody that way."

"Yes, you can. A woman's intuition. Mr. Mikklesen—no motive. Mr. O'Meara—how about him?"

"He's a politician. Their ways are deep and dark."

"I feel that; and he was so insistent on being searched. That's always suspicious."

"I thought it was rather fine of your father"—said Bill—"his courtesy to his guests. He was against the search."

Sally laughed.

"Don't be fooled by dad's courtesy," she warned. "He knew darn well nobody would be fool enough to steal his dollar and then walk in to dinner with the thing in his pocket. Dad's the soul of hospitality and all that, but he wants that dollar back, and before he gives up he'll put all his guests through the third degree, if necessary. Let's see, there's Julian Hill. He seems awfully keen to keep dad out of that China job."

"Yes, Hill's a possibility. And how about Mrs. Keith? Know anything about her?"

"Not a thing."

"Well, she's poor," said Bill. "She told me so. But then, so am I. By the way, don't let's overlook me."

"Nonsense! You wouldn't take anything that didn't belong to you."

"You think not?" Certainly a stiff bosom on that shirt.

"Oh, Bill, it's all so hopeless," she sighed. "If we only had a shred of evidence to go on!"

"Maybe we have."

"Bill—not really?"

"You've forgotten one guest. What motive would Henry Frost have in stealing that dollar?"

"None whatever, so far as I know."

"That's the way I feel," Bill went on. "Yet as I understand it, your father's cabin is the one at the end of the corridor off which our rooms open." She nodded. "And just before dinner I certainly saw Henry Frost come out of that room, acting very queerly. He tiptoed along the corridor and slipped into his own room very unostentatiously."

"Bill! It seems ridiculous!"

"I know it does. My saintly employer! He'll be awfully pleased with me if I can fasten this thing on him."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. It's a delicate situation. If I go to your father with my story, Frost will probably have some simple explanation that will make me look like a fool. It seems to me it wouldn't be a bad scheme if I put the matter up to Frost and let him explain to me—if he can."

"Good-by job."

"Probably; but in the interests of justice—and there are other newspapers."

"Well, if you really think it's the best plan ——"

"Maybe not, but I'm going to try it. I can't treat old Frost as a criminal, and shadow him. I don't really think he took the dollar anyhow. But I should like to know what he was doing in that room. I'd better see if I can find him."

They rose.

"How thrilling!" Sally said. "We're in this together, remember. Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson. Do you think I'll do for Watson?"

"No, you're altogether too intelligent," Bill told her.

"Oh, Bill, do you think I've got brains? I love brains."

"And I love you. You—you really meant all that—about marrying me? It doesn't seem possible."

"It's more than that; it's probable. Good night—and good luck."

"This is my lucky night," he told her. And it was, for she was in his arms.

His luck held even after he left her, for he found Henry Frost sitting alone over a highball in the smoking room. His employer evinced no joy at seeing him, but Bill casually lighted a cigar and seated himself.

"Unusually smooth passage," he remarked.

"Smooth enough," said Mr. Frost.

"Awfully jolly cruise, it seems to me. Nothing to mar it—except, of course, the disappearance of that dollar. Too bad about that."

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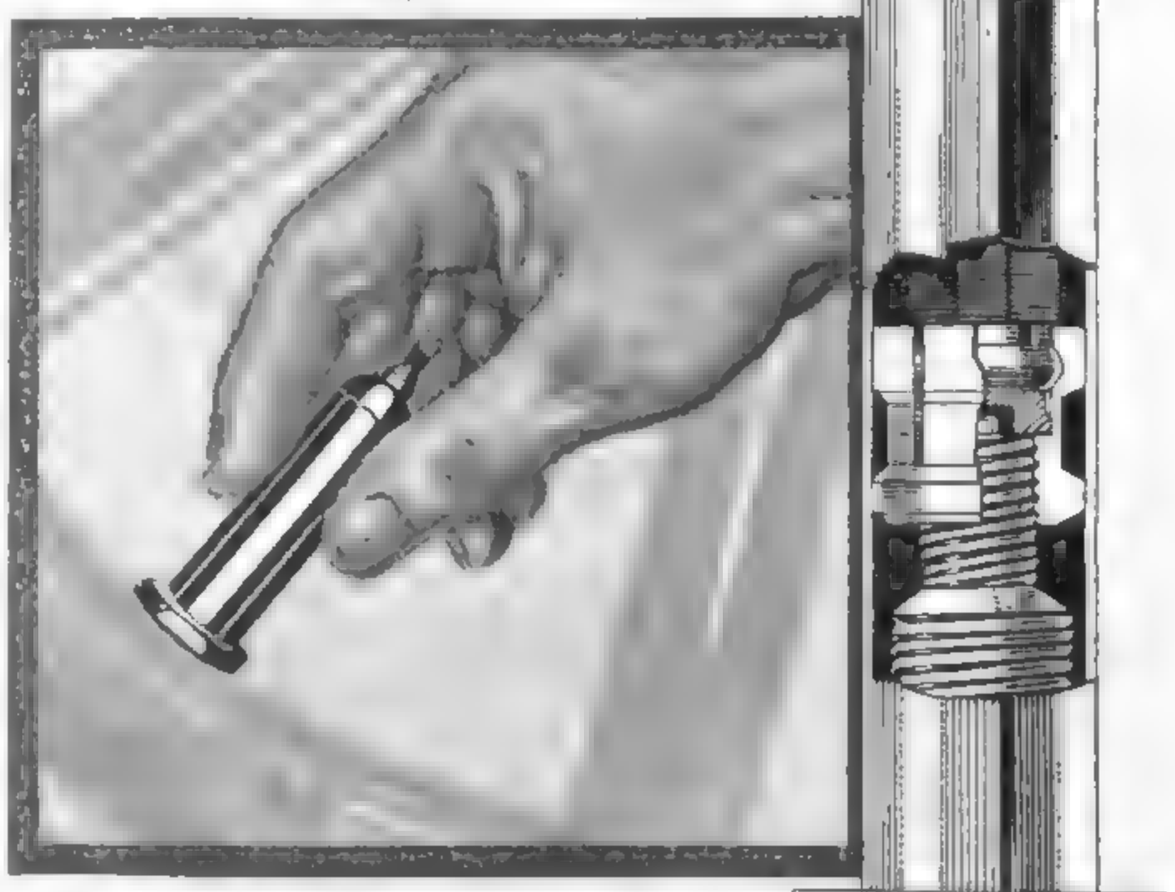

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"A great pity."

The old man drained his glass and seemed about to rise.

"Just a moment, Mr. Frost," Bill said. "You're an older man than I am, and I'd like to ask your advice."

"Yes?"

"If any one of us has any evidence that might prove useful in tracing the—er—thief, it should be passed on to our host. Don't you agree?"

"No question about it."

"I'm in a rather difficult position, sir. I happened to be standing at my door just before dinner—the light was off at my back—and I saw a man come out of Mr. Batchelor's cabin and go down the corridor to his own. His actions were rather peculiar."

"Really?"

"Now what would you do in my position, sir?"

"I'd certainly tell Jim Batchelor all about it."

"But, Mr. Frost—you were the man."

Business rivals sometimes referred to Mr. Frost's countenance as a great stone face. Not without reason, thought Bill as his employer sat grimly regarding him.

"How much," said Frost, "do they pay you at the office?"

Bill drew himself up.

"This is not a case of blackmail, sir," he said.

The old man's eyes flashed dangerously.

"Who said anything about blackmail? I was just going to add that whatever you get you're overpaid, for you're the stupidest whippersnapper I've ever met. Why should I take Jim Batchelor's dollar?"

"I don't know, sir."

"No, nor does anybody else. I did go to his room, and I filched something from him; but it was nothing of importance. I'll explain it to you, though I don't know that I'm under any necessity to do so. For years Jim and I have had an argument about valets. He claims I need one, and I claim I'm still competent to dress myself. When I opened my bag tonight I discovered that I had foolishly come aboard without any collars."

"No collars?" repeated Bill. Then millionaires had their troubles too.

"Precisely. I wasn't going to tell him—I never would have heard the last of it. I knew we wore the same size shirts, so when he was in his bath I slipped in and annexed one of his collars. That explains what you saw, and you're at liberty to go to him with your story any time you like."

"You sound fishy, old boy," Bill thought. But then, so would his tale about the shirt. "I'm not going to say anything to Mr. Batchelor," he announced. "Not for the present, at least."

"Just as you please." Frost stood up. "I'll bid you good night."

"One moment, sir. Should I go on with that assignment—that interview with Mikkiesen? I mean—am I still working for you?"

For a long moment they stared into each other's eyes. It was the employer who first looked away.

"Ah, yes, the Mikkiesen story. Go on with it by all means," he said.

Bill smiled knowingly as he watched Henry Frost leave the room.

"Who said anything about blackmail?" he murmured to himself.

The decks of the Francesca were deserted as Bill hurried to his stateroom. The little old berth looked good. Hastily he removed his coat, his collar, and then the ill-fitting shirt. Glad to get that off. Still, it had been better than none. He laid it down on the narrow settee that would have been requisitioned as a berth had the Francesca been sleeping her maximum fifteen. Uncle George's studs seemed to flash up at him reprovingly. A Hammond in a borrowed shirt!

"Get Tatu to return it in the morning," he thought. "I can buy another in Monterey."

Once in the berth, he lay for a time reflecting on the great event of the evening. Sally loved him. It had seemed a dream too remote to consider, yet here it was, coming true. Life was certainly kind to him—all this happiness—obstacles in the way, of course ——

Ho-hum. Must find that dollar. Who had it? Funny about old Frost. Explanation didn't sound right somehow. Yet it might be true. He himself had, at a vital moment, been minus a shirt. Old boy might be absolutely on the level. How about the others—Hill, O'Meara, Mrs. Keith? So many possibilities. Confusing sure was confusing—possibilities —— He slept.

He awoke with a start. It was still dark, he could see nothing; but he knew instinctively there was someone in the room.

"Whoosh there?" he muttered, still half asleep.

A noise—the opening of a door. Bill leaped from the berth, snapped on the light and looked out into the corridor. At the far end of that dim passage he saw a dark figure mounting, two at a time, the stairs to the upper deck. He grabbed his dressing gown, shuffled into his slippers and followed.

His pause to add a finishing touch to his attire was fatal to the pursuit, for when he reached the saloon deck he appeared to be alone in the world. He was fully awake now, but completely at a loss as to his course. He walked along the rail, uncertainly, towards the stern of the boat. Suddenly he stopped.

The sight that arrested him was not on the yacht, but on the calm surface of the moonlit waters. There, floating rapidly away from the Francesca on the wet Pacific, was a white shirt—a dress shirt. The thing was unbelievable, yet there it was; and did he imagine it?—were not those Uncle George's precious diamond studs sparkling in the bosom that lay on the broader bosom of a very large ocean?

Farther and farther away drifted the shirt with Uncle George's legacy aboard, and, fascinated, Bill moved along the rail, his eyes glued upon it in fond farewell. A voice spoke suddenly and his heart stood still.

"Hello! Out for a stroll?"

He turned. A dark figure was sitting in the lee of the dining saloon, and the red light of a cigar burned steadily.

"That you, O'Meara?" Bill asked.

"Sure is. Lovely night, ain't it?"

"Have you been here long?"

"About an hour and a half. Seemed a pity to turn in a night like ——"

"Never mind the night. Who was it ran up here just before I did?"

"Who was what?"

"Somebody was in my cabin. I followed him up here."

"Say, kid," O'Meara answered, "you'd better take something for your nerves. You're the first human being I've seen for an hour and a half."

"Been here all that time, eh?" said Bill. "Yet that cigar's just been lighted."

"It happens to be my third," said O'Meara. "And if I was you, I wouldn't try the detective business. It ain't for kids. There's something doing on this boat—we all know that. But I'm not in on it. I'm just on a little cruise for my health—see? Just out to get a little peace and quiet after a busy week in the city. And that's what I was gettin' until you dashed up like a wild man and made a nasty crack about my cigar."

"Oh, no offense," said Bill. "Only——"

"Only what?"

"I suppose you were so taken with the peace and quiet you missed that other fellow completely."

"You go back to bed and rest them nerves."

"That's what I'm going to do," Bill answered, and left him.

He was, indeed, in a great hurry to return. He dashed into his stateroom and looked anxiously about. It was as he feared—the shirt was gone! And Uncle George's studs! What would Aunt Ella say?

He sat down on the edge of his berth, trying to grasp this weird turn of events. Somebody had taken a violent dislike to his having that shirt. Who? The owner probably. That was it, the owner had recognized his property at the time of the search, and now —— But who was the owner? Well, he could find that out in the morning from Tatu.

He yawned. It was all very confusing. Why should this mysterious stranger come to claim his property in the silent night? Why, having regained it, should he toss it on the chill Pacific's bosom? Had all this any connection with Jim Batchelor's dollar? Questions—questions. All very confusing. One thing was certain—O'Meara had been lying. Bill yawned again; his berth looked warm and inviting. He rose, turned out the light, left dressing gown and slippers in the middle of the floor, and was soon deep in slumber.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

U. S. SHIPS; U. S. MUD

Continued from Page 5

need ships; that we should be better off as we were before, hiring foreign ships to carry our foreign trade; that we are not a ship-minded people since three-quarters of a century ago and never can be again; wherefore we waste our time and capital in this maritime adventure. One thing else they say that has a good deal of obvious weight. It is this:

Other nations, especially Great Britain, owe us great sums of money. They can pay us only with what they produce. Well, then, having put a high tariff against their commodities so that they cannot easily pay us with goods, shall we undertake to perform for ourselves also a service which hitherto they have very well performed for us and are eminent in the doing of—namely, the service of ocean transportation? If we do this, what is there left for us to buy from them, especially from Great Britain? And how shall they be able to pay us at all?

The point must be considered. It is, or may be, a matter of honest opinion, turning upon the question whether ships of its own are vital to the prestige, prosperity and proper existence of a great nation, whether a powerful industrial people can afford to hire its way about the sea and leave its commerce at the last stage in the hands of foreign rivals. If the answer is yes, and if still it is thought necessary to leave something undone that we could do for ourselves merely in order that our creditors shall have something to sell to us, then we had better surrender to them a process that is not vital, provided such a one can be found; the textile-making process, perhaps, in which also they are highly skilled; or the leather process. Then instead of shipping we should have to buy from them our cloth and our shoes. But if anyone seriously proposed to do this he would be thought either a little cracked or too romantic to be reasoned with.

Nevertheless, many Americans are and will continue to be of the old way of thinking; and they will say their minds, as they should. They cannot see why we need to spend our capital for a merchant marine when it is possible to hire other people's ships for less than it costs to make, keep and operate ships of our own.

Our Efforts Belittled

"Many of our people talk that way," said Senator Wesley L. Jones, author of the Merchant Marine Act, in a speech before the National Merchant Marine Association. "I see editorials along this line in some of our leading papers. Men who ought to know better are urging it. An American army officer spoke to a class in our War College not long ago. The whole burden of his address was our inability to compete with Great Britain on the sea. He closed his lecture with a quotation from one of the professors in one of our great colleges to the effect that we should have Great Britain do our water carrying because she can do it cheapest. Several of this class went to the Far East filled with that idea. They talked it on the boat. They belittled their own country's efforts to build up a merchant marine. They are doubtless doing this wherever they are."

All this free native opinion adverse to an American merchant marine has invariably two conclusions—we shouldn't; anyhow, we can't.

That is precisely what the British say—that the United States should not have a merchant marine because it does not need one; that if it has one, it shall not prefer it because that would be flag discrimination; and that, anyhow, it can't.

At the recent annual meeting of the Peninsular & Oriental Steam Navigation Company in London, Lord Inchcape, primate of British shipping, said in addressing his stockholders:

"We don't want to boast. We realize we have hard times ahead of us. We have competition by the Government of the United States. . . . Even if governments could carry goods and passengers more cheaply than private enterprise can, I don't think they should attempt it. But all these visions of governmental commercial enterprise will fade in due time and the mercantile marine of this country, at the back of which are the skill of our shipbuilders and engineers, the intrepid enterprise of our shipowners and, not least, the seafaring qualities of our people, will, I am certain, enable Britannia, with the help of the royal navy, to continue to rule the waves."

The whole mind of Great Britain thinks with Lord Inchcape. But the American mind is divided. A portion of it finds itself in agreement with the undivided British mind on the subject of an American merchant marine. This agreement may be accidental. In most cases it undoubtedly is, strange as it may seem that an American mind and a British mind, each one advancing from a national premise, should come to the same conclusion as to what is good for the United States. There is even the possibility that what is good for Great Britain is best for us—namely, that we should let the sea alone and hire foreign ships, principally British ships, to carry our trade with the world.

Senator Jones Speaks Up

And yet there is a strong irreducible suspicion that much American opinion adverse to a merchant marine, thinking itself free and spontaneous, is in fact created by suggestion. It is imagined that the suggestion might come from two sources - one alien or un-American, the other American in fact but determined in its point of view by circumstances. Naturally, in nearly three-quarters of a century, this country having all that time no merchant marine of its own, foreign steamship interests must have become powerfully and intricately ramified among us, and many influential Americans would be likely to have become associated with them on very profitable terms. At any rate, the suspicion just mentioned has existed from the time of our beginning with ships seven years ago and tends not to diminish. It permeates the Shipping Board. It runs deeply in the thoughts of Congress. It is a fact in itself and must be dealt with as such.

Senator Jones, in the speech referred to, continued to say:

"Great business interests, supposed to be American, are subordinating American interests to British interests. British shipping interests and the British Government are pulling strings behind the scenes and Americans are stifling American shipping and thwarting American efforts to build it up, before an unsuspecting public and within the very machinery of the Government itself. A short time ago two great American lawyers, addressing an educational gathering, argued vigorously against a policy of discriminating duties. They had nothing to say about the discriminations practiced against us, but they deemed it a terrible thing for us to defend ourselves or put ourselves in a position where we could defend ourselves against such practices. They appeared before that audience as Americans. The audience probably never thought of the fact that one of them was the attorney for a great French shipping company and the other the attorney for a great American company bound by a solemn agreement to prevent injury to British trade and British shipping."

A policy of discriminating duties means simply to charge a lower rate of tariff on goods imported in American vessels. The purpose is to make importers prefer American ships. But this the British would consider flag discrimination.

Further on in the same speech Senator Jones referred to the equalization of railroad rates from inland points to North Atlantic, South Atlantic and Gulf ports, so that an American shipper might have a wider choice of ports through which to ship his exports; so also that new foreign-trade routes might be more easily established from South Atlantic and Gulf ports in competition with the congested North Atlantic ports, especially New York, where foreign steamship lines, in conjunction with the railroads, are powerfully seated. The Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York appointed a committee to act with the railroads in fighting this equalization of rates before the Interstate Commerce Commission.

"The chairman of the committee named," said Senator Jones, "was Delos W. Cooke, designated as representing the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. A fact that was not mentioned is that Delos W. Cooke also is the American director of the great Cunard Line, which is British owned and flies the British flag. Now the

Continued on Page 114

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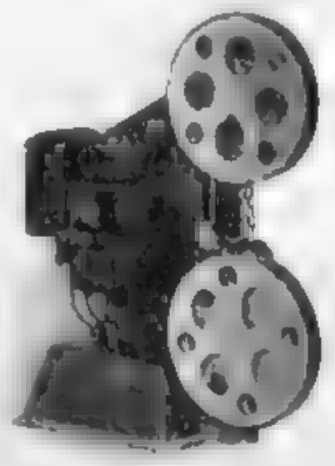

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(Continued from Page 111)

Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, as its list of officials reveals, is made up of international bankers and the heads of great railroad and steamship companies. Philip A. S. Franklin, a vice president of this chamber of commerce, is the president of the International Mercantile Marine Company, which entered into the agreement already referred to by which it agreed to pursue no policy injurious to British trade. Can any sane man doubt that this principle necessarily underlying the establishment of an American merchant marine"—the principle of equal rates from inland points to North Atlantic, South Atlantic or Gulf ports—"is being sacrificed to a group devoted to furthering the interests of the British mercantile marine?"

It is a natural fact that the interests of foreign steamship lines largely center at New York. Their physical needs have an enormous prior displacement in the facilities of the New York port. They cannot help trying to influence the streams of export traffic to converge there. It is a natural fact also that New York, like any other city, means to keep as much trade as possible for its own port and will fight an innovation, such as equal railroad rates from inland points to rival ports, because that would tend to impair its advantage. It is likewise most natural that the great railroads terminating at New York should wish the export business to come that way. Nevertheless, there is the fourth fact that follows, and it is a curious fact, namely, that the interests of New York City and the interests of the great trunk-line railroads coincide with the interests of the foreign steamship companies, wherefore they unite to oppose a plan which is believed to be helpful, perhaps essential, to the success of the American merchant marine.

Prejudicial Contracts

Senator Jones might have said more about the trunk-line railroads. Most of them have long had and continue to have and to keep agreements, written, verbal or circumstantial, whereby a preferential exchange of traffic takes place with foreign ships. This is a situation to which the Shipping Board has given a good deal of attention, and it has been powerless to deal with it except by persuasion, which has not been at all effective. In a brief entitled Contracts Between Steamship Lines and Railroad Companies for Interchange of Export and Import Freight, John Nicolson, head of the Shipping Board's legal department, wrote:

"The extent to which our export and import trade has been or may be preëmpted by foreign lines through contracts of this kind is a very serious question. Manifestly they"—such contracts—"are prejudicial to the growth of our own merchant marine. They are an express—and so long as the agreements are in force under the original time limits they are a compulsory—discrimination against our ships."

And when the original time limit had expired and the agreements, in the customary way, were continued verbally or under force of mutual interest, then, he said, they were "a voluntary discrimination by our own railroads in favor of foreign vessels at a time when hundreds of our own ships are laid up for lack of cargo." He called attention to the fact that the policy of these agreements between American railroads and foreign steamship lines, undertaking a preferential exchange of traffic, is fundamentally opposed to the policy declared in the Merchant Marine Act, which is that American railroads shall give lower rates on goods transported oceanwise in American ships than on like goods transported by foreign ships, and thereby preferentially fill American ships.

The Nicolson brief was written more than two years ago. The Shipping Board had the railroads up on its carpet, scolded and exhorted, but nothing else occurred. The situation continues.

A typical agreement between an American railroad and a foreign steamship line stipulates for mutual exchange of export and import freight, preferential treatment, agential relations, mutual solicitation of business, and the like. The railroad undertakes to provide proper and convenient terminals, piers, warehouses; the steamship line guarantees sailings.

Some of them were found to contain special undertakings, as in one case that the railroad should guarantee delivery to the foreign ship of good fresh coal at fifty cents a ton under the current market price and buy 3500 shares of the steamship company's stock, the proceeds to be applied to new ship construction; and in various cases that the railroad should use its influence to get the foreign steamship line exempted from city, harbor and other taxes. Most of these agreements were made before the war and have since continued. There is at least one exception.

Now if you say that with the Government trying at enormous cost to establish an American merchant marine our own railroads preferentially exchange traffic with and act as agents for foreign steamship lines, and that never once since the Government has had ships has an American railroad come to the Shipping Board or to its Emergency Fleet Corporation, saying "Let's negotiate for a preferential exchange of freight with American boats," it sounds somewhat sinister, doesn't it? Especially when you realize that if the traffic power of American railroads was aggressively behind the American merchant marine our problem would be solved.

But you cannot stop there. You are obliged to go on and say, first, that these agreements, with very few exceptions, grew up before there was any such thing as an American merchant marine; second, that to carry out those agreements at a time when they were properly made large investments in terminals, docks, warehouses, and the like, were necessary; thirdly, that you yourself as president of a railroad might feel very reluctant even now to make any radical change. Why? Suppose you are a railroad president. You have a moment of patriotic feeling and say to yourself, "We must support American ships. We must have preferential traffic agreements with them." You go to Washington. You get as far as the door and stop. What stops you is a sign on the lintel—United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation. Emergency! Then you remember that the Shipping Board has had six chairmen in six and a half years; that its policy has gone round and round; and that once, after Congress had refused to pass its subsidy bill, it was on the point of calling in all its ships, meaning to tie them up and see what would happen. Would you go in? You would probably say, "There's no stability here, nothing to hold on by. In fairness to my stockholders I cannot break up the satisfactory traffic agreements we have with foreign steamship lines, move our terminals around and tie up with the Emergency Fleet Corporation."

The Other Side of the Case

Nevertheless, there is the fact. American railroads fill foreign ships under preferential traffic agreements. It is a natural fact, and it is prejudicial to the American merchant marine.

Senator Jones spoke of the International Mercantile Marine Company as a great American corporation bound by solemn agreement not to conduct itself in a way to injure British trade or British shipping. There is another natural fact. The International Mercantile Marine Company is the most powerful private shipping organization in the country. It is more than 90 per cent American owned, but its flag on the sea is 86 per cent British. It operates a fleet of nearly 1,000,000 tons of fine passenger and cargo vessels, including the Majestic, under the British flag, and under the following agreement with the British Admiralty:

An agreement made the 1st day of August, 1903, between the commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the board of trade (for and on behalf of His Majesty's Government) of the first part; the International Mercantile Marine Co. (formerly known as the International Navigation Co.), being a corporation incorporated and registered under the laws of the State of New Jersey, in the United States of America, which company is hereinafter referred to as "The American Co.," of the second part; and the Oceanic Steam Navigation Co. (Ltd.); Frederick Leyland & Co. (1900) (Ltd.); the British & North Atlantic Steam Navigation Co. (Ltd.); the Mississippi & Dominion Steamship Co. (Ltd.), of the third part. . . .

10. This agreement shall have effect for 20 years from the 27th of September, 1902, and shall continue in force thereafter subject to a notice of 5 years on either side (which may be given during the continuance of this agreement) provided that His Majesty's Government shall have the right to terminate this agreement at any time if the association pursue a policy injurious to the interest of the British mercantile marine or of British trade.

12. In case of any difference as to the intent and meaning of this agreement, or in case of any dispute arising out of this agreement, the same shall be referred to the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain for the time being, whose decision, whether on law or fact, shall be final.

As with the agreements between the railroads and the foreign shipping lines, so with this one between the International Mercantile Marine Company and the British Government. It is on its face susceptible of sinister construction; yet like the railroad agreements, it came about in a perfectly proper manner—that is to say, proper from the American point of view at that time, under very strange circumstances. When the late J. P. Morgan, twenty-five years ago, resolved to buy an American merchant marine and did buy control of four of the finest British lines on the North Atlantic, which he delivered to the International Mercantile Marine Company of New Jersey, the British were dismayed. They adopted measures of retaliation. First the British Admiralty loaned the Cunard Line £2,690,000 at 2.75 per cent interest to build the Mauretania and Lusitania; and the Cunard Line, in consideration, undertook to build those two vessels—then the largest and finest in the world—under the eye of the Admiralty, according to specifications which would fit them to be converted quickly to naval or military uses. Having loaned the Cunard Line the money to build the ships, the British Government gave it an annual subsidy of £150,000, which was a little more than enough to pay the interest on the loan and discharge the principal in twenty years. That is to say, the British Government, in answer to Mr. Morgan, made the Cunard Line a gift of the Mauretania and Lusitania.

On the Horns of a Dilemma

This was competition Mr. Morgan had not expected. It was the kind of competition the British now complain of bitterly on our part—namely, government competition. The British Government, however, did not stop at that. It threatened to cut off those American-owned British boats from all British mail contracts, which would be a serious blow; and, lastly, it pointed to an old British law which reads that a British vessel owned or controlled by a foreigner is subject to seizure. And, of course, this being its state of mind, it refused to allow those International Mercantile Marine ships to be transferred to the American flag. They were British ships, whoever owned them.

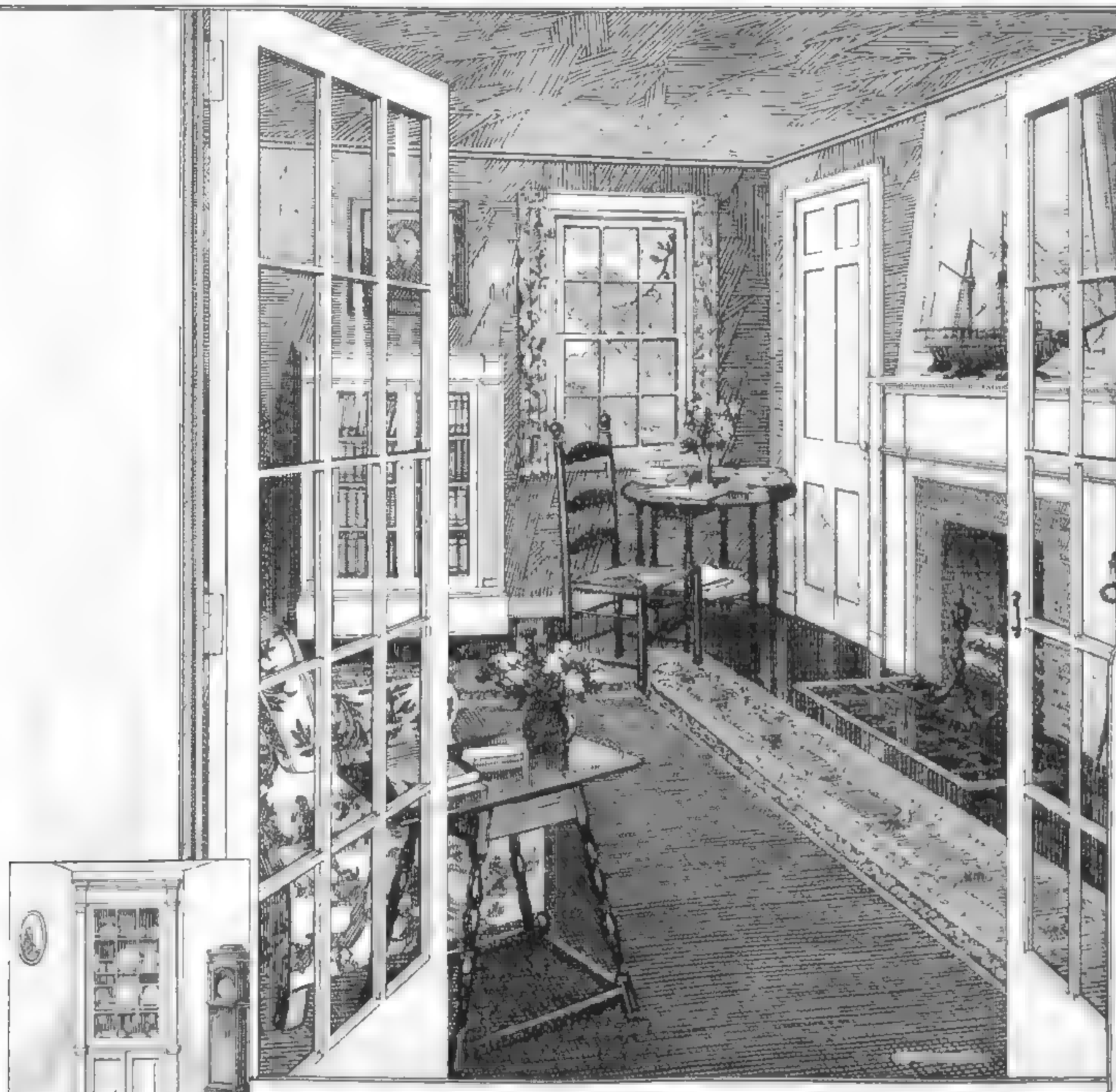
From all this it is clear that the British Government held power of destruction over Mr. Morgan's enormous investment of American capital in British ships, and in the exercise of that power it had already taken one step definitely and was threatening to take the next. Therefore, to save its investment, Mr. Morgan's International Mercantile Marine Company was obliged to enter into a solemn agreement with the British Government never to conduct itself in a manner injurious to British interests. It could not have been saved in any other way, and it was proper enough to save it in that way before this country had any ships of its own.

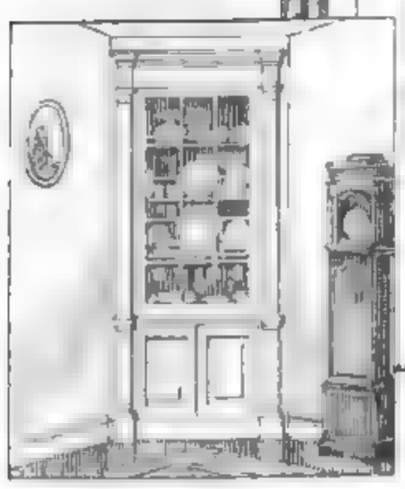
Yet now, with the American Government trying to establish a merchant marine, how preposterous that the most powerful American shipping organization, the one that could do most for American ships by reason of its standing in Wall Street and its working relations with railroads and shippers, should be bound in this manner not to antagonize British interests! P. A. S. Franklin, president of the International Mercantile Marine, is torn in this dilemma. There is still that large investment to be protected; the British Government still holds power of destruction over it. There was a time when the International Mercantile Marine had sixty American boats under operating contract with the Shipping Board. The Shipping Board happened one day to think of it and sent for him. It could not believe that his company, having that agreement with the British Government, could operate American boats aggressively.

Thereupon Mr. Franklin procured from the British a supplemental agreement, which was to the effect that thereafter all preceding agreements between the International Mercantile Marine Company and the British Government should be read as if American boats were expressly excluded. That was all he could do. He wished it would satisfy the Shipping Board; he wanted to operate American boats. But the Shipping Board cannot see how, even under

(Continued on Page 117)

CURTIS WOODWORK





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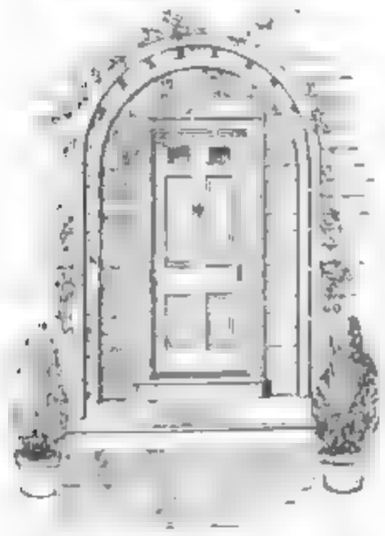

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(Continued from Page 114)

that supplemental agreement, the International Mercantile Marine Company can put its organization behind American ships on one hand, in competition with British ships on the other hand, without giving the British the right to say, when they should wish to say it, that the International Mercantile Marine Company was conducting itself in a manner hurtful to British interests.

Senator Jones speaks of prominent Americans who may be supposed to have the foreign point of view in virtue of their associations with foreign steamship lines. More natural facts. We were never without men who knew ships and shipping offshore. Before we had a merchant marine all this talent was employed to represent foreign shipping interests in the United States. Very little has transferred itself to American ships and the reasons why are clear. First, no experienced shipping man could imagine himself doing business with or under a seven-headed government board; second, the word "emergency." There was no stability to the enterprise and a man who gave himself to it might expect at any moment to find himself standing in the middle of the street. Lastly, even if they were willing, their former association with foreign ship lines caused them to be regarded with suspicion by the Shipping Board. Who knew for sure that along with their experience and ability they would not bring also a foreign point of view?

One of the few case-hardened shipping men now with the Government, at the head of an important operating job, is very uneasy in his seat; he thinks of getting out, and probably will. He has plans and ideas that he would like to try elsewhere. Where? Well, for many years he represented in this country one of the largest British shipping organizations. Perhaps he will go back to it and try them there. Meanwhile, with that prospect in view, he is not likely to antagonize the British firm in any mortal spirit.

What a background!

The Attitude of Britain

American railroads filling foreign ships under preferential traffic agreements. The most powerful privately owned shipping organization in the country bound not to conduct itself in a way to injure British trade. The best American shipping talent employed in promoting the prestige and prosperity of foreign steamship lines. And the Government losing $50,000,000 a year in the effort to build up an American merchant marine.

People would be a little inflammable on the subject of adverse propaganda, as Senator Jones is, as President Harding was. You never know. It may be American opinion in fact. It may be the flowering of the seed of foreign suggestion subtly implanted. The ground is rich, well prepared and fertile. Our rivals would be stupid indeed, and very remiss in their own interest, if they neglected to sow it so long as we were silly enough to reap it. No one could blame them. They deny it, of course. The British particularly deny it. They are made indignant by the suspicion that they organized a lobby against the ship-subsidy bill or ever attempted improperly to influence the American press against the idea of American ships. Probably not. Almost certainly not.

Nevertheless, the fact is well known that the power of the British indirectly to touch and act upon American opinion is very great—much greater than that possessed by any other people. There is no reason in sense or morals why this power should not be exercised; and, moreover, it is a commonplace of historical knowledge that the British will not fail to exert themselves terrifically against any menace to their ancient maritime ascendancy.

All this seeming true, and as the United States is the first country since Germany to challenge British supremacy on the sea, it is perhaps important to know what truly is the English feeling toward the American merchant marine. Is it a feeling of commercial rivalry, very fierce, no doubt, or is it a feeling much deeper and dangerous, like an instinct? For remember that when you touch a British tramp ship anywhere on the seven seas, to hinder or compete with her, you have touched everything there is in Great Britain—trade, industry, finance, and, lastly, the stomach. Her ship lines are the umbilical cords that tie her to her sources of sustenance.

One comes accidentally to this point with a high operating official of the United States Emergency Fleet Corporation, who all his life before was associated with the British and knows them very well.

"They are broad-minded," he says. "The head of the English company I was with for so many years—you know the one—he used to say about American ships when he came over here, 'Give them a chance. Compete with them as hard as you like, but don't do anything to hurt them.' I consider him one of the biggest men in England. That's the way he looks at us."

Do Ships Promote Trade?

One goes away from this conversation a little bit dazed. For one happens to know first-hand what that same broad-minded Englishman thinks about American ships. One has recently spent nearly two hours with him in his private London office, purposely to find out; and the interview went like this:

"First," said the broad-minded Englishman, "let me give you my personal feelings. I am sympathetic. You have all these ships. You got them from the war. Now what to do with them—that's it, isn't it? I'll come to that. But let's go back. During the war I was a member of the shipping committee. In April, May, June, 1917, I remember very well. If sinkings continued at that rate and we couldn't get ships faster, the war was lost. We couldn't make ships any faster. I was one of those who appealed to America for ships.

"The response was wonderful. We could hardly believe it with our eyes—your Hog Island and all. We ought to be grateful. We are grateful. Nobody could expect you to take all those ships right out and sink them.

"Nor should a great nation ever be as you were—when was it? In 1912, I think. You had a Japanese war scare on your hands. You hadn't any ships to support your Navy and you came over here to buy a fleet. I know, because I had something to do with the negotiations at this end. The price went up, up, up! You need proper ships for your Navy, of course. But now when you talk of hauling your own trade, of giving preference to your own ships, and all that—well, it seems rather unfair to us. You might remember that the British fleet developed your foreign trade. You wouldn't have any foreign trade if we hadn't served you very well. However, leave all that aside. It's the simplest kind of economic matter. You don't promote trade by having your own ships. And if you can hire ships for less than it will cost you to have your own, there's no point in having ships at all. It's a loss."

"Do you say it dogmatically that a country's foreign trade is not promoted by having a merchant marine of its own?"

"I do," he answered. "How can it help so long as you may hire ships to carry your trade? You need never lack for ships. We attend to that. Wherever there is a cargo to be moved there a British ship will be, always. We sell you that service for less than it will cost you to perform it yourselves."

One answered him:

"In the report of your Board of Trade's Departmental Committee on Shipping and Shipbuilding Industries After the War there is a long discussion of Germany's rise in shipping before the war. We have just been reading it. The point is that in the mind of your own committee there was not the slightest doubt that Germany's merchant marine did enormously promote German trade all about the world. It says so."

"Ah," he said, "but that was done with government aid, preferential railroad rates on the state railways of Germany, and so on. That is socialistic. You might as well put the government into the manufacturing business."

"However it was done, the German merchant marine did promote German trade, according to official British testimony. But what you really complain of, then, is government aid to shipping?"

"Especially government operation," he answered, "and such aids as you are talking about now in your country. I mean preferential railroad rates for goods shipped in American vessels, tariff discrimination on goods imported in American vessels—that kind of thing."

"Shall we take ocean transportation to be a simple economic commodity?"

"Exactly," he answered.

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"To be treated in all respects as any other commodity?"

"Right."

"Taking it so, it is very hard for Americans to understand why they haven't a perfect right to give their own commodity of ocean transportation preferred treatment, just as by tariffs or whatever means they like they give preferred treatment to such other of their own commodities as steel or textiles, in which also you compete with us"

"One thing is protection, but the other is flag discrimination," he answered.

"Then ocean transportation is not a commodity like any other—not always. You speak of discrimination in favor of one's own ships as if it were a moral issue. You don't speak so of discrimination in favor of one's own steel."

"I didn't mean to speak of it as a moral issue," he said. "But as you know, all nations are engaged by treaty not to discriminate against one another's ships. Each one undertakes to treat other people's ships exactly as it treats its own."

"It was not always so, was it? Suppose we think of it as a matter of national expedience. Suppose we revoke those treaties and give preferential treatment to our own ships. What will happen?"

"That would be flag discrimination," he replied. "I think we should be obliged to retaliate."

"But before coming to a game of retaliation, would it not be possible for us to sit down together and work out some kind of working agreement? Why not amicably divide up the trade—say, half America's own direct, foreign trade in American ships and the other half in foreign ships?"

He shook his head.

"Then suppose we go on and do become involved in retaliations. What will be the sequel?"

He rose, saying pleasantly, "Well, that kind of thing generally leads to trouble, doesn't it?"

How to Make a Bowling Green

There is no secret about the British feeling toward an American merchant marine except in those lymphatic public embracings in which everybody pretends the world is not the kind of place it is. One is astonished at the depth and fatalism of the true feeling, privately expressed. It derives from the convictions that Great Britain by right is the natural carrier of goods by sea for the whole world, and that ascendancy on the sea is vital to her existence. The right is supposed to arise from the fact that she has already created the most efficient shipping machine there is; also from the geographical accident that if you take London as a point and describe a circle of any radius, even to the rim of the earth, London is still the center of the world.

One is at lunch with an Admiralty lawyer and a shipowner, both excellent companions and ready, as most Englishmen are, to say ultimate and dangerous things with a disinterested smile.

The shipowner says:

"I'll tell you about your merchant marine. It reminds me of a story. A countryman of yours saw for the first time an English bowling green and immediately offered to buy it. They said to him, 'Oh, no, you can't do that. Go make yourself one. Ask the gardener.' He asked the gardener. He wanted a bowling green like that one. The gardener said, 'Very good, sir. It's quite simple. First you get a piece of ground. Then you level it, roll it, sow it, roll it again. After a while it comes up. Then you mow it and roll it a good deal. When it comes up again you mow it and roll it again. You go on that way, mowing and rolling it, rolling and mowing it, and in perhaps 100 years, sir, you will have a bowling green like that one.'"

One answers, "Yes, except that the Germans didn't mow and roll it. When they wanted a merchant marine they built one and forced themselves in."

"Ah," says the Admiralty lawyer, "but you forget the war!"

Again one is making hard conversation with some Englishmen who know and print the news of British shipping in its technical language. They call one's attention to a resolution unanimously adopted by the Imperial Economic Conference in London, to wit:

> In view of the vital importance to the British Empire of safeguarding its overseas carrying trade against all forms of discrimination by foreign countries, whether open or disguised, the representatives of the Governments of the Empire declare:
>
> (1) That it is their established practice to make no discrimination between the flags of shipping using their ports, and that they have no intention of departing from this practice as regards countries which treat ocean-going shipping under the British flag on a footing of equality with their own national shipping.
>
> (2) That in the event of danger arising in future to the overseas shipping of the Empire through an attempt by a foreign country to discriminate against the British flag, the Governments of the Empire will consult together as to the best means of meeting the situation.

They call one's attention also to the editorial comment thereon by Fairplay, the most important shipping journal in Great Britain.

The comment was:

> Everything that helps to bind together the bundle of Imperial sticks is good, not only for us but for the world at large as well, in that, even in economics, it is recognized that in the absence, of course, of aggressive yearnings, the bigger the national punch the better the chances of peace all round. Does the resolution go quite far enough?

They call attention thirdly to a basic English law which reads that if "British vessels are subject in any foreign country to any prohibitions or restrictions, to any duties or charges of any sort or kind whatsoever from which the national vessels of such country are exempt, or that any preference whatsoever is shown either directly or indirectly to national vessels over British vessels, or to articles imported or exported in national vessels over the like articles imported or exported in British vessels," then the British Government, by Order in Council, may retaliate in any way it shall deem fit

Britain and Her Job

One comes at it from another angle with an eminent English economist.

"Don't you see," he says, "that if you undertake to carry your own foreign trade, and every other nation gets in the way of doing the same thing, there is nothing left for British ships but British trade and our job is gone?"

"What job?"

"That job of ocean carrying we do for other people. We do it very well. We think of it as our particular job. We do it for you at less than it will cost you to do it for yourselves."

"But suppose for any reason we wish to do it for ourselves. Why shouldn't we?"

"Why should you?" he answers. "You are land people. The sea is our element."

One retorts, "You might as well ask why we should have a Navy."

"I do," he answers. "Why should you have a Navy, except for coast defense? And you won't need a merchant marine to support that kind of Navy. You talk of a political necessity for a merchant marine of your own—big fast vessels to act as naval auxiliaries. But what is the necessity? You need that equipment only for putting expeditionary forces across the sea, as Great Britain has to do. Is that what you want ships for?"

And again, with a distinguished member of the Chamber of Shipping, one of the largest owners of tramp steamships in the world. He says:

"It would be to our interest, of course, if you should take all these boats of yours out and sink them. And we are not so sure that at some future time you will not see it had been greatly to your own interest as well. With your higher cost of building, higher wages, higher standards of living all round, you cannot operate ships in fair competition with us. Nor can you hope to build up a merchant marine by paying more to have your own ships than it would cost you to hire ours."

One interrupts to say, "That is how we built up our steel industry, our tin-plate industry, our textile industry—by paying more at first for a thing of our own than it would have cost us to buy it from you."

"Protectionism, yes," he says. "You believe in that. But when you apply the principle of protection to ships it becomes flag discrimination. It is something the world has gone away from. The ideal now is free ports, full equality, no discrimination in favor of national vessels."

"But curiously," one says, "that ideal seems to mean no American merchant marine, by your own opinion. For if we cannot, as you say, operate ships in open competition with you, and if we cannot protect our own ships, or prefer them since

that would be flag discrimination, then we cannot have ships at all."

"But it is a fact," he answers. "And why do you need ships? Our ships serve you better than your own. We undertake to provide cheap, trustworthy and impartial service."

"Unfortunately," one says, "the buyer of your service does not always think it fair and impartial."

"Why not?"

"Well, saying it bluntly, how can the United States, your principal industrial rival, trust British shipowners to carry its overseas commerce when British dominions cannot trust them? How can we expect you to treat us better than you treat one of your own dominions?"

"What does that mean?"

"It means that Canada and Australia, both members of the British Empire, have thought it necessary to have merchant fleets of their own. Australia went in for government ownership and operation of ships avowedly to deliver herself from what she called the extortions of the English ship combine."

"Folly!" he says. "There was no justification for it, and the thing won't last."

The English are under two extraordinary delusions as to the conduct of their own merchant marine. These delusions are: One, that they do not subsidize ships; two, that they practice no discriminations. And they have imparted both delusions to us.

As to subsidies, when they say they do not subsidize their own ships they mean they do not pay sustenance doles and bounties out of the public treasury to British shipowners in general; they mean they do not grant subsidies unless or until they are specifically necessary. Then it becomes a special transaction by another name. To meet the situation created by the late J. P. Morgan's purchase of four of the finest British lines in the North Atlantic trade they made the Cunard Line a present of what were at that time the two finest passenger liners in the world—the Mauretania and the Lusitania; but this is not admitted to have been a subsidy. It was a certain thing by another name. At Belfast now there is building with British public money a fleet of large motor ships, up to 21,000 tons each. The motor ship, Diesel engined, is the great omen in shipping. Its cost of operation is so low under certain conditions that it can make money where no other kind of ship can live commercially. The British are developing it very fast.

Is the grant of public money to build that fleet of motor ships a subsidy? No; nothing like that. It was something they did under the Trades Facilities Act toward solving the unemployment problem. It shall not be called a subsidy. But there shall be the motor ships.

Mail Subventions

Besides these special grants for special reasons, two kinds of regular payment are made out of the British treasury to ships. One is on account of the Admiralty, the other is on account of the post office. The Admiralty was paying the Cunard Line £150,000 a year for the Mauretania and the Lusitania, but that was not a subsidy. It was a payment in consideration of these ships having been built under the eye of the Admiralty according to specifications furnished by the British Navy, and in consideration of the navy's right in time of war to take them to itself, which right it would have in any case. The Lusitania was sunk, whereupon the Admiralty payment was raised to £90,000 a year on the Mauretania alone. Examples of postal payments running at the present time are these: Between Dover and Calais, £80,000 a year; between the United Kingdom and the United States—Cunard—£55,300 a year; between the United Kingdom and the United States—White Star-International Mercantile Marine—£72,000 a year; between the United Kingdom and Bombay, £160,000 a year. They are not subsidies; they are mail subventions, the amount determined in each case by expedience, since communications are vital to an empire.

Always the end in view. Between 1850 and 1860, when the British were coming on with the iron ship and we, besides being slow to turn from the wooden ship, were beginning to be very sick of what we called subsidies because they had been abused, the British went in even more heavily for what they called subventions. As we reduced ours they increased theirs, until at one time the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company alone was receiving £570,000 a year, which then was an enormous sum of money, and the Cunard Line was receiving nearly £200,000 a year. Finally, when the United States Government discontinued giving any aid at all, the last American line, unable to compete with the assisted British lines, abandoned the North Atlantic. Then, during the Civil War period, 750,000 tons of American ships passed to Great Britain and we turned our backs on the sea. You may take it as to subsidies, meaning direct government aid to ships and shipbuilding, that the British Government has resorted to them, does still and always will resort to them when, if and as they are specifically needed to sustain or defend the merchant marine; also that its experience with subsidies enables it to get its money's worth.

The second delusion, as to discriminations, must be examined in the same way. What the English mean when they say they do not discriminate against the ships of other nations is that by law British ports are free to the vessels of all nations alike. It is true. It was not always true. It never was true until the ascendancy of the British ship on the sea was established; not until there were so many more British ships than of any other one kind in the world that under a system of flag discriminations the British would lose more than anyone else. Prior to that time, for 200 years, no goods could be imported into Great Britain except in British ships or ships of the country that actually produced the goods; no goods could be imported into any British colony but in British ships or ships of the country that actually produced the goods; and no goods could be transported between two British ports but in British ships. That was flag discrimination, of course; and it continued until British trade, British finance and British shipping were all paramount. Then free trade was Great Britain's logical policy, since what she needed much more than protection for her own markets was free access to all the markets of the world.

Interlocking Systems

The British ceased to practice flag discrimination against others because they could ill afford to have others practice it against them; but discriminations in favor of British vessels never ceased. They changed their character, became ingeniously disguised and privately practiced. In every case now they scrupulously avoid the technical fact of flag discrimination, which has become a term of fixed meaning. If by law a nation confers an advantage upon its own ships in its own ports, that is flag discrimination. The British no longer do this. They have not a single maritime law that discriminates against a foreign ship on account of its flag. Yet British ships are the most preferred in the world.

Some very important discriminations in favor of British ships now are privately controlled through a wonderfully interlocked system in which shipbuilders, shipowners, ship chandlers, marine underwriters, dock owners, bankers and traders are all the same people, with committees in Parliament and the Board of Trade behind them. There are two governments in Great Britain that parallel. One is political and discontinuous; the other is economic and permanent, and its name is the Board of Trade.

Discriminations against non-British ships will now appear in maritime insurance rates, in an elaborate deferred-rebate system whereby shippers are tied to British lines, in British-controlled conferences which make rates and divide up the carrying trade, in the rights and circumstances of preëmption, and in the power to intimidate shippers.

The discrimination of British underwriters against American ships was carried at one time so far that it became the subject of correspondence between our consular agents and the State Department. The higher rates charged to insure cargoes on American vessels not only penalized traffic; they contained the implication that American vessels were unsafe. And when protest was made the underwriters replied that American vessels had not yet made a record on the sea.

Under the deferred-rebate system the shipper receives back from the steamship line 10 per cent of his freight bill, provided he has shipped no goods by any independent line. He has to wait six months for his money, and if during this period he ships goods by a competitive line his claim for

(Continued on Page 122)

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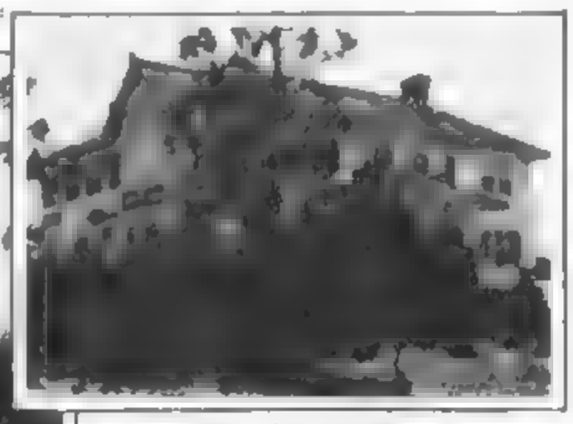
Name_____ City_____ State_____

What Sherwin-Williams their "Household

Above—Mr. Henry Hentlower
Bentley Court & Wenge
Bankers, 60 Congress St.
Boston, Mass.
42 Broadway N. Y. C.

Right—Gardens at Winter Residence James Barber, Englewood, N. J.

Winter Residence James Barber
Barber Asphalt Paving Co.
Englewood, N. J.



Below—Winter Residence
H. Bradford Lewis, Andover, Mass.

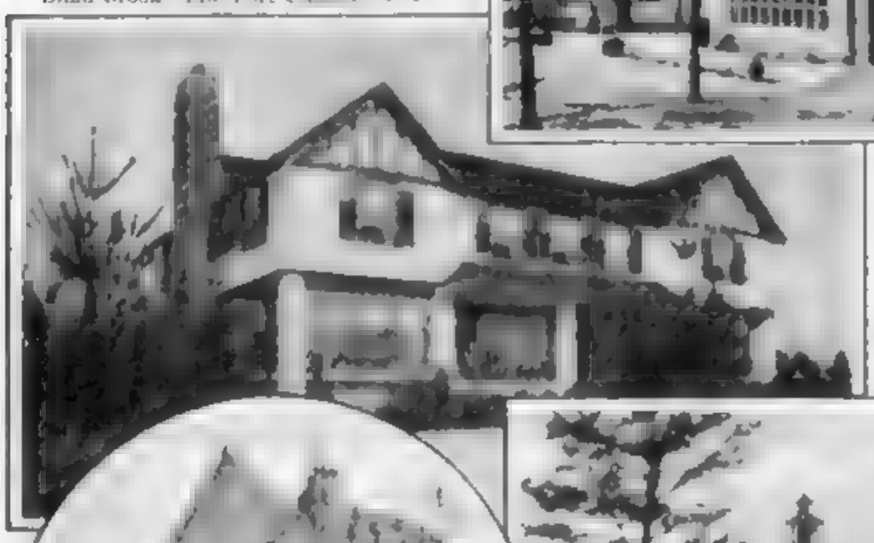
Below—Winter Residence
Warren Bicknell [illegible]
The Euclid-Bicknell Co.
Cleveland

Left—Cotton Chambers
[illegible]
Waterville, Maine

Below—Winter Residence
Howard Rose, Manager
Pinehurst Country Club

Below—Winter Home of Tom-Morris Club
M. L. Heffner, Manager
Blind Brook Club, Port Chester, N. Y.

Below—Carolina Hotel, Pinehurst, Incorporated, Winter Resorts Operators



Winter Residence, George T. Dunlap
Grosset & Dunlap, Publishers
1140 Broadway, New York City

Carolina Theatre
Richard S. Tufts, President
Charles W. Picquet, Manager

Winter Residence
C. L. Bausher, 230 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

Left—Bank of Pinehurst
J. R. [illegible], President

To PROPERTY OWNERS: These photographs from Pinehurst make a valuable exhibit.

Each building is an example of what can be accomplished through correct selection of paints, varnishes, stains and enamels. Such selection was possible because, through the universal use at Pinehurst of Sherwin-Williams products, the right finish for each surface was available.

Every advantage, however, enjoyed by these buildings at the famous North Carolina resort is equally available for your own property through reference to the Sherwin-Williams "Household Guide."

The beautiful and enduring finishes are listed on

did for Pinehurst Guide" will do for you

the "Guide," each opposite the name of the surface for which it is exactly suited. By simply consulting the "Guide" you determine the correct paint, varnish, stain or enamel for your work—indoors or outdoors, underfoot or overhead.

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Find the Sherwin-Williams dealer in your locality. Consult the "Household Guide" which he has on display. None but a Sherwin-Williams dealer has this "Guide."

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601 Canal Rd., Cleveland, O.

Mrs. A. S. [illegible]
90 St. Mary St., Boston, Mass.

Left—Cleveland Apartments
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. Owners

Below—Winter Residence
Mr. H. C. [illegible], Pittsburgh, Pa.

Winter Residence
C. S. Watercourse, Chicago

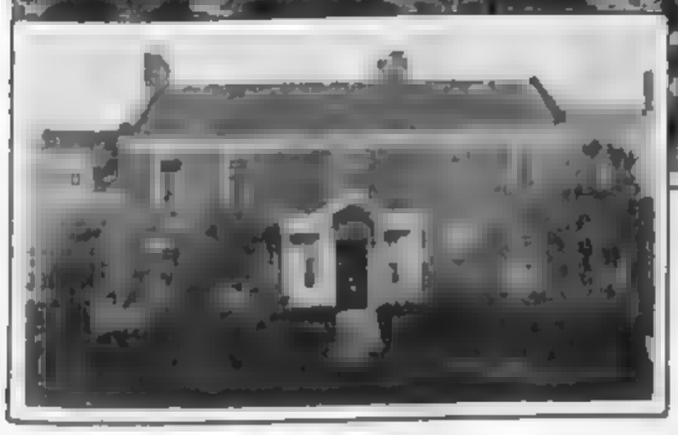
Left—Winter Residence
Judge W. A. [illegible]
Jeannette, Pa. (By the Last Commandment) Trust Co.
Pittsburgh

Right—Winter Residence
Mr. [illegible]
150, [illegible] Arcade
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Below—Winter Residence
Mrs. H. P. [illegible]
200 Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Below—Carolina Hotel, Pinehurst, Incorporated, Winter Resorts Operators

Below—Winter Residence
H. B. Sweppe
Merion, Philadelphia

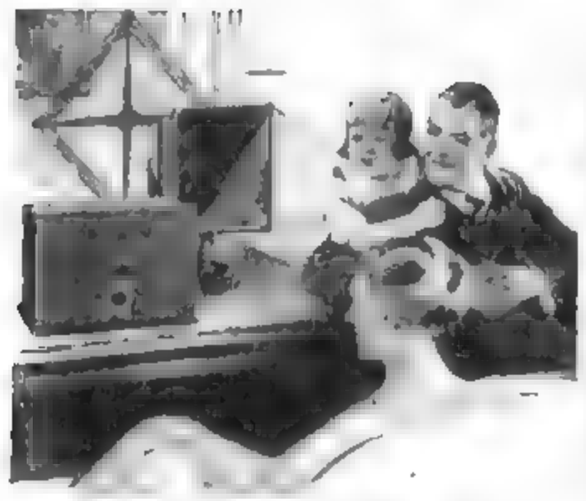


Winter Residence
Former Ambassador Walter Hines Page

Right—Market Square Company
A. S. Newcomb, President

Winter Residence
N. S. Hurd
Formerly of Pittsburgh

Winter Residence
P. W. Whittemore, Boston



The Key to Radio is—Amplification without Distortion

THE key that unlocks the door to radio, with all its mysterious thrills and pleasures, is Amplification. Amplification builds up the tiny sound waves that come in to your receiving set, making them loud enough for you to hear and enjoy. Sounds that would otherwise be faint and unintelligible are transformed by amplification into —a concert in a far away city or a bed time story, or the latest news.

The danger of distortion

BUT in amplifying these sounds they must not be distorted. Distortion blurs the quality of the sound and makes squeals and howls out of broadcasting that should be clear and distinct. It is of utmost importance to use amplifying transformers that will amplify without distorting the sound.

How to get amplification without distortion

THE Acme Apparatus Co., specialists in the manufacture of transformers, have perfected two transformers which are famous among radio owners for giving the greatest amplification without distortion.

The Acme R-2 (also R-3 and R-4) Radio Frequency Amplifying Transformer builds up the incoming radio energy so that your detector will act. This gives added distance.

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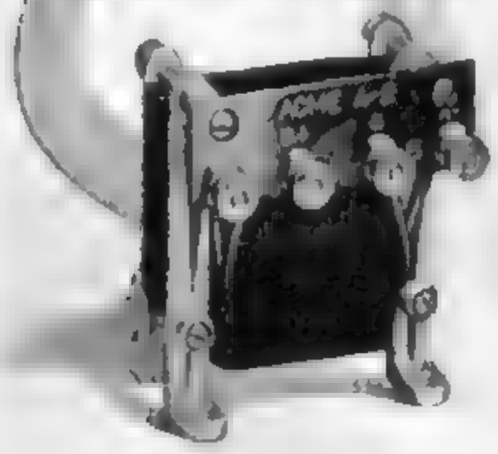
Send for booklet

IN ORDER to get the best results, send for "Amplification Without Distortion"—an instructive and helpful book which not only explains exactly how to get the best results by proper amplification, but also contains a number of reliable wiring diagrams. It will help you build a set. Mail the coupon with 10 cents for your copy.

ACME APPARATUS COMPANY
Dept. 15 Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.

THE Acme A-2 Transformer (shown below) and Acme R-2, R-3, and R-4 Radio Frequency Transformers sell for $6 each at radio and electrical stores. Your dealer will be glad to help you.



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Gentlemen I am enclosing 10 cents (U. S. stamps or coin) for a copy of your book, "Amplification without distortion."

Name

Street

City. . State

(Continued from Page 119)

rebate is forfeited. The following is quoted from a standard deferred-rebate form:

Claims are valid only if presented by the ensuing thirtieth of September in the case of steamers sailing from first of January to thirtieth of June, or by thirty-first of March in the case of steamers sailing from first of July to thirty-first of December, and—if admitted—are payable on the following first of January and first of July, respectively, subject to the claimants having up to the date of payment confined their shipments to the lines named above.

Under the conference system the lines on a certain trade route divide up the business among themselves and act in a concerted manner to kill off competition.

"Another respect in which American shipping is discriminated against," says the United States Shipping Board in its last annual report, "is its exclusion from conference agreements under which some foreign lines are operated, with the result that our vessels at some ports are able to secure only very limited cargo. This militates against obtaining return cargo. Instances are on record where American vessels have returned in ballast from great distances, like South Africa, at times when ample cargo was available at South African ports, but which shippers were unable to ship on American vessels because of the penalties they would suffer if they patronized any vessel not a member of the conference."

Gentle Pressure Gets Results

Deferred rebates and the conference system together give the combined shipowners a tremendous power of persuasion over shippers. *Videlicet*, the Egyptian cotton case. The British shipowners had the whole Egyptian cotton trade in their pockets. Each year they made a price with the Alexandria cotton shippers. American spinners use a great deal of Egyptian cotton, and the American consul at Alexandria suggested to the Shipping Board that it send some boats there to get a share in the haul. The Shipping Board did. The combined shipowners had already made a price for that season. The American boats asked to be taken in; they were refused; the business was all accounted for.

The American boats then advertised to haul all or any part of the Egyptian cotton crop at a lower price. Still they could not touch the business. The Alexandria cotton shippers were afraid to break with the shipping combine. Seeing and hearing, the American consul at Alexandria made a terrific row, embarrassing echoes of which are still heard; and when it got very serious, with the teeth of the American Merchant Marine Act beginning to show, the British shipowners came down and made a division of the traffic with the American boats. They speak of it resentfully still, saying we demanded as a right business that was already theirs.

Discriminations arising from the rights and circumstances of preëmption are of many shapes. For example, it seemed impossible to find a proper berth at Southampton for the Leviathan. The two other monsters—the Majestic and the Berengaria—were already in, and the place was full. The only berth that could be thought of for the Leviathan was in the open road. The Shipping Board people went down to look at it. They said it would not do at all. In the first place, she would have to lie forty feet off the dock at that point for want of water alongside; in the second place, she would be so exposed that a little zephyr would blow her away. Still, there seemed no better place. And one couldn't be thought of until it was somehow discovered that the New York piers used by the Majestic and the Berengaria might have to be shortened under orders from the War Department. It had permitted them to be lengthened temporarily during the war, and now if they were cut back to their prewar length they would be too short for the Majestic and Berengaria; they would have to go somewhere else, and the only other place would be Hoboken. Then all at once a very proper berth was found at Southampton for the Leviathan.

Besides all such privately controlled and privately administered discriminations, there is a great complexity of politico-economic arrangements designed to favor British ships, indirectly and by understanding—a treaty perhaps between Great Britain and another country which stipulates for the purchase of so many cargoes of British coal per annum, or intercolonial tariff arrangements which give British ships preferred opportunities. The customs regulations of Australia are such as to force imports from the United States to leave this country by the shortest way to Canada; they move thence overland by Canadian railways to Vancouver, where British ships are waiting to load them for Australia.

The only point is the moral. All privately controlled discriminations in favor of British ships are such as you expect to find when you set up a new sign in an old market and challenge the established trade. All those politico-economic arrangements which tend to foster British cargoes are such as any government anxiously concerned for its own would make if it had only the wit and foresight. But the moral is that when you are already so powerfully intrenched that you oblige the advantage there is no great merit in saying that you disbelieve in odds conferred by law; that as you do not so confer them upon yourself, neither should anyone else receive them by law, for that is flag discrimination.

The British, having ascendancy on the sea, abhor flag discrimination in principle. Only, the principle is not what you might suppose. What it really is you may read in the report of the British Board of Trade's Departmental Committee on Shipping and Shipbuilding Industries After the War, Page 189:

Since the middle of the last century the navigation policy of this country has been based on the great ascendancy of the British mercantile marine and the widespread character of our trade, which made protection both unnecessary and undesirable. Our object was to obtain free access to the ports and the trade of foreign countries; it was therefore inexpedient to give British shipping privileged treatment at home, since such action could only have afforded foreign countries an excuse for similarly differentiating in favor of their own vessels. In view of its great relative size, the British mercantile marine stood to gain more from free access to foreign countries than foreign flags stood to gain from free access to British ports; and conversely, a policy of mutual restriction would for the same reason have caused more harm to British than to foreign shipping.

After all, what determines the attitude of the British toward flag discrimination is not principle but expedience. And the reason Great Britain protests so violently against flag discrimination is that in the universal absence of it lies her own calculated advantage. In a contest of discriminations she would lose more than anyone else and more than she could possibly gain, according to her own studied opinion.

Nevertheless, the idea is deeply fixed among us that if we give preferential treatment to our own ships in our own ports, thereby committing the strange new sin of flag discrimination, we shall involve ourselves in great disaster. The British will retaliate.

For nearly four years we have been trying to shape a merchant-marine policy in fear of British retaliation.

Preferential Rates

The Merchant Marine Law, enacted in 1920, directed the President within ninety days to terminate all treaties with foreign governments which "restrict the right of the United States to impose discriminating duties on imports entering the United States in foreign vessels."

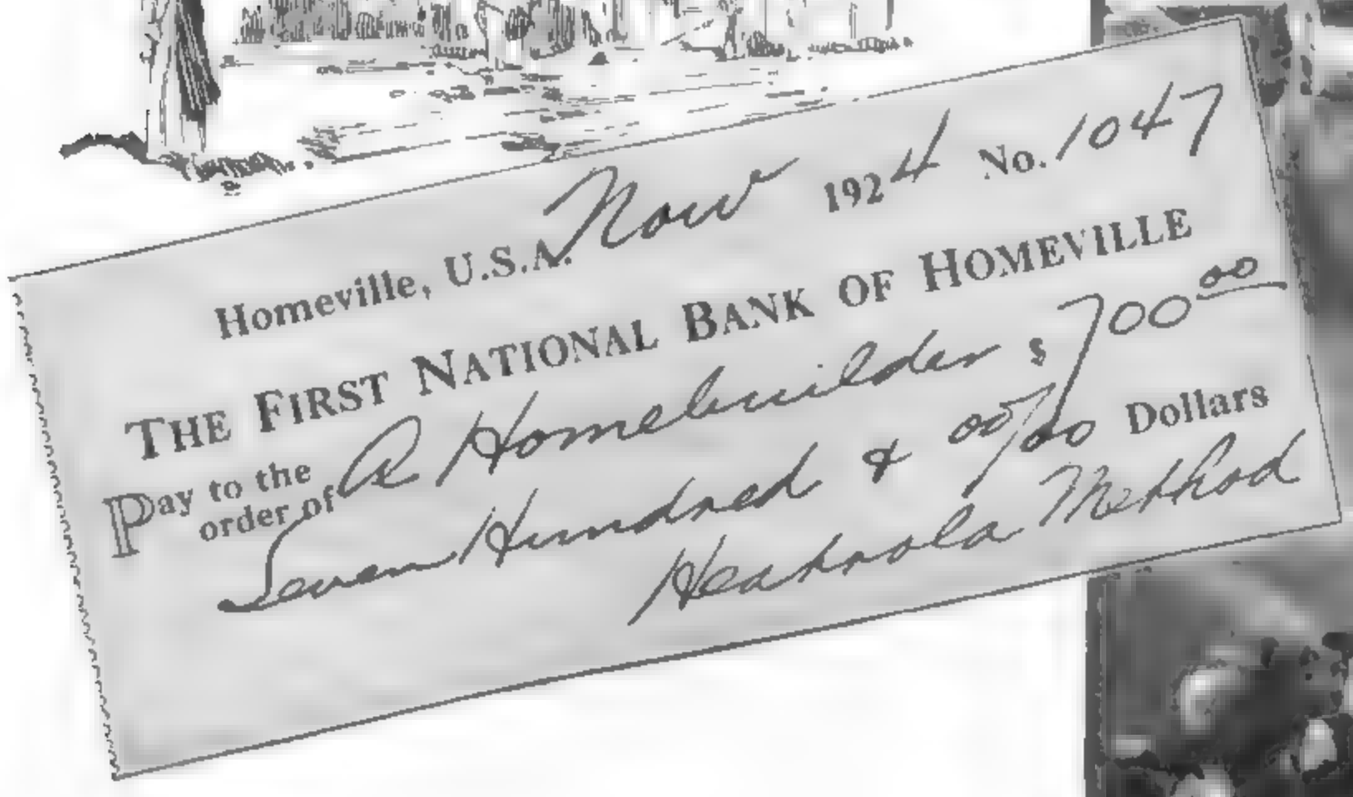
This has never been done. The State Department is against doing it for diplomatic reasons. We are still bound by treaty not to invoke that section of the tariff law which says that goods imported in American vessels shall pay lower rates of duty than like goods imported in foreign vessels. The effect would be to increase the cargoes of American ships. But this would be flag discrimination. The British would retaliate.

The Merchant Marine Law says that goods imported or exported in American vessels shall have lower railway rates to and from seaboard than goods transported in foreign vessels—with only this reservation, that when and if American ships are not available the law may be suspended in the discretion of the Shipping Board and the Interstate Commerce Commission. The effect of such preferential railway rates would be to fill American ships. But the British say preferential railway rates on American goods transported in American ships would be flag discrimination and that they would be obliged to retaliate; but whether they would or not we do not know, for that is another aid to the merchant marine that has never been invoked. The Shipping Board and the Interstate Commerce Commission between them immediately suspended the law on the ground that American ships were not available, and it is still suspended on the same ground, though 1000 American ships are tied up for want of cargo.

Abroad, the customary greeting between two members of the Shipping Board's foreign organization is to shake hands and intone in unison, "Are we in earnest?"

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Garrett. The next will appear in an early issue.

On the Mount Baker Trail, Washington


Homeville, U.S.A. Nov 1924 No. 1047
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF HOMEVILLE
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Seven Hundred & 00/100 Dollars
Heatrola Method

Here's $700 toward a new home!

Heatrola's building plan can make your "castle of dreams" come true

"If we only had another thousand——"

And you shake your head and dismiss for another year the house you hoped to build this Spring.

But wait! Did you know that Heatrola offers both a heating plan *and a building plan* for that home of yours?

For Heatrola needs no basement—it provides furnace comfort for the whole house without one, and since a furnace is the only real reason for a basement, you can cut this expense off your estimate entirely. Architects and builders say this new building method saves 15 per cent on costs—$700 on a $4500 home.

Every comfort of a furnace

As you know, Heatrola goes right into the living-room. It requires no pipes or registers, yet it keeps the whole house, upstairs and down, cozy in coldest weather—warms distant corners to the same pleasant temperature of points near by.

For Heatrola does not radiate heat like a stove—it *circulates* heat like a furnace. Great volumes of air are drawn into it through the openings in the sides, heated, sterilized, moistened, and then carried gently throughout the house. You can't tell the air is moving, yet 16,000 cubic feet are circulated every hour—the most healthful kind of heating known, as your physician will tell you.

Economy in operation, too

And with all these furnace advantages, you're saving money. For the Estate Heatrola, which does the work of several stoves, uses no more fuel than one. It burns any kind of coal—also wood. And if you ever move to another house, you can take your Heatrola with you.

Beautiful—and easy to clean

Your wife—how the Heatrola will please her! It looks like a fine-grained mahogany cabinet, and adds a touch of beauty to the room. And the vitreous enamel finish, smooth as glass and everlasting, is so easy to keep clean—no polishing or shining—simply dust it off with a cloth.

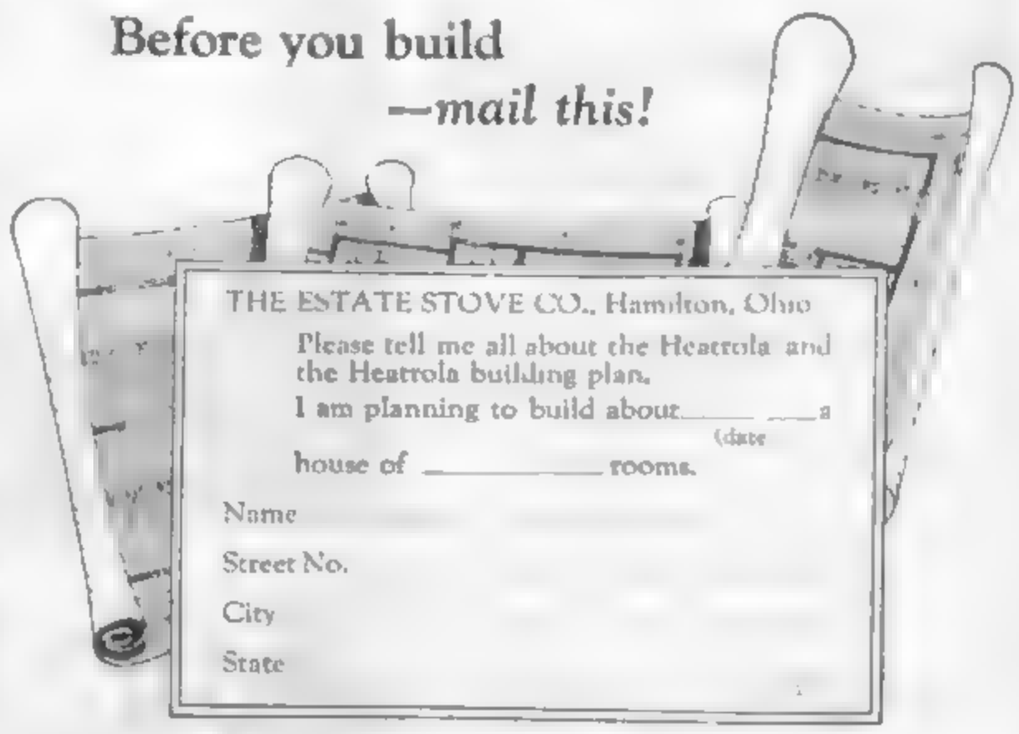
Take a look at these plans

Your Heatrola dealer is displaying plans prepared by the Architects' Small House Service Bureau, showing the modern houses you can build this saving Heatrola way. The regular cost of these plans is $5 per room, but The Estate Stove Company, makers of the Heatrola, have arranged to absorb part of the cost, making the plans and specifications available to Heatrola buyers at much less than the usual price. Ask your dealer to show you these plans. Or fill out the coupon and mail it to us for complete information on the Heatrola building plan.

THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY, HAMILTON, OHIO

Builders Since 1845 of the Famous Estates. A stove, furnace and range for every requirement—for cooking and heating with coal, wood, gas and electricity

Before you build —*mail this!*



THE ESTATE STOVE CO., Hamilton, Ohio

Please tell me all about the Heatrola and the Heatrola building plan.

I am planning to build about _____ _____ a
(date)

house of _____ rooms.

Name

Street No.

City

State

Estate HEATROLA

CAN YOU TRUST YOUR OWN EYES ?

Then Look Through the Lens of the Cork-Wall Window

See the cork that saves the ice. We extend this invitation to every housewife in the land, through Alaska dealers.

This revolutionary idea is due to the new *cork-wall window*, an Alaska invention, now built into the front of every genuine Alaska *cork-insulated* Refrigerator. It eliminates guesswork. You simply look into the Cork-Wall Window as if it were a little "X-Ray." With your own eyes you *see* the actual *pebbled cork* of which the *ice-saving* inner wall is made.

A Famous Ice-Saving Insulation

The Alaska Cork-Insulated Refrigerator is a famous *ice-saver*. Women everywhere know that the ice card goes into the window less frequently—the ice bills are much smaller—when a genuine Alaska protects the family's food.

This wonderful economy is due to the *pebbled cork* inner wall—a scientific insulator that defies the passage of heat and literally seals in the cold, dry air.

In our 46 years' experience no rival to *pebbled cork* has yet been found. Now we offer you, through the Cork Wall Window, a new and effective means of *knowing* the genuine Alaska Cork-Insulated Refrigerator when you see it.

Many Other Features

Many features, combined, have won preference for the Alaska. Among them physical beauty is prominent.

Then there is the Alaska system of Full-Ice-Sweep, Dry Air Circulation. By this patented system, the circulating air is more fully chilled and dried. It keeps foods fresh and wholesome. It reduces food waste. It aids the Pebbled Cork in conserving ice.

Then there are the sanitary, white-enamel and seamless, porcelain interiors, with easy-to-clean, rounded corners; the seal-tight doors; patented, air-tight drain trap; non-rusting shelves, and many others which your dealer will gladly show you.

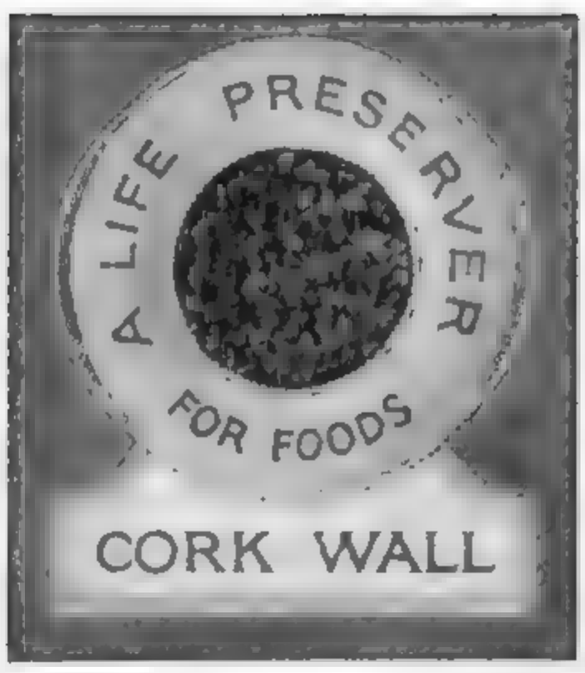
Enjoy an Alaska—See the Local Dealer

The Alaska dealer has styles and sizes to meet any requirement—prices to suit any income. Look for the *Cork-Wall Window*. See this revolutionary idea.

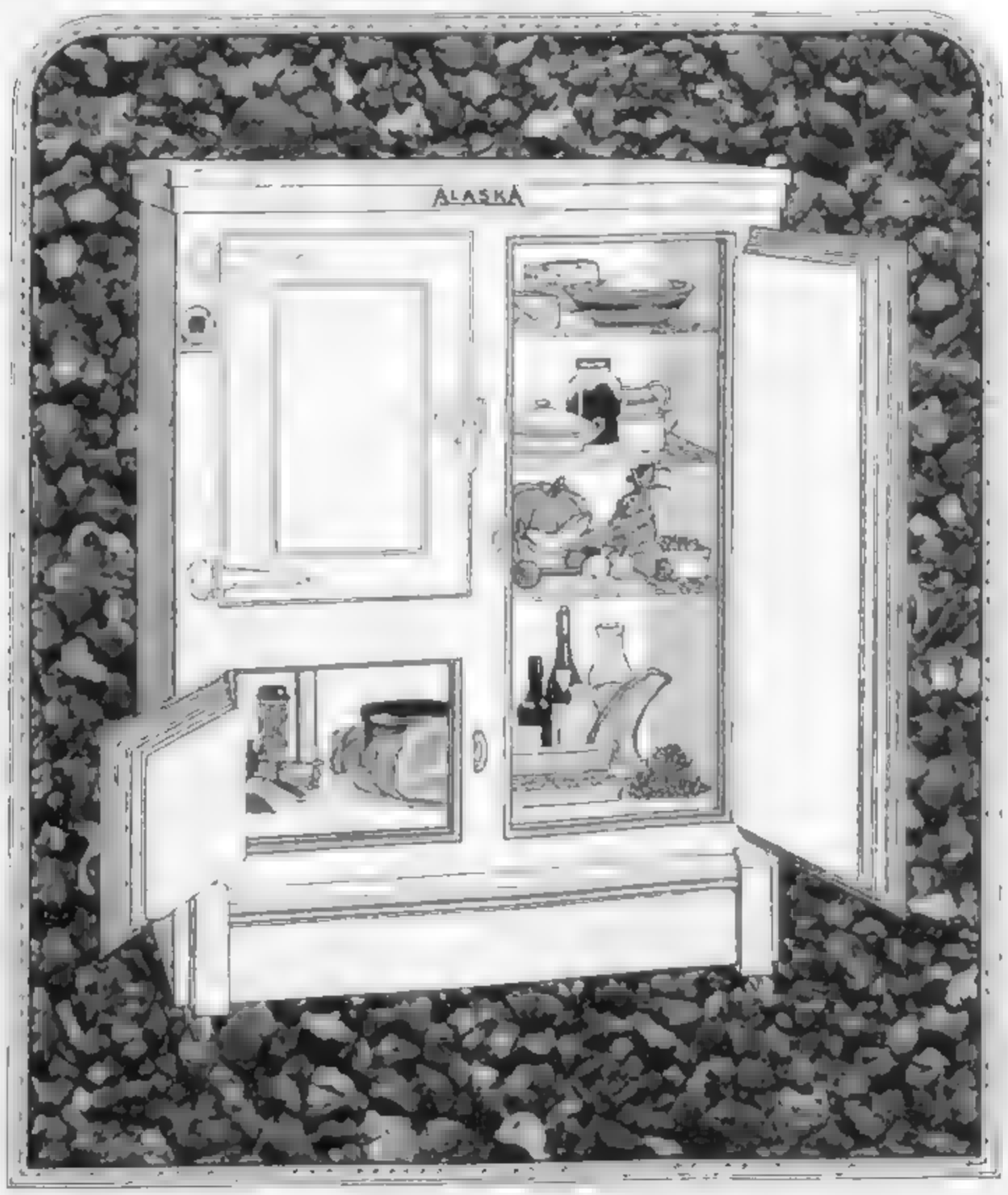
If you do not know the Alaska dealer, write us for his name and a copy of the Alaska Book. Dept. A.

THE ALASKA REFRIGERATOR COMPANY • *Muskegon, Michigan*

Makers, also, of the Alaska Star Line of Dependable Refrigerators with Confined-Air Insulation



Look for the Cork-Wall Window. It identifies every genuine Alaska Cork-Insulated Refrigerator



Look into the Cork-Wall Window. See with your own eyes the Pebbled Cork Wall that saves your ice

ALASKA

Cork-Insulated Refrigerator

To Dealers

If you are not yet supplying the demand for these better-built, ice-conserving refrigerators in your community, write us for complete information

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28

1ST MAN: Flatterers! But it is cute, isn't it? Still, I don't know; that blue—if I were sure it was going to be a fashionable shade, I might—well, never mind. *(To* PHILIPPE): It's been most interesting, and thank you so much!

PHILIPPE: But, monsieur, that collar—it is as if made for you! Monsieur does not care for any of the collars? Is there anything else I can show monsieur?

1ST MAN: No, thanks; I was just looking around! *(Exeunt.)*

—*A. C. M. Azoy, Jr.*

In the Spring an Old Man's Fancy

WHEN I was young and fervent Spring
Would gently kiss my ardent brow,
I loved to hear the wood birds sing
And gloop with love from bough to bough.

Now I am old and full of days,
This Springtide business I do not
If I may use the current phrase
The young men fancy) find so hot.

When I was young my heart would stir
And sing to Love upon its throne
With noise of harp and dulcimer,
With sackbut and with saxophone.

Now I am old, I still could sing
As lyric-sweet as any bird
In praise of Love; the only thing,
I do not want to seem absurd.

When I was young I had no store
Of riches, not a sou nor groat,
But maidens gave affection for
A sixty-five-cent table d'hôte.

Now I am old, I find but guile
And gluttony and avarice;
I spend ten dollars for a smile,
About a hundred for a kiss.

When I was young my heart would pine
For charms which Time had amplified;
'Twas for a maid of thirty-nine
I once attempted suicide.

Now I am old (indeed, it pains
Me much this secret to confess),
I hate them grown-up or with brains,
I like them seventeen or less.

When I was young I used to scoff
And jeer at aged gentlemen
Pathetically showing off,
Pretending to be young again.

Now I am old, I sometimes think
I'd best confess old age is here
When I surprise the guarded wink
Or interrupt the covert sneer.

Well, I am old; and I suppose
It's time I should admit the fact,
And put away my courting clothes,
And do the great-grandfather act.

Yes, I am old—too old to care
For mating song birds' caroling,
For bursting buds and balmy air
And all the lusty warmth of Spring.

All right, I'm old; why dwell on it?
No older than a lot of chaps;
I think I'll just dress up a bit
And take a stroll. Perhaps, perhaps

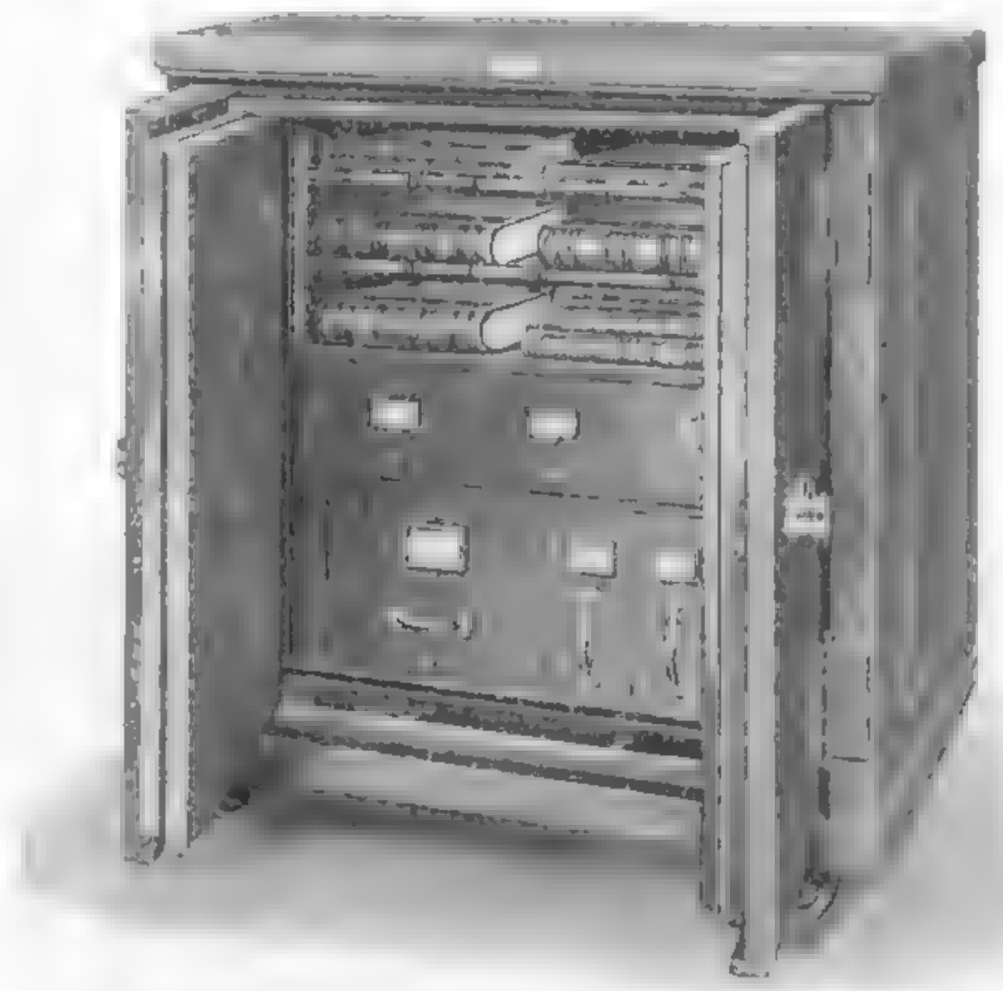
-Morris Bishop.

Economic Ode to an Infant

OH, LITTLE stranger in the cradle,
Your funny face I'm much afraid'll
Provoke remarks from friends and others—
Your looks are mine and not your mother's.
I'll grant that. But your presence whacks
Four hundred off my income tax. —F. D.

Congressman Tries to Get a Little Diversion in the Evening After a Hard Day at the Capitol

"THE WORLD'S SAFEST SAFE"



One of 43 models and sizes to fit every business, large or small.

THE SAFE-CABINET

The judgment of American business men established SAFE-CABINET leadership.

THE SAFE-CABINET was only an idea 18 years ago. That idea was—adequate, convenient fire protection for business records.

To-day THE SAFE-CABINET outsells all other makes of safes. It is recognized as scientific, predetermined *fire* protection which succeeds where less efficient systems fail. Following are a few of the facts responsible for this remarkable record of success:

THE SAFE-CABINET COMPANY

—originated the idea of lightweight, convenient safes.

broke away from the antiquated traditions of safe building.

—initiated use of adjustable filing cabinets in safes.

—responsible for the greatest advance ever made in record protection—the scientific testing of safes.

—built the first safe-testing furnace and laboratory

—first to supply certified, measured protection of records *against* fire.

—first to supply safes which *will not deteriorate* with age.

—originated the principle of protecting strength-giving parts against heat by embedding in insulation.

first and foremost in research disclosing tremendous losses to business from burned records.

—created a new realization of the value of business records.

—first to recognize and meet the successive needs of business for higher standards of construction in safes.

—first to market product by a scientific analysis of fire dangers, the day-after-the-fire value of records, and the conditions governing adequate protection of records.

THE SAFE-CABINET is one record protection device which to-day fulfills every demand made by modern business for protection, utility and convenience. And THE SAFE-CABINET to-day outsells all other makes of safes because it won this leadership on sheer merit alone.

There is only *one* SAFE-CABINET, made *only* by—

THE SAFE-CABINET COMPANY

Factories at Marietta, Ohio—Agencies in 150 principal cities

STUB

(Continued from Page 17)

Over the Bulwarks the Seas Leaped Like Vicious Dogs. The Sprays Stung Bitterly. The Fog Seemed Packed in Moving Masses

"Mr. Stubbs!" he cried. "Yuh're drunk! By th' horns o' Noah's cow, yuh're tanked!"

Stub cursed the boson bitterly and rolled aft to his berth.

But he was on deck at gray dawn, haggard and red-eyed and angry, walking the deck with short, swift strides. Bill had not slept. He went up to Stub and laid a hand on his arm.

"Get it off yer chest, sir. Tell us what knocked yuh cuckoo," he said.

"I wasn't in that boat, boson!" returned Stub chokingly. "Nobody was there but Fargo. Fargo is a hero. Fargo pulled off something that will ring down the ages. The firm's selling out all its sailing ships, Bill. Going into steam. Fargo is going mate of the first ship. Pledge is going master. Mr. Garth waits for a new ship. I"—Stub gagged on the words—"I am not fitted for the bridge of a steamer yet. I can go boson, though, and wait for a vacancy. I can go boson, Bill—boson under Fargo, and wait—for—a ——"

"Ef that ain't hell!" growled Bill Hawkes, and walked away.

There was nothing he could say which would fit the occasion. But when he saw Stub going ashore with a suitcase he stepped up to him again.

"Mr. Stubbs, sir, ef yuh take an ol' fool's advice, yuh won't take tuh boozin'. That's low, sir; dirty low. Might a feller ask what yuh mean tuh do, sir?"

"Go dump myself off the dock and say, 'Here goes nothing'!" growled Stub bitterly.

"Yuh won't do that, sir. You ain't that sort," Bill shouted after him.

Then the boson set himself to wait with what patience he could muster for news as to his own destiny.

Six months later Bill Hawkes met Stub again.

Stub had made a voyage in a big schooner as second mate. He had been told that he might in time get a mate's job. But there were many waiting, older men, bigger men, regular schooner men. He had made the rounds of the clipper firms. People wanted to know why he quit his old employ. Men who knew of the discrimination against small men professed to be unable to believe Stub's explanation. They offered him a third mate's berth.

"And I've got my master's ticket, Bill!" said Stub.

"It's hell, that's a fact!" said the boson.

"I'm through with it. I'm sick. But what are you doing now?"

"Me?" Bill grinned not very happily. "I went one v'yage in th' Beltane 'long o' Pledge an' Fargo. Steamers? Ar-rgh! Dirty, sooty stinkers! Paint an' polish, an' sooji-mooji, an' boat drill of a Sunday! 'Twarn't fer me, Mr. Stub. One v'yage done me. I got a job now on a lightship. Three months duty an' three months shore spell. 'Tain't so dusty. Bit lonesome, but ——"

"Lightship?" queried Stub. "Tied by the nose all the time? You, an old deep-water whale ——"

"Better'n steamers," grumbled Bill. "Clean lamps an' lookout, that's all. Lot's o' time t' read an' play dominoes, an' nobody t' trouble whether yer big es Billy-be-damned or jest common man size. Arter all, 'cept there ain't no reefin' tawps'ls or furlin' fores'ls in th' middle o' th' night, an' no wet bed ner galley stove gone out in a breeze, it ain't so much diff'runt frum a windjammer."

Bill laughed harshly. He knew he was a traitor to the glorious clipper, but preferred to be a philosophical traitor rather than to add to Stub's gloom by grousing.

"It sounds as if I might try a cruise at anchor," smiled Stub.

"C'd do wuss," grunted Bill. "Yuh"—he hesitated, gave Stub a keen look and blundered on—"yuh didn't take tuh booze, did yuh? Ain't no boozin' on a light ——"

"I did not!" snapped Stub. "I remembered Mr Pether ——"

"I shouted arter yuh when yuh quit th' Surprise. Didn't believe es yuh'd come a mucker altogether," Bill interrupted, to be interrupted in turn.

"How do I get a job aboard a nose-ringed cruiser?"

When the next relief boarded the lighthouse tender for the lightship, Stub was there. Bill Hawkes bore himself proudly. He wanted to tell the world that Mr. Stubbs, he who was third mate aboard the crack tea clipper Surprise, was going to be his watch mate in the lightship. But a glance at Stub's lowering face stopped the old boson's flow of speech at the source. Stub could not immediately fall in with the new condition. He had refused to sail boson of a big steamer. Here he was, shipping as a common hand on a sheer hulk tethered to a sand bank for the term of her floating life.

The very day he took up his duties some genius of evil named him Stub.

"Might as well make up my mind I'm nothing but a stub and be a stub," he told Bill with a harsh laugh that night.

It was Bill's lookout. The great lanterns were lit, and flashed their kindly warning around the hazy horizon. Stub sat on the rail right up in the high bows, gloomily staring at the sea. Bill's deep-lined face was troubled. The iron hull of the lightship rose and fell on the sharp running seas, rolling uneasily in a cross rip of tide. She plunged her bows into the brine, coming up streaming from cables and pipes. Except for the chain manacles that bound her, there were moments when Stub could fancy she was a grandly storming clipper, shearing her swift way through high cape seas. In the dark skies overhead the gulls chattered as they had chattered to him many a night watch in deep water. When they wheeled across the beams of the lights they seemed to him more than gulls. Their chatter sounded more than chatter. Then, out of the night, a great liner came up, passed and went on, her reckoning made sure by the presence of the lightship.

"There is some'at good in this yer tied-by-th'-nose hulk, ain't there?" remarked Bill. "I felt like you do fust off. Then I see a bit of a coastin' schooner beatin' in through a fog, pumpin' away on her dinky little horn, an' she off sheets an' shot fer hum soon's she got bearin's frum us, an'——"

"Something's wrong, Bill. But maybe it's in me. The lightship is a splendid thing," said Stub. "Maybe I've looked at things from the wrong angle. I'll turn in and sleep on it."

Stub found himself almost contented at the end of his first spell of offshore duty. He had found out that promotion was to be had, even in lightships. For a man who served faithfully there were good positions in the shore end of the service. He almost resigned himself to adopting the life permanently. With his master's ticket and his good record, he could not fail to get on. It could not be that a man's appearance mattered on a lightship. He was jubilant at his new prospects when he and Bill Hawkes parted on the wharf.

The next offshore spell of duty came due when winter gales blew chill. At the tender Stub found two changes in the crew. The old mate was gone, and there was a new radio man. The tender was breasting the outside seas when Bill Hawkes came seeking Stub. Bill appeared very smart and chipper, in sharp contrast to Stub, who wore a frown not all attributable to the spectacle of the new radio man already uneasy at the lee rail.

"Like a v'yage roun' th' Horn, this cruise'll be," said Bill, squirting a beautifully aimed fairy-thin stream of tobacco juice into a broken box floating past. His aim and execution had taken on a refinement of perfection, if refinement can be used in referring to a tobacco chewer. Knowing him for many years, Stub had never seen the old sea dog so uplifted. He sniffed suspiciously. Bill glared, then grinned.

"Meet th' noo mate, Stub! Cain't hold it no longer," he said, thrusting out a big gnarled fist to be shaken.

Stub gripped his old friend's hand in the first flush of genuine congratulation. But like a flash of light came the realization that Bill was going ahead of him; old Bill Hawkes, who never had been more than boson; old Bill the sailor, who in forty years of deep water could never master the simple elements required of a third mate. Here was old Bill Hawkes, mate of the lightship, while Stub, with a full master's ticket, was just a man. And Bill had called him Stub!

"I'm—as—pleased as—hell!" he said jerkily.

Bill was too elated to notice Stub's strained expression. By the time the round of duties had been resumed aboard the lightship, Stub had lost it. But Bill found him a different sort of shipmate now. Stub fully realized, as soon as he forced himself to think normally, that it was only justice that Bill should go ahead first. Really, the only thing that jarred badly was that Bill had called him Stub. Further thought shed light on that. Mr. Stubbs was out of the question, of course. Stub laughed grimly at the bare thought. A foremast hand may not be called mister anything. And decent old Bill would balk no doubt at calling his old friend Stubbs. That was too distant. Stub, after all, was logical. Certainly Bill could not have thought of his deep-rooted hatred of the nickname. Stub made up his mind to take no notice of the name any more.

For years he had fought it, determined that it should not fit him as he progressed. Now, with a sour little grin, he decided that after all it was perhaps the only title that fitted him.

"I'll tell that radio fellow to drop it, though," he muttered viciously. "I don't like his superior smile. He didn't look superior coming out in the tender."

Bill Hawkes came on deck, hearing strange noises, and found Stub, blazing of eye, tight-lipped, punching away like a madman at the face of the terrified radio man, backed against the light mast.

"Hey, wot's up here, wot's up?" demanded Bill. "Time! Time, yuh fightin' little sting ray! Back up, Stub! D'yuh want tuh murder a bloke?"

He hauled Stub off. The beaten man ducked out of sight as if ridden by a great fear.

"Wot yuh been eatin'?" growled Bill. "I never see yuh have a fight all th' time I knowed yuh. An' here yuh go an' pick on a guy wot has a reppitation of bein' able tuh use 'em."

"He won't call me Stub again!" panted Stub, paling as his fury subsided. "I never fought any man before—never hit a man; perhaps shall never hit a man again, Bill. But there's one man who will call me by my name."

"Shouldn't wonder," muttered Bill.

He went to interview the beaten man. He found him still wild-eyed. The radio man had brought aboard with him the record of many fights won. He had been punched into a state of stupefaction by a little terror who knew nothing of fighting.

(Continued on Page 131)

thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel

IF you could watch your motor oil *in action*, you would never again say, "All oil is the same to me." And you would never again entrust the protection of your motor to haphazard lubrication.

You would see, as you watched the oil go into action, that it forms a thin film over the vital parts of your motor. A film that comes between all the whirling, sliding surfaces and prevents the chafe of metal against metal.

The film also seals the space between the pistons and piston-rings and the cylinder walls. It prevents power from blowing *past* the pistons and wasting itself.

That film must be kept unbroken, in spite of the constant threat of grinding, tearing friction—the lash of searing, scorching heat.

No job for a weakling!

The ordinary oil film breaks, leaves hot or bare spots and burns. Through the broken, shattered film, hot metal is bared to friction. The power-seal is gone. Power blows past the pistons and is wasted.

If you could see that actually happening, you would know why poor oil means lost power, scored cylinders, carbon-knocks and burned-out bearings. You would know why poor lubrication causes 75% of all engine repair bills.

The "Film *of* Protection"

Tide Water engineers spent years studying the chemical and physical characteristics of oils and oil films. Experiment followed experiment, test followed test, until they perfected, in Veedol, an oil which offers the utmost resistance to deadly heat and friction—an oil which forms a "film *of* protection" thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.

To hundreds of thousands of motorists the Veedol "film *of* protection" has brought added power, greater gasoline and oil mileage and a new freedom from costly motor repairs.

The Veedol Chart at your dealer's is your motor protection guide. It tells you which Veedol oil to use in your car. Have your crankcase filled today with Veedol. Put the "film *of* protection" to work, safeguarding your motor and conserving its power.

TIDE WATER OIL SALES CORPORATION
11 Broadway, New York

Chicago
3433 So. Racine Ave.

San Francisco
440 Brannan St.

Motorists in the Middle Atlantic and New England States can secure additional power and protection through the use of Tydol Economy Gasoline

VEEDOL

Economy Oils and Greases

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Southern

Edge-Grain Southern Pine Flooring, finished in the Natural Color of the Wood, the last word in Beauty and Durability.

This new and beautifully illustrated booklet, which contains detailed directions for the laying, finishing and care of Southern Pine Floors, will be sent free on request. Write for your copy today.

The increasing use of Southern Pine Floors in fine and moderate priced homes is an evidence of its growing popularity with the public. (The house below is one of the fifty shown in our Book, "Modern Homes." Write for a copy. It is free.)

Pine Flooring

for Beauty~Durability and Economy

SOUTHERN PINE FLOORING commends itself to careful builders of homes, office buildings, stores, theatres, hotels, churches, ball rooms, assembly halls, libraries, banks, schools, armories, factories, court houses, hospitals, and apartment houses for these reasons:

Its beauty and durability compare favorably with the more expensive woods used for flooring.

It is carefully manufactured and smoothly finished at the mills.

It can be easily worked and laid and comes in long lengths.

It can be finished in beautiful natural golden or stained in any desired color to harmonize with furnishings and decoration.

Its regularity of grain makes it seem all in one piece when properly laid and finished.

It can be obtained in either the edge grain (quarter-sawed) or flat grain.

It is readily available at prices somewhat less than are charged for other high class floors.

It is carried in stock by lumber dealers nearly everywhere east of the Rocky Mountains.

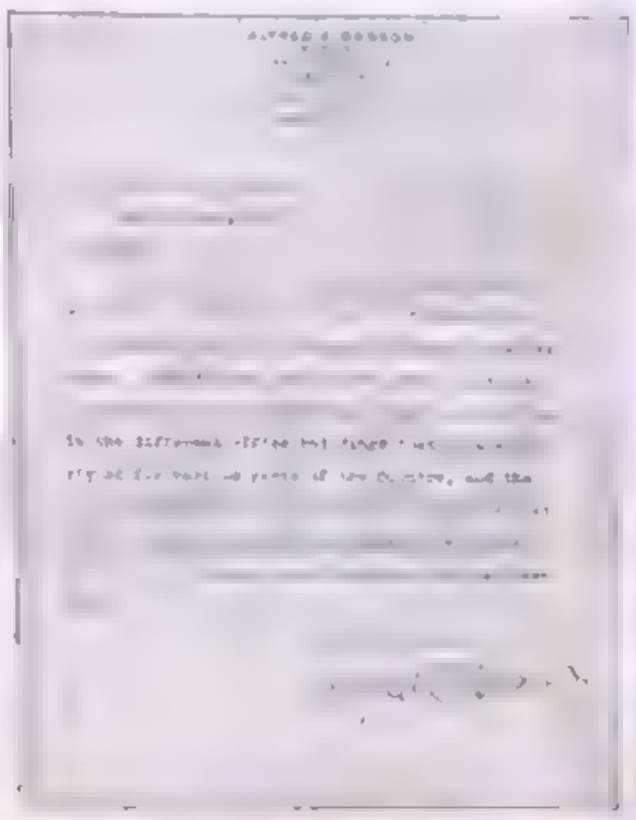
Ask your lumber dealer to show you this high grade and economical flooring.

In writing for Literature
Address Department A

Southern Pine Association
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Flat Grain Southern Pine, when selected for its special figure, makes an especially interesting Floor and quite "different." (Both flat grain and edge grain Southern Pine Floors can be stained any color desired.)

The Floors of this, the South's finest office building — the Magnolia Petroleum Company of Dallas, Texas — are of Southern Pine.



My, but they're good!

It's wonderful how much better baked potatoes taste if you pour in a tablespoonful of Carnation Milk undiluted, then season with salt and paprika. Try next time and see. For sauces, gravies, creaming vegetables and making salad dressings there's nothing better than Carnation Milk. Just pure, fresh milk, evaporated to double richness and sterilized, it gives a savor to foods that sends plates back for more. Wouldn't you like a Carnation Cook Book? It has more than 100 tested recipes you will approve. Yours for the asking.

Better Cows—Better Milk—The Holstein-Friesian is the greatest milk producer of all cows. On the renowned Carnation Milk Farms are the most famous Blue Ribbon Holsteins in the world, including Segis Pietertje Prospect the world's champion cow. This high milk-producing strain is constantly being introduced into dairy herds which supply Carnation at the source.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY
232 Carnation Building, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin
332 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, Wash. New York Aylmer, Ont.

You can dilute the double-rich contents of this can until the quart bottle overflows with pure milk

Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

© 1924 Carnation Milk Products Co.

(Continued from Page 126

who had nothing but a frenzy of blind fury and amazing strength.

"Yuh better call him Stubbs, ol' socks," said Bill.

"Believe me, I shall!" whispered the radio man.

But one man calling him by his right name could not entirely soothe Stub. As winter weather grew fiercer, and fogs and snow squalls rendered the lightship's station a point of peril, Stub became sullen, morose, scarcely speaking to any man, taking his round of watch duty with scrupulous promptitude, performing everything he undertook with sailorly facility. He ignored the radio man, who alone called him Stubbs, until that puzzled individual wondered if his defeat had not perhaps been a sheer fluke. He used the name Stub once again, trying out a theory. In just three seconds he had apologized, shouted "Mr. Stubbs!" and never again offended. But he had no love for Stub thereafter. He gave others little bits of news that came in through the air; Stub was dependent upon relayed news.

Day after day Stub mooned around the lightship in his leisure hours. Bill Hawkes found him staring out to sea hour after hour, with a fixed expression on his face, and a frown that had become a permanent feature. One bright evening, with a frosty moon hanging low and full, in a fine weather lull when the sea lay still, a big steamer passed close to, ablaze with lights. She was so close that music could be heard aboard her.

"She's th' Beltane" said Bill. "Looks fine, she do, at a distance. Aboard uv her, paint an' polish, an' sooji-mooji, an' —— Hullo, Sparks! Wot's th' noos?" he broke off to shout to the radio man standing in his doorway.

Passing steamers sometimes gave more than the mere details of name, line, captain and destination. Bill had to go to hear the report. The radio man would not call out words which might tell Stub anything. Others might tell the little brute if they wanted to. Bill returned to Stub without waiting to hear all. He was full of excitement.

"Wot d'yuh know about that?" he shouted, waving his hands wildly. Stub showed no enthusiasm. No curiosity. "By th' horns of Noah's cow! Say, ain't yuh got no ——"

"Oh, shoot or shut up!" growled Stub savagely. "What do I care for news? I suppose Fargo has pulled off another heroic rescue or ——"

"Fargo's cap'n uv that bloody steamer!" yelped Bill. "Beltane, Cap'n Fargo, she reported! Ain't yuh got no blood at all?"

Stub walked away to the bows, laughing queerly. He sat there for hours. The lookout in his walk spoke to him; he made no reply. He sat there, hunched up in a shapeless heap, long after the moon was overclouded, long after the sea began to rise and the bitter sprays drenched and froze upon him. And for three weeks he scowled and moped about the lightship until the skipper determined to call for a relief for Stub by radio. Old Bill Hawkes watched over him in sorrow. Nothing he could say or do made any difference. Stub was no more civil to his old friend than to the others, and there was nothing to reprimand him for. He performed his duties perfectly. He never needed to be called for his watch. There was no need for an order to be given him.

"He ain't crazy, cap'n," Bill told the skipper. "He ain't sick, neither. Dunno what ails th' lad. Maybe he'll chirp up wi' the fine weather again."

"All the same, Bill, I'll get him relieved. He ain't wholesome around th' ship. Sort of queer, anyway."

Bill sat in the lee of the light mast towards evening. A thick fog made it difficult to distinguish day from night. But the lamps were lighted at a set hour; for the fog, the siren blared its warning. There were weather signs of wind. Snow had fallen in brief flurries. If the wind rose it might break up the fog, and that would be something better. It was not certain, Bill knew, for there is wind with fog sometimes, and that is hell afloat for steamers having to cross sailing-ship tracks. But there was a chance for wind to drive both fog and snow away, so Bill hoped for the chance. He was a musical old soul, and had been an optimist until his recent experiences with Stub. Thought of Stub set him towards a gloomy mood again. He dragged himself out of it, singing loudly.

There on th' fo'cs'le head stan's th' lookout,
Han's in his pockets an' he' walkin' about;
Maybe he's dreamin' uv home an' his gal,
All th' same he's wishin' yuh would strike,
strike th' bell!

Bill glanced around the mast. Forward, Stub paced the deck on lookout. He was muffled up so that his stumpy stature was painfully emphasized. If he heard Bill's melody he gave no sign. At the moment he was entirely and absolutely the seaman, on watch, shutting out everything which might interfere with his duty. And a lookout had need of all his faculties. The ocean all about seemed haunted with moaning monsters. Between the horrible roars of great steamers could be heard the pitiful toots of the wind horns of sailing ships. Bill felt shuddery himself, and he was not on watch. But he wanted to sing. He wanted to sing Stub's favorite ditty. He was sure Stub must hear it and derive comfort from it. He always had.

Strike th' bell, secon' mate, let's go below;
Look well t' win'ward an' yuh'll find it'll
blow.
Reliefs may be late, but 'tis all very well,
If on'y yuh would hurry up an' strike, strike
th' bell!

A sharp blast of freezing wind shipped up a spray and flung it over the rail with a spiteful spat. Bill got up and stepped inside the radio room for shelter. It was a snug little wooden house, built like a box, lashed down to ringbolts in the deck. That lightship had been built before radio was in use. The room had been installed later. The radio man was lying down, the ear phones on his head, reading a book. He motioned to Bill to enter and smoke. The door was hooked six inches open and the opening was towards the stern. It let in all the sounds of the sea and invisible ships, but kept out the bitter wind.

Bill lighted his pipe. He only smoked when he was debarred from chewing. The radio man read and Bill puffed, while steamers went roaring past and sailing ships groped blindly. On the great steamers hundreds of human beings found a sense of security in the warmth and light; on steamers and sailing ships alike harassed seamen bent anxious ears to catch the lightship's siren. Forward, out ahead of the lightship, a sailing ship's horn groaned plaintively. It changed its bearing very little. Bill knew that there are strange pockets in fogs where sounds are not as sharp as they should be. He might have felt anxious, but Stub was there; Stub knew his business. And the radio man was telling him bits of news.

"That's the Carmanic just gone up. President reports three hundred miles east. Dock tomorrow. Beltane bound west, due ——"

"Holy sailor! Feel that hit her!" yelped Bill, leaping to the door. The lightship had heeled over sharply under a terrific squall; forward, the great moorings jarred and ground against the iron bows. Through the open door the whirling snow filled everything with white blindness. Over the bulwarks the seas leaped like vicious dogs. The sprays stung bitterly. The fog seemed packed in moving masses.

"Ooo-ooo-ooo!" bellowed a steamer, unseen and passing.

"Whooo-ooo-ooop!" the lightship roared.

"Ooo-oonh! Ooo-oonh! Ooo-oonh!" moaned the sailing ship beyond the lightship's bow.

The wind set in with a shriek. It steadied into a gale. Fog blew athwart the lightship in dripping clouds. Snow came with it, in icy points which bit into the flesh. Bill clung to the unhooked door, fastening his oilskins before going out. On deck the voices of all the crew could be heard, shouting.

"Ooo-oonh! Ooo-oonh! Ooo-oonh!" groaned the invisible sailing ship. It was so near that Bill flung open the door, yelled to the radio man to stand by, and dashed out. He was met full and by by a man running to the door from forward.

"Look out for yourself, Bill!" yelled Stub, and then the lightship reeled to a terrific impact, hurling Stub and Bill and the radio man back inside the house. The lights went out. The ship went over, over, over until the lashings of the radio house burst and the seas rolled in and filled it halfway to the walls.

As the door crashed shut behind Stub, Bill saw through the flying snow and swirling fog the dripping jib boom and head rigging of a sailing ship. There was a brief instant when men's shouts and frightened cries shrilled through the storm. Then the radio house assumed a motion of its own, a tumbling, sickening, sodden motion, and the voices died on the gale.

"We're adrift!" cried Stub, first to realize what had happened. "That bark cut us down. I heard our moorings go."

"Aye, an' this shack's adrift too!" growled Bill. "Overboard, that's where we be! Hol' fast! Holy sailor! Stub, this yer's 'bout th' finish! Is this you?"

"It's me!" the radio man gasped, grabbing Bill's legs.

The boxlike structure was half full of water, rolling over and over, battering the three men against the sides, hurling the radio equipment from its place. Something crashed against the outside and the glass of the skylight showered down upon them. Stub had been groping for that skylight. He reached for the frame. His hands were cut cruelly. With a desperate exertion of every ounce of muscle, he hauled himself up until he got head and shoulders through the opening. His feet, kicking, as he struggled, knocked Bill and the radio man back into the icy water. But he could see, against the ghostly white of snow and fog and seething foam, the vast shapes of two locked ships. He heard, weird and muffled, men's voices. Out beyond his limit of vision a steamer bellowed "Ooo-ooo-ooo!"

"Come up, Bill!" he howled. "Grab my hand!"

"Huh! How th' hell d'yuh expec' a bloke ——" Bill howled back.

Stub hauled the rest of his body through the hole and reached down his arm. Bill grabbed it. The house was rolling sickeningly; every sea that washed it submerged it deeper. It was filling fast. Stub peered through the thick murk, trying to judge distances. Bill tugged at his arm, pulling him down across the opening, blocking it completely; but Stub was powerless to prevent it. He was aghast at what he saw. The bark's stem had been wedged into the lightship's bow. They drifted apart, and the lightship, settling by the head, drove away into the storm. The bark, broken gear hanging from her bows like weeds from a rock, backed and filled aimlessly, but with terrific sweeps, like a ship under sail but not under control.

"Hey! Lemme up!" yelled Bill.

The radio man was hauling him back. The water was at their chins. Stub's arm was withdrawn suddenly, and the opening was free. Bill crawled out, blinking against the flying spray. A rope flew out of the darkness and hit him in the face. Grabbing it, following along it with his eyes, he made out a dumpy figure apparently hanging to a mass of fog, and out of the fog Stub's voice bade him make use of the rope before the radio house sank, and clamber aboard the bark.

"Yuh don't need no heads'ls t' run her into port!" Bill shouted.

He had got his breath and had emptied the water from the half-drowned radio man. The bark that had cut the lightship down was unharmed, so far as could be seen in the darkness, except for a snapped jib boom and a piece torn out of the port bow where an anchor had been crushed through the plates. When Stub boarded her and helped to haul his companions to safety, they found the sailing ship abandoned. Not a man remained. Stub had immediately gone to the compass, driven by a seaman's instinct, and had taken note of the drift. Now he was giving orders. He had told Bill they needed to set up a jury head rig in order to set jibs.

"We don't take orders from him, do we, Bill?" snarled the radio man, chilled to the marrow, scared to death.

The bark had hove to, left to herself; but she had been running before a fair wind when she ran down the lightship, and the amount of sail she carried then was far too much when she lay broadside to the sea. Great seas boarded her thunderously. As she came to the wind with every sweep the sails thrashed and the whole fabric shook so that any greenhorn might have thought the end imminent. The radio man was thoroughly terrified by the uproar and the blackness. He needed the support of a strong man of the sea. There were two. He turned to Bill. Bill was piqued for a moment at the cool way Stub had assumed the leadership. But it was another matter when another man, and a greenhorn, questioned the orders of a sailorman.

"You hold yer slack!" growled Bill. "You shut up an' foller yer leader. This ain't no lightship, tied by th' nose. She's a squar'-rigger, me son, an' most likely

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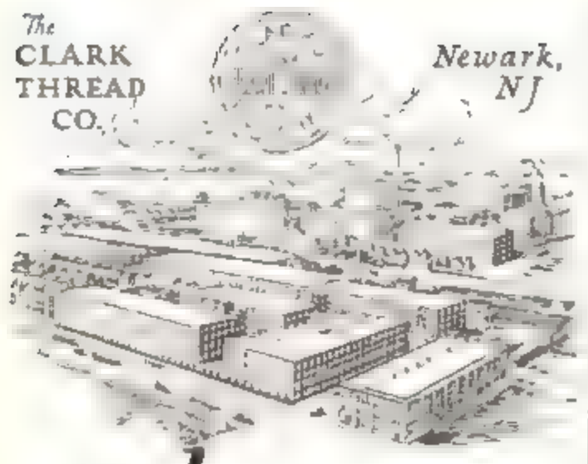

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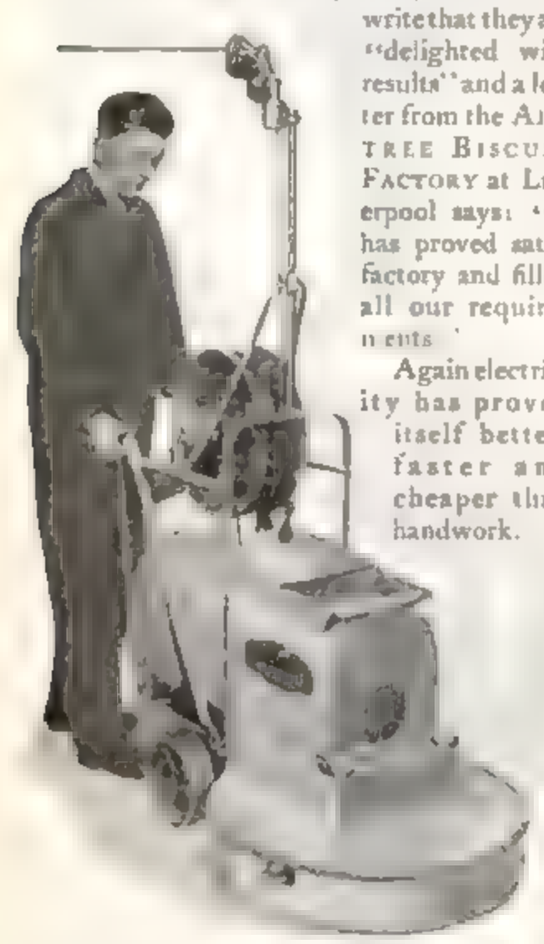

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she's boun' fer Davy Jones. Else why did all her han's pile aboard o' the lightship afore they swung clear? Sinkin', that's what they thought. Mos' likely she is. Mr. Stubbs, we hev a fair wind t' port, ain't we?"

"Bill Hawkes, you're a sailorman, and you'll obey orders," said Stub grimly. "It's a fair wind to port, that's true. Is your place in port, or where?"

"Aboard th' lightship, o' course!" howled Bill. "Ef yuh'll tell me how'n hell I'm tuh git aboard o' her, when yuh knows damn well she's adrif' an' most likely sunk, I'll ——"

"We'll set up a jib stay! If the jibs are all gone with the head rigging, we'll send down a stays'l and bend it. You're going back to your station, Bill. Then you can be mate and I'll be your man again. Here I'm skipper, and you'll jump when I holler. Come on, now!"

Sure that Stub had at last gone crazy, yet fearing to cross him until some alternative had been found, Bill dragged the radio man along the streaming deck to the battered forecastle head. Stub had seen the yards trimmed and the helm lashed, so that the bark drifted steadily to leeward, making little headway, safe from boarding seas. Then he went forward and by sheer dogged refusal to accept defeat shamed old Bill Hawkes into backing him wholeheartedly.

"Now we can brace sharp up and beat her back, Bill," yelled Stub when they had an improvised foretopmast staysail and inner jib set and sheeted down. The radio man whimpered as he pulled on hard, frozen ropes. But to do him justice, it was the bitter cold and the terror of the unfamiliar situation, not physical cowardice, that set him to whimpering. Once he saw Bill taking orders, he obeyed, too, and did his poor best.

"I tell yuh we don't hev tuh beat!" retorted Bill. "This bark's boun' fer ——"

"She's bound for the lightship station, to stay there until some passing ship takes in a report and another lightship is sent out! How many ships did you count, by sound alone, groping for the lightship to get bearings? How many would be safe now if no lightship was there? Take the wheel, Bill, and keep her full and by!"

"Yuh tryin' tuh sail th' sticks outa her?" Bill howled during a terrific squall that drove the ship down to leeward until her decks were full of water and the leach of her fore course was so deeply dipped that the awful strain threatened to plunk out the foremast.

"I know she's got to take in sail herself!" retorted Stub. "We can't do it. I only hope she carries away that fores'l before we have to go about, Bill. We can handle tops'l braces and head sheets; but the foretack would murder any two men!"

So they sailed her. Stub and Bill hove the log. Stub pricked off the ship's position. They stood two-hour spells at the helm, sharing each other's clothes, wearing anything they found. The radio man clawed his way below and found food for them. No human force could drive him to the midship galley to make them hot coffee. Stub had plotted a course which would bring the bark on the lightship station in three long tacks, if they were not forced off by passing ships. Their pump horn was sounded every minute. Out in the howling blizzard, that had as yet failed to drive away the fog, the mournful groans of ships sounded. But the radio man had said that except for two big steamers bound in, there were no others immediately due to which the absence of the lightship would matter vitally.

"We'll try her now," said Stub. "Ready, about!"

"How about th' fores'l?"

"You bring her to the wind. Run to the main tops'l braces as soon as she shakes. I'm going to cut the fores'l from the yard."

Stub vanished into the welter of the waist. As the ship edged up, the seas boarded her in freezing tons. Once Stub appeared, swept from his feet and hurled against the poop. He plunged forward again. Bill held his breath. The ship trembled in every rivet as the great steel masts and yards thrashed. Then came a louder thunder. The foremast seemed to be uprooted. Bill was afraid. His blood was cold. But he left the helm and dashed into the turmoil of the main deck to the braces as the ship came to the wind. And then he heard the ripping crash of a sail going to leeward. Streamers of frozen canvas flailed aft, stinging his face cruelly. But Stub was at the braces now. The sea hurled them down, half drowned them, battered them, but they hung onto the rope and got it inch by inch.

"Now if the yard doesn't carry away when she brings up on the slack we'll make it!" yelled Stub. He was like a madman. Bill only gritted his teeth and hauled.

They hauled the yard past the turning point and it came the rest of the way with a whang. But it held. Stub laughed horribly, and staggered forward to the foretopsail braces. Another passage through hell and they braced the foreyards. Then to the forecastle head they fought their way, to trim down the head sheets, while the ship, untended, fell too far off the wind and lay down as if on her dying bed. The reefed spanker took care of itself, and that after pressure was working for the ship's preservation.

"Another pull!" yelped Stub. "Not quitting, are you, Bill?"

"Shut up an' pull!" bawled Bill.

They got the sheets trimmed, not perfectly, but well enough.

"One anchor gone, hey?" Stub was groping in the howling chaos of the bows. "She'll need every fathom of both cables to hold her by one anchor on the bank."

"Ef yuh leave her alone much longer, she won't need no anchor!"

The ship was like a half-tide rock. Every bit of gear and superstructure on the main deck was gone or going. The seas poured over the rails unceasingly.

"I c'n shackle on here!" Bill bellowed.

Stub knew he could. None better. Leaving Bill, he fought his way aft, hurled from his feet a score of times. But he got to the wheel and slowly battled the helm down. A rift came in the fog. The blizzard thinned for a moment, though the gale let up none of its fury. A star came out. It encouraged the radio man to put out his head and look around. He ducked back at once; but he had seen enough to make him respect old-fashioned sailormen for the rest of his life. Stubs stood on wide legs, his head uplifted, sniffing like a hound. His face was bloody, his hatless head seemed swollen. But he hove at the wheel until he had the big ship back where he wanted her.

Bill came aft, reporting the anchor shackled on and both chains connected.

"Get along the dipsey lead," said Stub.

"Who's goin' tuh heave it?"

"I will if you can't."

Bill stared closely into Stub's face. There was something in the voice that Bill wondered at. He glanced at the binnacle. The light was out. Then he took hold of Stub's head and looked again at his face.

"Stub, be yuh gone blind?" he yelled.

"An earring cringle hit me between the eyes, Bill. Only blackened 'em. Set the dipsey lead along. I can feel."

They dropped the lead. No words could tell how those two square-rigged men of iron performed that simple sounding action. Then Stub got the radio man on his feet. The radio man had plotted positions of ships by radio bearings in his schooling. Now he plotted the ship's place under Stub's direction, by course and distance, drift and the sounding. And as he moved the rulers over the chart, he answered Stub's orders with a deeply respectful "Yes, Mr. Stubbs."

They tacked ship again, and the radio man held the wheel. A fierce squall struck down as they came to the wind. The forestaysail cracked and flew aft in ribbons; the upper fore-topsail brace got away from them, smashed the yard and they lost the sail. The deck was full to the rails. A spare topmast burst its chain lashings on deck and javelined aft through the break of the poop.

"She has sail enough," said Stub. "See if you can stop the water coming in below, Bill."

Stub steered by the feel of the wind on his face. He stood knee-deep in snow, for no live water swept the poop to clear it. Bill and the radio man plugged up the hole made by the spare spar and kept the cabins free.

"How does she head, Bill?" Stub asked fretfully.

He was totally blind now. His head was a swollen, throbbing thing that seemed to belong to somebody else.

"Wind ain't changed none, sir. Yuh got her right on her course!"

"Read the patent log, Bill," said Stub. "I can't see to help you with the common log."

"Ten mile in th' last hour, sir."

"Have it set down, Bill. Tell me how the bank bears."

"Dead ahead, an' two mile distant!" roared Bill triumphantly. "By th' horns o' Noah's cow, yuh ——"

"Have the lead ready for another cast, Bill."

Stub brought his ship to anchor right where the lightship had been. She needed every foot of her two heavy chains to hold her; but she held. And they built a great flare on the poop, where the water would trouble them least. They built such a flare that ships came to see what it was. Little ships and big ships came close, and while the night lasted the radio man Morsed with a lantern the message of the lightship's absence to them. A great liner stopped to make sure her captain heard an amazing piece of news aright. She passed on, her radio already sending out the urgent call for a lightship to relieve the battered foreign bark at once.

Then, just as dawn came in a fiercer blast of wind that drove the fog away in thick lumps, and the blaze of the fire paled, another big steamer reeled in from the northeastward, listing heavily, sheathed with ice, sounding her siren nervously, seeking the lightship.

"Stir up the fire!" said Stub. "She must have seen us!"

"She's coming right on, sir. Don't seem to steer!" said Bill. "Else her skipper's rattled!"

"Heap up the fire! Here, give me the megaphone!"

Bill ran with the galley slush pot and dumped it on the blaze. The wind took the reek of it to the steamer. If they could not see the fire in the paling light of dawn, they must smell it. But it was a lightship they looked for. It required all Bill Hawkes' lung power with the megaphone to make them pay attention to the lantern the radio man was trying to Morse them with.

"There she goes!" growled Bill. The steamer turned slowly, showing herself broadside on, and Bill yelled again, "By th' horns o' Noah's cow, 'tis th' Beltane!"

Stub laughed harshly.

"I don't mind helping Fargo once in a while, Bill!" he said.

The directors of the line owning the Beltane waited for the appearance of the man who had put a battered old bark on the lost lightship's station. He was coming from hospital. They had just received the resignation of Captain Fargo, a gray-haired old man of thirty, broken and beaten by one terrible experience which had overtaken him while he was unprepared. He would never be prepared. There was a noise outside the office. Then Bill Hawkes thrust his shoulder inside and hauled in a stumbling, protesting man.

"I don't want to see them!" Stub growled. "I don't want their reward! Let go, Bill! If I'd known it was these people ——"

"Isn't this Mr. Stubbs?" queried the one-time owner of the Surprise.

"No! It's Stub, the man who was not of the type for your damned liners!" answered Stub.

"I apologize for that, Mr. Stubbs," said the director, coloring. "We invited you here because we wish to express our admiration for such a man. Your amazing exploit deserves some recognition ——"

"Recognition! Where did you learn that word, mister? Did you know it while you owned the Surprise? You forgot it, didn't you, when that rescue job off Agulhas was rewarded? Bill Hawkes here was with me from the time I was a boy in your ship, and knows. Recognition? I want none of your dirty rewards. I don't believe you understand any other kind of recognition. Besides, we didn't do that lightship job for you. You were just lucky. Give my congratulations to Captain Fargo. Come on, Bill—unless you want a reward."

"One moment, Captain Stubbs," an old gentleman put in quietly. "Some of us understand the meaning of 'recognition.' We do not mean to offend you by the offer of a monetary reward. Captain Fargo has left our employ. He had a terrible experience. But for your flare on the bark he must have lost our steamer. He will not go to sea again. If Hawkes wants to sail in the Beltane as boson again ——"

"I don't want none o' them paint-an'-polish, an' sooji-mooji sailors!" shouted Bill. "Steamer sailors? Ar-rgh!"

"But Captain Stubbs is a sailor, isn't he, Hawkes?" the old gentleman replied gently. And he seemed to enjoy the embarrassment on their faces as the eyes of Stub and Bill Hawkes met.

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ANTIQUEERING

Continued from Page 19

I want to make the definite statement that I think that most antique dealers are perfectly honest and aboveboard. Most of them are responsible people who love their work and expect to remain in it permanently. They clearly realize that a cheated customer can create a hundred distrustful ones. I do not mean that this is the reason for their probity; on the contrary, I think they are honest without reason, and sometimes beyond it.

All reputable dealers—and you very quickly get to know them as such—will be perfectly frank with you as to what they know about any piece. They will tell you whether it is old or a reproduction, so far as they know, and they know in most instances. They cannot know always. I believe that the highest authority on earth can be fooled as to the genuineness of a piece. It takes, however, a great deal of painstaking, expensive cabinet work to create a fair fake, more work and more expense as the piece is elaborate and carefully antiqued. Good carving, for instance, is very expensive—but when the carving has to be first good, second in careful imitation of the old, and then made to look as though a hundred years had worn it, you can see why the cost sheets stagger. Further, wormholes have to be gotten into the wood, and it is child's play to detect the ordinary man-made wormholes done with buckshot. Again, there is patina to be had, and a dozen other qualities of old furniture must be carefully looked after and imitated. Let me repeat: Efficient faking is expensive and your crooked dealer dare not sell anything but the best faked fakes, and he must get prices sufficiently high to show not only a big profit on his investment but one great enough to help put him on Easy Street when his chicanery is uncovered and he is forced out of business.

Therein lies something of a protection for the antiquer. If he does not pay too high a price for a piece he can be reasonably sure that it is genuine on the basis that it costs too much money to fake cleverly. This is not infallible, however. People will buy fake antiques unwittingly and at high prices, and when they discover the deception they will sometimes put them on the market very cheap, and somebody else gets hurt.

Then there are cases in which the dealer himself will buy a fake in all innocence. Remember my claim that anyone can be fooled; I make no exceptions. Just as innocently and in all good faith he will pass the cheat on to you. I think this does not happen very often.

The Approach by Courtesy Street

Not all the antiques that the dealers corral will go into their shops to be sold. They have preferred clients, collectors for whom they collect, and these clients will pay good prices for what they want, without haggling. This constitutes, I should say, perfectly good business practice on the part of the dealer. His preferred list is not a closed one. If you can qualify as to generosity, and so on, you can get your name on the list.

Even though you be not an open-handed Crœsus there are other avenues open to the dealer's favor. Not the least of these is Courtesy Street—which is paved with kindly treatment and adequate consideration for the dealer's feelings. It will pay you to make friends with the dealer, and not alone for mercenary reasons; you will find him, as I have found him, interesting and very glad to meet you more than halfway. Be sure of what you want, be quick to know that you do or do not want what he shows you, be decent, friendly, courteous, honest; do not haggle unnecessarily, and contrive to buy something once in a while whether you really want it or not.

In spite of the fact that the average dealer is very glad to show you his stock, even though you do not buy, it naturally gets a bit monotonous for him if you frequently inspect and never buy. For this reason I always manage to buy something from every dealer who interests me; not every time I see him, but frequently enough to convince him that I am not merely a habitual shopper. I do not usually need or even want what I buy in such cases, but I can always find an outlet for it, either as a gift or to turn it over to someone who does want it.

There is a surprising lack of resemblance, one to another, among the dealers; they are distinctly individuals. This I think rather remarkable when you consider that their stocks in trade are pretty much alike everywhere—furniture, some glass, china, old metal, and so on. There are specialists, but not many, especially few among the country dealers. Most of the dealers, especially the larger and more important ones, have their scouts or buyers who travel about the country for other reasons, and buy antiques as a side line. For instance, one large dealer gets a great many things from a patent-medicine man who sells his product from door to door and thus has easy access to the insides of the homes in his territory. These scouts know pretty well what the dealer wants and will usually buy on their own initiative and knowledge without preliminary fuss. If the piece is important or costly or both, the scout gets an option with or without a down payment, sends a photograph or description to the dealer or wires or phones him to come and decide for himself.

Dealers are generally pretty courageous and sweeping in their purchases. They will go very long distances on what would seem to be slight prospects, and they will buy a whole roomful, a whole houseful of everything and anything to get the pieces that they want. After they have these few choice things they will sell the rest to smaller dealers or to secondhand furniture or junk dealers.

A Good-Natured Dealer

Some dealers make a practice of holding marked-down sales or auctions at certain times during the year when their stocks get too heavy or too full of dogs. I do not doubt that in the antique business, as in other businesses, articles are marked up before they are marked down in some sales. I do believe, though, that the percentage of unscrupulous dealers is smaller among antique dealers than among many other businesses. Here again I take a bold crack at tradition, but such is my experience, and it goes as written.

So far as I know I have never been cheated by an antique dealer, and I have been buying for ten years. I have paid too much for pieces, but I did it with my eyes wide open. On the other side, I have paid too little for pieces, gratifyingly often. I have bought a few things that I did not want or have come not to want, but that was my fault, not the dealer's.

I have heard of sharp dealers, but I have purposely not dealt with them. I find that it pays to negotiate with dealers frankly and without guile. Let me cite one instance of what I mean. Last August we made an antiqueering trip down into Southwest Virginia. In one small city we had about a dozen clews, in the shape of letters, pointing to where some antiques might be found for sale by private parties. Some of them would have led us twenty-five miles out into the country over bad roads. In addition we were in a hurry to get back to Philadelphia. To have run these clews down would have consumed at least two days, and we wanted to leave for home at once.

So we went to the city's largest antique dealer—a perfect stranger to us—and I said to him: "Mr. Blank, I am going to be absolutely honest with you and I know you will be with me. I have these letters telling me where some pieces are on sale. You have canvassed this country for years and probably know the writers of these letters personally and what they have to sell. Will you look them over and tell me whether you think it is worth my time to look at the stuff?"

"Certainly," said he; "glad to."

He showed us about 75 per cent of the writers' names listed in his books, with descriptions of what they had to sell. They all tallied with the letters. He told me fully what the prospects were—which pieces were no good; which were good, but impossibly priced. In short, he showed me how to save two valuable days. This incident would seem to prove the uselessness of a house-to-house canvass by a private collector, about which I shall have more to say later on. An enterprising dealer, and they are mostly all that, will periodically scour his neighborhood, fine-tooth-comb it

(Continued on Page 137)

OUR McCRAY REFRIGERATORS

Build Bigger Business for Us

Look for the McCray Name Plate

You'll find it on the refrigerator equipment in the better grocery stores, markets, restaurants, hotels and in homes. This name plate gives positive assurance of fresh, wholesome foods

"NOT only has it brought us more business; McCray equipment has *saved us money—kept our stocks fresh and wholesome—eliminated spoilage—enabled us to serve customers more conveniently—to satisfy them absolutely.*"

This is typical of letters we receive regularly from satisfied McCray users—meat dealers, grocers, restaurant and hotel men, florists. Such dealers must have efficient, economical refrigerators. *They choose the McCray. You will profit by their example—there is a size and style suitable for every purpose; in residences as well as in stores and institutions.*

McCray quality is inbuilt; largely hidden in construction details you cannot *see*. But you *experience* this quality in greater satisfaction—*keeping food longer—at less cost for maintenance.* The patented construction insures a constant circulation of cold, dry air through every compartment.

Residence models from $35 up. Outside icing feature, originated and developed by McCray, available if desired. The McCray is readily adaptable for use with mechanical refrigeration.

Clip and mail the coupon. We'll gladly suggest specific equipment to meet your particular needs.

McCRAY REFRIGERATORS

for all purposes

Check below the kind of refrigerators in which you are particularly interested; we'll gladly suggest specific equipment to meet your needs, without obligation.

[] Markets [] Grocers
[] Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs
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McCray Refrigerator Co., 2412 Lake St., Kendallville, Ind.
Please send me further information about the refrigerators checked.

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Street _____
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Faucets Without a Fault

FOR 66 years Muellers have manufactured the devices which control the water supply from street mains to private property.

Today the majority of Water Works Companies use these Mueller devices —because of their known value and proved merit, under all conditions.

When you install Mueller Faucets in your home, you are assured of this same continuous and dependable service.

There is a Mueller Faucet for every known plumbing need—each designed and built to give enduring, satisfactory service, year after year.

Your local plumber can install these faucets at any time—and will do so, when you specify that Mueller Faucets are to be used exclusively.

Look for the name Mueller on each faucet you buy. It will insure you for years against annoying repairs.

Mueller Co., Decatur, Illinois, U. S. A.

Branches: New York; Los Angeles; San Francisco. *Factories:* Decatur, Ill.; Sarnia, Can.; Port Huron, Mich.

(Continued from Page 135)

(classic phrase) for a radius of fifty or a hundred miles or more. He knows precisely where the stuff is, why it isn't worth buying or, when it is worth buying, why it cannot be bought.

The question of the wisdom of bargaining is a wide-open one. I seldom do it except occasionally with a dealer who is new to me. If he is amenable to haggling on price I like him less. I think—and justifiably, it seems to me—that if he is prepared to come down in his price he starts above the real value. I like the dealer who has the price tags marked with actual dollars and cents and not the cryptic ciphers such as "Q. R. S.**" and who will say, "That is my price; take it or leave it." My mind is usually pretty well made up as to what I want to pay for a piece, and if the dealer's price is enough higher to be of much moment, I will say so and pass on to the next piece; or not say so and pass on. Some dealers expect to be bargained with, some of them seem to love it and are a bit disappointed if you do not humor them. You can usually spot the type quickly. When asked for a price he will begin about like this: "We-el, let me see. That's a good piece—fine piece—but I can't afford to sacrifice it. We-el, I'd say that I couldn't take very much less than forty-five dollars for that piece. What do you think?" Then the battle is on.

Another question, a very much discussed one, is whether it is better to buy from dealers or by a house-to-house canvass. I much prefer to buy from dealers. Many antiquers favor the second method, going into private homes asking their own questions and taking the chance of making a big find for themselves. That is, so to speak, a sportier method, but to me it has many drawbacks. I have tried it; it is slow, troublesome, has aspects of impudent intrusion, and is, by and large, unproductive. The dealer covers his territory thoroughly and knows almost to the smallest petit-point pincushion where the stuff is. The chances are that he and his colleagues have canvassed diligently every house that you visit. Where he has not been able to buy, it was either for the reason that the owner would not sell or that his price was out of reason. If he would not sell to the dealer he will in all likelihood not sell to you. If his price is silly to the dealer it will usually be silly to you.

"But," say you, "I can afford to pay more than the dealer can; he has to resell at a profit. I do not."

True—a palpable hit! On ordinary stuff—yes, that's right; but on anything good really worth having—you are not matching a dealer's personal price; you are matching one that the dealer's client, Mr. John D. Gotalot, is willing to pay. If you want a fine, healthy, active pastime try to beat the dealers' offers when they are after good stuff.

Startling Candor

Yes, I like to buy from dealers. I don't have to ignore no-trespass signs; I don't have to bite any dogs or be bitten by them, and I have never been kicked off any porch.

On 90 per cent of the stuff the dealers handle you will have to pay them only a modest profit. Of course in the rather rare instances where he makes a tremendous find, at a ridiculously low price, and hasn't a ready customer for it, he will naturally not sell it to you below what it should bring. One example: A dealer once showed me a very handsome Chippendale chair—nice condition, fine heavy wood.

"What's it worth? Guess," he challenged.

"Two hundred dollars," I replied.

"Two-fifty," said the dealer; "and do you know that ten days ago I paid a colored woman ten dollars for it. Two-fifty and worth every cent." The next time I came to his shop the chair was gone.

It's funny to me how intimately the matter of price is mixed up with antiqueering: far more than it is in any other artistic matter, and, I take it, antiqueering might be easily called an artistic matter. I, who am in an artistic profession, I hope, appeal to you, who are probably not in one, for an answer. Why is this so? Yet it is so—undeniably so. If you pay more than the market price or even the market price for a piece, you just don't have any fun, do you? More of that later.

And, speaking of market prices, there is a distinct market price in antiques. Many people will tell you that an antique is worth what you can pay for it. This is what Nina Wilcox Putnam or some other great philosopher has called apple sauce. There is a market price. I am continually worrying the antique marts, and I think I am in a position to say so; at any rate I do say so. The market price changes frequently—always to go higher, of course—but it maintains a surprising consistency. For instance, the market price of a good Windsor armchair is now from forty-five to fifty dollars, and you will find that the price holds about the same in all localities. You might locate a good one for forty dollars where a dealer has bought cheaply and, for a quick turnover, will let it go cheaply. You might be asked fifty-five or even sixty dollars for one where a dealer has plenty of capital and can afford to hold the chair for a generous buyer or until the market comes up to his asking price.

Sometimes, however, locality does make a decided difference. Pieces preferred and eagerly sought in one district will be drugs in another market. This, though, is largely a matter of woods. For example, I found that walnut was a despised wood below the Mason and Dixon Line. The answer to the query, "Is this walnut?" was often, "No, indeed! I should say it is not walnut! It's mahogany!" Up in this section walnut is preferred, I think, to almost any other wood. It was used in very early pieces. Among the more rabid antique fans oak is preferred to walnut, and in many instances, pine to either. Curly maple is in high favor here; in the South it is not, yet. I have a beautifully made chest of drawers in poplar—a very early one. Poplar will come into its own one of these days, and the cognoscente will beat his way to my neck of the woods.

Swollen Ideas of Value

The prices of antique furniture, glass, china, metal, samplers, fabrics, and so on, have increased astonishingly in the last ten years. It used to be that the term "collector" was synonymous with lunatic, or at least one slightly touched. Nowadays he is legion and she is legioner. The ladies have gone at it with "wim and wigor"—and, I might mention, they are doing some wonderful antiqueering.

There is just so much genuine old stuff extant, and the supply is not being augmented; at least we like to think it is not. Ten or twenty years ago people sold century and more old furniture as they now sell worn-out golden-oak or mission, for what it would bring, or wring, from the secondhand dealer—anything. "My, my," our middle-aged visitors tell us, "you paid sixty dollars for that piece? I remember when we refurnished our home in 1905—or was it 1906?—we gave at least twenty pieces like that to our ashman's wife." And they did

As the craze for old things spread, the prices naturally soared, and the folks held on more and more to their family pieces, suddenly by the grace of fashion become priceless. Less and less stuff is going on the market, and when it does the private owner usually keeps far ahead of the dealers in price. One dealer told me that he received a telephone request from a lady to come to her home and see a chest-on-chest she had decided to sell. He went and saw it—a good example, but in battered condition. He asked the price.

"Three hundred dollars," announced the lady.

"Madam," said the dealer, "if you will come down to my store I will sell you the duplicate of this piece in splendid shape for one hundred and fifty dollars. Good-by and thank you."

On a recent trip to Virginia we were piloted to a lady who, though she belonged to a splendid old family, was much reduced in circumstances and was counted eccentric. We found her conducting a lodging house. She said she had some old china that she would sell if the price was right. We told her that we thought we could pay what her china was worth. She went into a back room. After several minutes she came back with a handsome, large decorated platter and draining dish in perfect condition. While she was in the back room digging around for more of the set, Mrs. Blumenthal and I held a hurried confab.

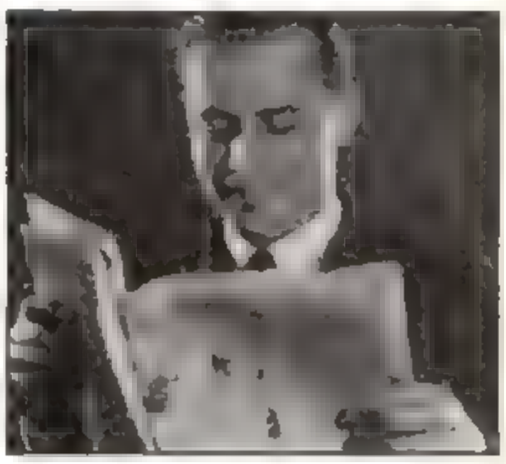
"What'll we give?" asked Mrs. B.

"She seems hard up," I said. "Offer her ten dollars for the dish." We made the offer.

"Indeed not!" said the lady. "I want forty dollars for it; not a penny less."

A healthy mouth will keep your teeth *cleaner than you can brush them*

This tooth paste helps the mouth glands work normally—*the natural and safe way to protect your teeth*



Our mouths were originally self cleaning. Much of the present-day tooth decay is the result of the breaking down of the natural protective processes of the mouth.

The mouth glands should flow so freely that their alkaline fluids would neutralize the mouth acids as fast as they form.

But the mouth glands have slowed down—our soft cooked foods which require no chewing do not exercise these glands properly.

Pebeco gently stimulates these glands. It causes them to work in a normal, healthy fashion.

As soon as Pebeco enters the mouth, the fluids from these glands begin to flow more freely. They wash all through the mouth; in between the teeth where the toothbrush cannot reach. They thoroughly neutralize the acids as fast as they form.

Pebeco leaves your whole mouth in a healthy, live condition—your gums, your palate, the entire oral cavity.

Pebeco cleans and polishes the teeth as thoroughly as any dentifrice can. It cannot scratch the enamel, or injure the edges of the gums or delicate membranes of the mouth.

Send today for a trial tube of Pebeco and start now to get your mouth into a healthy, *permanently* clean condition.

Pebeco is manufactured only by Lehn & Fink, Inc. At all druggists'.

Strong white teeth are just as attractive in a man as in a woman. Pebeco leaves your mouth invigorated, revitalized—that healthy, tingling feeling tells you your teeth are clean and *will stay so.*

Send coupon for free sample tube

Free Offer

LEHN & FINK, Inc., Dept. E-5
635 Greenwich Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me free your new large sized sample tube of Pebeco and your booklet which explains the importance of the mouth glands in keeping the mouth healthy and the teeth white and strong

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from all over the Continent
If You Have a

De Forest Radiophone!

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Light the tubes

Second
Turn the Dial and Pick up Any Station you want

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Increase the Sound Volume as much as you want

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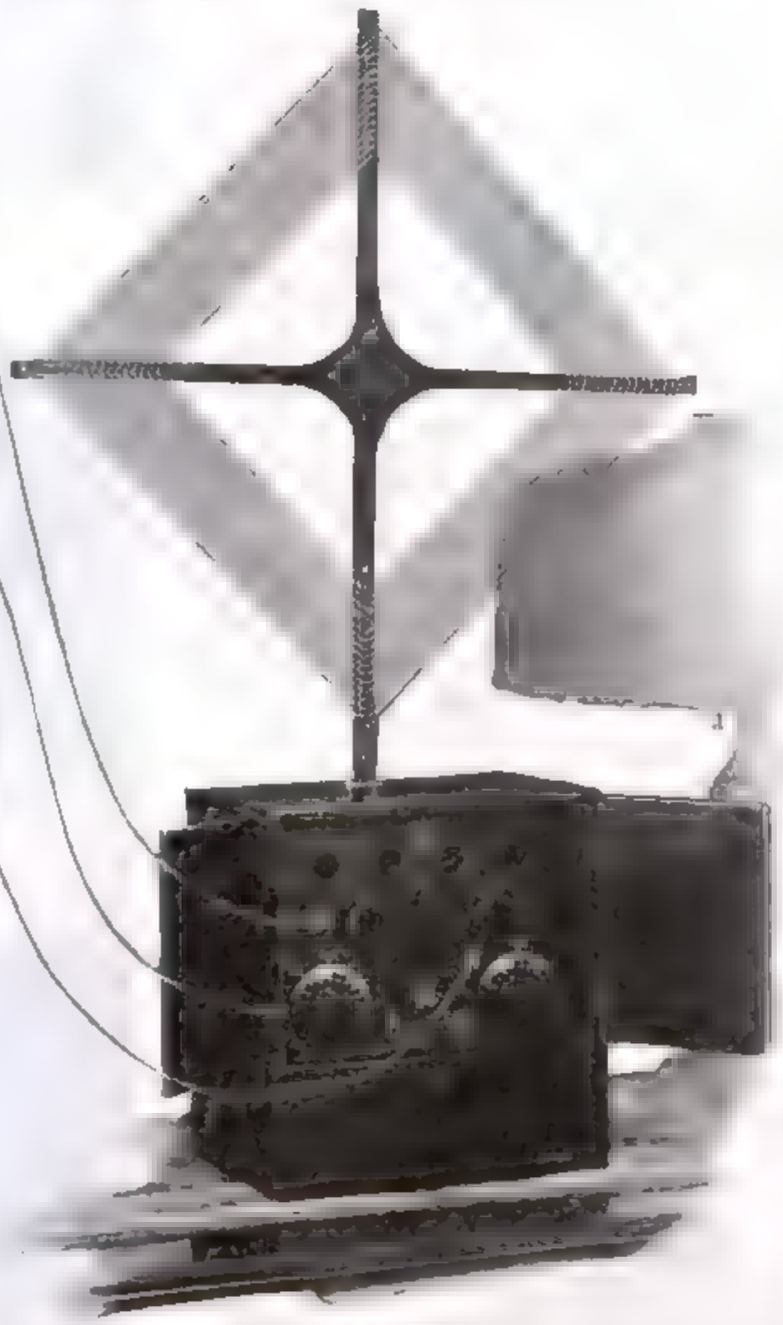

No Outdoor Antenna—The Loop as shown is all you need, though the De Forest Reflex can be used with outdoor aerial if desired.

No Outside Batteries—All Dry Cells go inside the box, although the set can be used with storage batteries if desired.

No Ground—No outside wires or connections of any sort when used with dry cells. The set is capable of receiving cross-continent broadcast just as you see it with great clearness.

THE world-famous De Forest Reflex Radiophone, Type D-10, is a 4-tube set with a range on indoor loop of from 1500 to 3000 miles (record range with outside aerial 5000 miles). It has a reputation for the clearest reception of broadcast in existence. Uses either head phones or loud speaker. The simplest long-distance set made; low in first cost; economical to operate. Price for set and loop, $150.00, plus 6% for territories west of the Rockies.

FREE RADIO CATALOGS — Send us your name and address and we will send you the new De Forest Catalog with full details and prices on sets, audions, and parts.

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De Forest Radiophones

"Made by the Man Who Invented Broadcasting"

The bright celestial moment for the antiquer is the one in which he lands a piece at several hundred times less than it is worth in the market. This kind of piece, you'll remember, is what is technically known as a "find." Only one such find can permanently unfit an antiquer and his neighbors and friends for a usual, sane, normal life. It compares to the golf hole-in-one, the hopeless but successful appendicitis operation, the ten-pound mountain trout or the ruining of the stock market. Thereafter the finder of the find is the world's supreme bore. For that matter no antiquer ever wants to hear of your own antiqueering. He is perfectly willing, even anxious that you should hear of his any time and at any length, but that ends it.

A certain man whose philosophy I very greatly respect said to me once that in order to be a successful antique collector one must discard entirely all ideas of conscience, decency, civility; one must come or nurse himself to the frame of mind in which he can sneak up behind a helpless old lady, pull a Queen Anne chair from under her, and run like the dickens; one must be sufficiently hard to drag an old gentleman off a tester bed, gather the bed together and streak it for the freight station; and one must be able to laugh in high glee as he snatches a Stiegel nursing bottle from the pale lips of a puny infant.

It's like that, just exactly like that. You may have all the money in the world and a burning desire to be fair to all mankind, but if you are a real antiquer you will hide your head in shame if you ever pay for a piece what you know the piece to be worth. The very thought is devastating.

Say you do slip once, and pay five hundred dollars for a Sheraton sideboard that you know to be priced right at five hundred dollars. When it arrives and is all set up you show it gloatingly to a friend antiquer. Friend antiquer enthuses properly, bubbles way over, takes a fit.

"Grand, beautiful, splendid, glorious, magnificent!" he gasps. "Where'd you get it?" You tell him. "How much?" He asks the fatal question, knowing it to be worth five hundred dollars.

"Five hundred dollars," you whisper.

Your friend gives you one withering look, turns on his heel, and you never, never see him again.

I hesitate to write this down, but rather than tell anyone that you paid full value for a piece lie boldly to him or have your tongue cut out at its roots. I believe it would be better in the long run! Certainly better for your reputation as an antiquer.

The Scoffers Come to Call

A very diverting phase of this antiqueering disease is, as I have hinted before, the very curious attitude of the nonantiquer to the antiquer. He, the Philistine, as he likes high-soundingly to excuse himself, is at first violently humorous about it; he cracks some of the most side-splitting jokes when the subject changes to antiques, as it always does immediately after leaving the servant-girl question.

"Ha, ha!" he will explode as you show him your newest treasure. "Look what the cat drug in! Is it a antique? Yes, it is a antique. Will it burn easily? Ha, ha, ha! It should burn easily!" And so on.

From the humorous phase the nonantiquer passes to the even less understandable angry phase. He really gets sore about it; why, I don't know.

If the nonantiquer waxes sufficiently funny or mad, something usually happens to him—something dreadful. No, you do not slay him; worse, much worse than that. Let me tell you the story of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Goozle.

This story is typical. It opens in our own home. The scene is our living room; we are just back from an antiqueering trip, and all our takings are spread out and we are reviewing and petting them for the fourteenth time. The doorbell rings and Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Goozle are ushered in. It began just as I told you.

"Ha, ha!" exploded Mr. Goozle. "What's the big idea? Going into the secondhand business? Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Is it a rummage sale?" pleasantly asked Mrs. Goozle, squeezing her ample self into a wabbly Queen Anne high chair that we rode twelve hundred and fifty miles to buy.

"Just back from a little trip and ——" I started to explain.

"Looks like a lot of tripe to me," said our comedian. "Wonder you didn't break every bone in your head!"

Several convulsive squeaks from the Queen Anne high chair.

"As between friends, Larry, tell us what's it all about!" said Mr. Goozle.

"That's just what I've been trying to do," I ventured, maybe a bit inhospitably. "This is the stuff we bought."

"Bought!" yelled Goozle. "Did you honestly pay real money for that truck?"

"Sure!" I snapped. "And ——"

"Now on the level, Larry," said Mr. Goozle, going into the angry stage, "seriously speaking, what do you see in that mess worth giving house room? You ought to be ashamed of yourself; on the level, you ought!" From now on, all the words and phrases are classical; they never vary a letter. "Now I got an eye for the beautiful," continued Goozle. "I like fine things around me. I like good-looking furniture as much as you do; but, I ask you, what difference does it make whether it's old or new? I'd as lief—liefer, I'll say—have a good reproduction as an antique. The lines are just as good, and you know what you're buying. You certainly are a nut, Larry, and that's all I got to say."

There was a space of silence. I broke it.

"Listen, you," I said to the now snorting Goozle. "Are there, by any chance, any heirlooms in your family?"

"Well," answered Goozle after trying to think, "I got an old aunt; lives four miles from Bridgeton, and she's got a sideboard, least she had a month ago; 'tain't a bad-looking wreck, at that. She says it's a real Sheridan ——"

"Sheraton," I was pleased to correct.

"What's the odds? Sheridan's just as good! Looks as though it's been in a battle. Ha, ha! Aunt Mary—that's her name—showed me the thing when the wife and I were visiting her a spell ago."

The Conversion of Goozle

"What's it look like?" I asked eagerly. "Tell me all about it."

"Ain't much to tell. Le's see," answered Goozle, again trying to think; thinking is a hard and unusual process for Goozle. "It's mahogany, if I remember right. Got a lot of this here inlaid wood on it. Inlaid—is that right? It's about six foot long, I'd say. Kind o' curves on the two end pieces, which have curved doors on 'em, and a mess of drawers in the middle. There's a little brass railing going around the top. Has about eight straight legs, I believe, and they have this here inlaid wood in 'em too. That's about as near as I can remember it."

"Will she sell it?" I asked, a little too excitedly, I'm afraid.

"Don't know, but she offered to give it to us," said Goozle. "Says she is getting too old to keep house and wanted us to have the sideboard. Belonged to her husband's Great-great-grandfather Simon—that's my side of the family—who brought it over with him from London. I didn't want it; it's got a lot o' little cracks in the front wood; veneer, I think she called it."

"You get it quick!" I yelled.

"What for?" he asked.

"Get it and I'll give you five hundred dollars for it."

"What?" he cried, and his eyes bugged out.

"Five hundred dollars cash," I said.

He looked at me long and pityingly. "I'll see," he said at last.

About a week later Goozle called me up and said, "That you, Larry? . . . Listen. Y'know the Sheraton sideboard I was telling you about? . . . Yes, my aunt's. Well, it came today, and it's all set up in my dining room and ——"

"Righto!" I yelled. "Be over in ten minutes."

We firemarined into some other clothes and hotfooted it over to the Goozles'.

"There," said Goozle, following us into the dining room. "Feast your poor eyes on that! What?"

"It's a Hepplewhite. My offer holds good," I said. "Five hundred dollars. Give you a check tonight and send for the sideboard tomorrow morning."

"Say, how do you get that way?" said Goozle.

"You said you don't care for old stuff," said I. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll have it reproduced and give you the reproduction and five hundred dollars into the bargain."

"Not a chance!" cried Goozle indignantly. "Not a chance in the world! That piece never leaves my home! There ain't a better Hepplewhite in these here United States; in the world, for that matter.

Continued on Page 141

These 3 salesmen helped 4568 people preserve their teeth

(4 million Dr. West's Tooth Brushes were sold within one month)

LAST FALL, between October 15th and November 15th, thousands of alert salesmen—men behind the counter—became interested in Dr. West's Tooth Brush and competed for first place in our nation-wide sales contest. These men knew they were doing a real service in their communities by recommending this correct brush.

Of this large group three salesmen (shown above) distinguished themselves by winning our highest rewards of merit. They knew the superiority of Dr. West's Tooth Brush and imparted this knowledge to 4,568 people who had faith in their judgment.

This is our sincere thanks to every retail clerk in the United States and Canada who helped us spread the health-preserving gospel of Dr. West's Tooth Brush and sound teeth.

Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH

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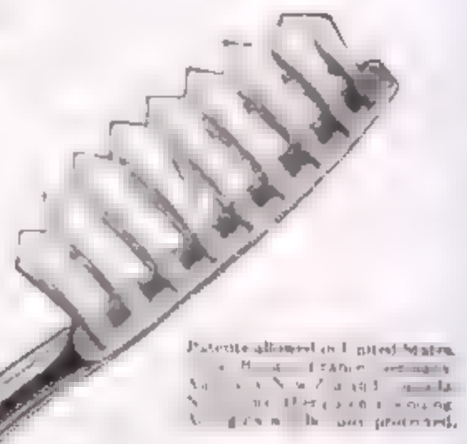

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Seeing your way to success

"How does old Jackson get away with it—calling Mr. Reed by his first name?" asked the new office boy. "It's 'Jim this' and 'Jim that' all the time."

"Aw, they're old friends," said the shipping clerk. "Twenty years ago they started here at the bottom."

Yet, twenty years before, who could have told which would become General Manager—Reed or Jackson? Just two intelligent, hard-working, ambitious young chaps who plugged away at their desks day after day.

But one morning Reed came in wearing glasses.

The importance of little things

Just an inconspicuous pair of lenses—but what a difference they made in this man's life! They stopped the drain of nerve and energy that comes from overstrained eyes—they enabled him to utilize his natural ability to its fullest extent.

When Success hangs in the balance, the little things of life carry the greatest weight. Reed's glasses, with their tonic effect on his health and temperament, were one of the deciding factors in his life. Who can say whether he would have been able to rise to the position of General Manager *without their aid?*

Meanwhile Jackson was wondering vaguely why he "never felt like working," why headaches, eyeaches and nervous depression were becoming his daily companions. And so he drifted on until he became known as "Old Jackson," whom everybody liked but no one envied. Uncorrected bad vision brings many men to a similar end.

The survival of the fittest in business

Most men possess ability, determination and ambition. Unfortunately, these good qualities are often helpless when matched against such a fundamental handicap as poor vision, or that equally disastrous handicap, overstrained eyes.

Like Jackson, thousands of American business men are thus frittering away their energy and efficiency, their power to concentrate—in short, their chances for success. Defective eyes—often some little defect which half an hour in a refracting room could correct—is the cause of thousands of hours of wasted time and effort.

The truth is that modern business is a continuation of the age-old struggle for existence. Success is survival of the fittest. And good vision is the prime essential of fitness. Furthermore, the truth is that there is only one sure way to discover *your own bad eyesight.* Have your eyes examined at once.

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

WELLSWORTH
PRODUCTS
for Better Eyesight

All that Science can give:
all that Artistry can add

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(Continued from Page 138

Wouldn't sell it at any price. No, sir-ree! And say, my aunt says that her cousin Emma has three of the chairs that go with it. She lives up in Portland, Maine, and I'm going up there Thursday and buy them if it takes my last cent."

"Oh, see what the cat drug in," I caroled quaintly.

"And say, Larry, the next time you folks go on an antique trip, take us along, will you? I'd like to get rid of all this modern junk around here and ——" And so it goes.

That is a true story—almost. The aunt doesn't live four miles from Bridgeton; she lives five. I've seen it happen so often just that way; the scoffer remains to prey. Sometimes it isn't a sideboard; it might be a table, a chair, a mirror, an old bottle—what not; but it always gets 'em; never fails.

There are several favored technics in buying or conversation about buying antiques from the dealers. One particularly, a picturesque and very generally used one, is worth a paragraph or two, I think. Personally I do not use it, preferring a franker and quicker way, but many, many antiquers do. The dealers know it as an old friend, as indeed they know all technics, and are certainly sufficiently clever to make wide allowances for them.

Machiavelli Goes Shopping

The favored method is this: The crafty antiquer goes into the dealer's shop and asks him for something he doesn't want and the dealer probably hasn't got and cannot get. For example, a fine lowboy at a small price. If by any chance the dealer has the lowboy your antiquer asks him whether the handles are original. If they are, he asks him to measure the lowboy. The dealer does, and the size is the wrong size. Size is always a loophole. Then your antiquer asks for something else in the same rare class; a double comb-back Windsor chair perhaps. The dealer is just out of them. Then something else and something else.

The procedure is designed to create the impression that the antiquer will buy if he can find what he wants. Yes, indeed. All the while the dealer knows exactly what is coming off, but your cunning antiquer doesn't know that the dealer knows, and all is serene. Meantime your antiquer is looking over the stock and deciding what he would like to have if he can get it for less than nothing. He spies a nice walnut chest of drawers with fluted corners, fine moldings and beautiful bracket feet. Aha! He asks about a few other things and then happens to kick the chest of drawers carelessly.

"What's this?" he says offhandedly. "Reproduction?"

"No, indeed!" says the dealer. "Absolutely genuine, over a hundred years old, fine piece."

"Don't say!" says your Machiavelli, tugging at one of the drawers. Luckily it doesn't give. "Pretty bad shape, isn't it?" he murmurs, starting to walk away.

"I'd call it fine," protests the dealer.

"We differ there," says the antiquer, humming a little something from the Merry Widow and fingering another piece. Then he looks at his watch and says, "Must be moving along. Nice weather. How's business? Crops good in this part of the country? Oh, by the way, what are you asking for that dilapidated old chest? Can't handle it myself, but have a friend who wants one if the price is right." (Classic sentence.) He kicks the chest once more.

"Fifty dollars, and dirt cheap!" says the dealer.

"Can't use a dozen," remarks the antiquer cleverly. "How much for just one?"

"Fifty dollars," repeats the dealer without show of merriment.

The antiquer knows that the chest is cheap at fifty dollars. He bargains and bargains and bargains, and finally it is knocked down to him at fifty dollars. Then he pays a deposit and tells the dealer what a fine, fine chest it really is.

You, guileless reader, are astonished at such trickiness. Please do not be; it is the usual thing, and must be done. The dealer expects it and he's a nice fellow and deserves to be amused.

Right here let me drop a little word of much value in acquiring antiques. If you see what you want, know that you want it and can afford to have it, buy it. It won't be there the next time you come. If you want it, someone else will want it, and you'll never forget it if you miss it. I'd far rather regret what I got than what I didn't get, if you know what I mean. You can always—mostly always, anyhow—sell what you don't want, even at a slight loss; but once you pass up a chance at a thing you want, you'll want it a million times more when you know you've lost it. So let me repeat, if conditions are right, buy!

In this connection let me tell you this one: On a trip down into Maryland we saw an old walnut table. It was surely a beauty once, dated no later than 1700, and from its condition could have been made by Cæsar's grandfather. It was a real ruin. Mrs. Blumenthal was much taken by it, but I wasn't. I thought it too far gone. Well, we didn't buy it. Then, aided by an occasional little conversational nudge from my helpmate, I began to want that table. We communicated with the dealer and he wouldn't sell it; said that his partner wanted to put it in his next sale on the chance of getting big money for it. We're going back to Maryland to that sale, and if we can bid it in, will in all likelihood pay twice as much as we would have, had my foresight been as good as my hindsight. I'm in for a few pleasant moments any way the cat jumps.

Again, it's a very delightful feeling you get when you ask a dealer about a piece you almost bought when you were at his place last week—a piece you now want most poignantly.

"Oh, that," says he "that was a good piece. Sold it to Mrs. Van Sleeze the next day for one-fifty; asked you seventy-five, didn't I?" That sort of thing perks you up mightily.

There is such a thing as style in antiques. Not style in the sense of periods only, such as Jacobean, William and Mary, Louis the Quince, as he is sometimes brightly called; Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Phyfe, *et al.*, but style in the sense of fashion—fad, if you please—and it runs to articles and materials as well as to periods.

The Bad Furniture of Old Times

Nowadays there are several very distinct fashions. Early American-built furniture is much more widely sought and prized than that of English or Continental origin. Curly maple, pine, walnut and oak are the now favored woods. Stiegel glass made in the eighteenth century by Baron von Stiegel in Manheim, Pennsylvania; Sandwich glass made at Sandwich, Massachusetts, in the early nineteenth century, Waterford glass, and the funny little glass cup plates that were used to set the coffee-cups on while one drank out of his saucer, are very much hunted. Right here I wish to remark that in order to have made all the glass now attributed to him, Baron von Stiegel must have operated factories as numerous as the shops of a well-known five-and-ten-cent firm and they must have been going twenty-six hours a day. This is not allowing, either, for an occasional piece that might possibly have been broken in the century and more since the factories were in existence.

Early American-built furniture has, as I said, the call nowadays. There is a wild and untrammeled craze to gather it all in, all sorts and conditions of it, good, bad and worse. In its earlier periods it was copied from pieces brought over in that supercargo carrier, the Mayflower, and its following flotillas of sea-going furniture vans; also from working drawings and books sent from the fashionable cabinetmakers in England. Then more or less originality crept into the designs, and some settlements, notably the Pennsylvania Dutch or German, developed healthy, sturdy if somewhat homely styles of their own.

At this point let us consider a very interesting phase of antiqueering. As it is easy to suppose, there were makers of poor furniture in the olden days just as there are now, and these makers of poor furniture made poor furniture. By poor furniture I mean furniture of weak and clumsy design rather than of bad fabrication. All the old furniture was handmade and with a conscience as to its wearing qualities, and it has worn well, the good and the bad. Some of it is beautiful in line and wood, some in one or the other, and much in neither; but all of it is interesting. Most of it is quaint and all of it is collected by someone or other.

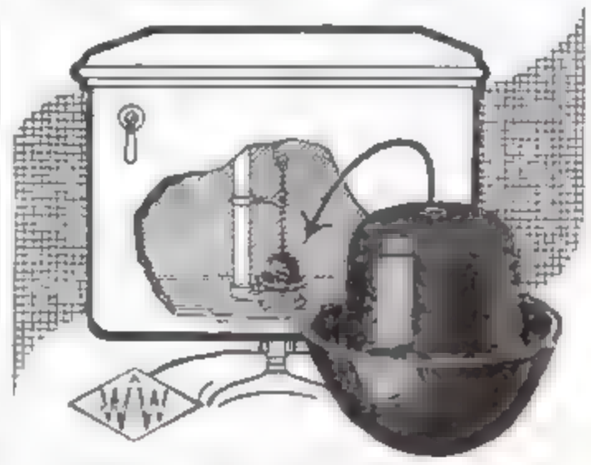
I never buy a piece unless I think it is beautiful or unless it is quaint to the point of intense interest to me.

Some antiquers, however, will buy anything that bears the stamp of age; anything at all, no matter how ugly in its own right. This, I think, is running the antique-collecting idea to seed. If a piece is ugly I think it should not be preserved unless to be placed in a museum for its historical value.

But there, I am gesturing in the attitude

An Elaborate Lowboy

Saving $25.00 with $1.25



WATER! It's a crime the way it's wasted today. Take that old-time tank ball, for instance. Split, bloated, cocked on one side—he's the cause of that embarrassing trickle and gurgle. He's the fellow that wastes 355 gallons per tank per day at a cost of $25 a year.

Stop kicking at high water bills or high water taxes. Spend $1.25 for the

MUSHROOM Parabal Stops the leak

The patented mushroom shape can't help but suck down into the valve, sealing it at every point. The one piece of pure, tough, live gum can't split, swell, or get out of shape. It's guaranteed for three years. It pays for itself, in water saved, twenty times over every year.

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Ivory Pyralin processed permanently onto the basic wood. All white, even to the hinges. Beautiful, sanitary, durable. The last word in white seats, yet only $12 each.

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Next time you pass a good hardware store, step in and tell the dealer you want the Goodell-Pratt Catalog—free.
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of an expert, and I pride myself on being none such.

Auction sales of antiques are always diverting, and the ones held at farmhouses and country homes are the most diverting. The interest is always heightened by the quaintness of the surroundings and the folks one meets. Also, the auctioneer, who is always a wit into the bargain, and about the bargain, adds greatly to the color and gayety of these occasions. We attend many of these sales and have big times, even though we sometimes do not spend a nickel; maybe because of that. Our findings at these sales have not been considerable, but every once in so often we'll pick up a piece that we are very glad to get. Only last Saturday we went to a sale. There were no antiques to be sold; they had all been given to the sons and daughters of the house beforehand. It was fun just the same, and I did make a purchase. I had noticed hanging on the wall of a back room a small oil painting—a portrait in a very elaborate Florentine frame, the work of a very good painter. It was unsigned. We waited until the picture came up for sale, and when the auctioneer said, "Who'll say a quarter?" I said, "I will." Then in the excitement I bid myself up to forty-five cents by five-cent jumps and, in pity, the auctioneer knocked it down to me.

The crowd at these country auctions is much mixed; farmers from near by, antique dealers, curiosity seekers and antiquers. There are always reckless bidders and buyers, mostly inexperienced ladies, if I may whisper it, who will bid in anything old or broken at any price. I have seen many pieces knocked down at prices that would make the most heartless and hardened metropolitan dealers blush.

As I have hinted before, some of these auction sales are planted; the auctioneer might bring some of his own pieces in and invite certain dealers to do the same. I remember once going in the middle of February thirty-five miles from Philadelphia in bitter-cold slushy weather, through almost impossible roads, to an advertised sale. When we finally did get there and looked over the collection—most of it spread on the cold ground outside, as is usual—we recognized many dogs that we had often seen in dealers' shops; we went back home at once.

Buying Blind

Sometimes you buy blind at an auction—a closed trunk, a closed cupboard, bureau or closet; full of what, you don't know. I bought the contents of a closed closet once for fifty cents. It had at least a hundred things in it—old hot-water bottles, nails, hammer handles, a worn-out tire, half-used bottles of patent medicine, broken china, a pair of crutches, a bicycle lamp, crushed in—what not! I took away one thing—a beautiful old French porcelain soup tureen and lid in fine condition. At the same sale I bought a pair of maple chairs for seventy-five cents. I'll sell them now for seventy-four cents. I believe in taking a loss when necessary. I bought, at the same sale, all the pictures on the wall of one room—twenty-four of them—for a dollar. Most of the pictures were useless, but I got a lot of good glass, some fine old frames and a large engraving by John Sartain. I bought also a fine brass-bound portable mahogany desk. I won't tell you what I paid for that because the brother-in-law to whom I gave it is an ardent Post reader, and what he doesn't know won't hurt him.

The great bugaboo before which the average collector quails and shivers in agony is the one about the manufactured antique—the tremendous number of pieces that are supposed to be faked to supply the growing craze for antiques. Personally I do not believe in it much. My optimism and abounding faith covers only the American pieces; I do not feel quite so trusting about the European market. I think that much stuff is made and sold as antique in England and Continental Europe, and most especially in Italy. Of course I know that many pieces are manufactured in this country, but the great majority of them are sold honestly and frankly as reproductions by thoroughly reputable metropolitan dealers.

To be sure, there is much repairing done to the extent of almost remaking a piece. One old leg and the seat will serve as a basis for a chair; a new top and maybe a leg or two are added to an old table frame, but nine times out of ten the dealer will tell you all about it, and you buy with the information clearly in mind.

It is perfectly obvious that furniture, no matter how well made, will not withstand a century or two of use without showing very plain signs of wear. A piece in very good original condition is rare and bespeaks a lifetime of exceptional care. A piece in reasonably good condition is only a little less rare. Indeed, the majority of antiques come down to us in pitiful shape, and in order that they be useful for other than museum exhibits it is quite necessary that they be repaired or restored.

The point at which restoration may begin or end is a moot question. I have seen beautiful Windsor chairs built around one old leg, a seat, a broken back and a couple of spindles. To me such a result would not be attractive: I should not care to own it. It might look as well, depending upon the skill and knowledge of the cabinetmaker, as a good old one, but to me the charm is not there; it is no longer an antique. I feel just that way about it, and I find myself getting worse instead of better. On the other hand, the supplying of a new stretcher, the repairing of a broken leg, the replacing of hinges to put pieces into usable condition—will not agitate my soul to any great extent.

When Restoring Pays

Recently I bought a very lovely large old gate-leg table. All the pieces were there; it was intact but very rickety. The pieces forming its six-foot-long elliptical top were sprung apart and badly warped, makeshift hinges had been applied during the two hundred years of its life, and nails had been ruthlessly driven through the beautiful top into the frame to keep it in use for just a few years longer. I took it to a very fine cabinetmaker. He gave me an estimate on putting it into shape to use as our regular dining table.

I told him I wanted to pay more for the kind of job I wanted, and he, strangely enough, consented. He took the table apart piece by piece. That wasn't hard, as the old glue had all crumbled away. He carefully withdrew every nail. He took off all the makeshift hinges—one of them was a barn-door hinge—and got all the warp out of the top. He replaced all the old pegs and did not use a nail or screw except in the new hinges. Into the holes left by withdrawing the nails from the top he carefully inserted pieces of old walnut. The table is now strong and useful and being used. Now—and here is Marcus Goozle's laugh—the little pieces of walnut inserted in the nail holes, together with the beautiful grain of the old wood, form to me a lovely surface and keep the evidences of the table's age intact.

The place at which restoring should end is, to me, more important than the place where it should begin; and, again to me, there is a very distinct place. A clever cabinetmaker can make a piece, no matter how dilapidated, look new, and that is just what I do not want. I cannot know the joy of it. I like to see the earmarks of age if they are legitimate. For instance, in the case of the gate-leg table just mentioned, the turned stretchers were worn almost smooth where the diners had scraped their feet on them. My cabinetmaker suggested that the stretchers could be turned around so that the worn surfaces would be at the bottom, and so not show. I told him by no means to do it. The evidence that a lot of folks had been comfortable, even a little bit impolite, at a table we now own, is much of the charm for us.

You quickly come to the pass where just a little too much restoring will make a piece entirely unattractive to you. The other day I saw a beautiful double-comb-back Windsor chair, nowadays a thing to be ranked far beyond great riches or a fond, feeble, wealthy uncle. I wanted that chair most sorely until its owner told me that the entire seat was new. Thereafter it meant nothing in my life.

Earlier in my mad career I could have passed over that new seat. As one gets older in the game one gets more and more finicky. It works that way surely in the matter of the age of a piece. When I began this dissolute life I bought American Empire; yea, even mid-Victorian pieces. Now I am trying to get rid of them. I grow cold at the thought that the time will come when nothing less than Father Penn's personal collar button will give me sufficient thrill.

So there you have it. I've told you all, perhaps more than all, I know about this fascinating game of antiqueering. It is a very fine hobby to ride, but, unlike most hobbies, it has a kick.

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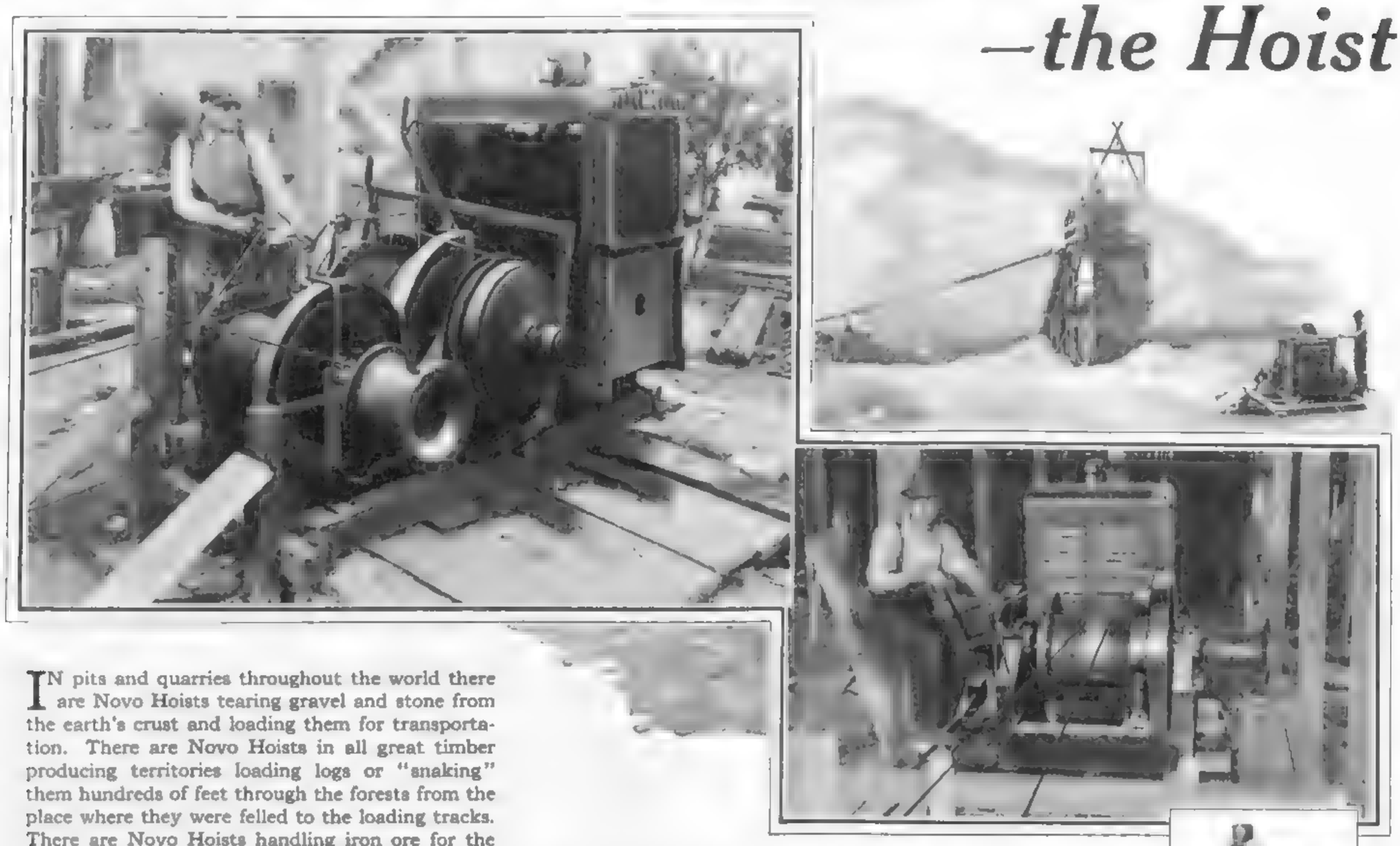
Man's Most Useful Building Tool —*the Hoist*



IN pits and quarries throughout the world there are Novo Hoists tearing gravel and stone from the earth's crust and loading them for transportation. There are Novo Hoists in all great timber producing territories loading logs or "snaking" them hundreds of feet through the forests from the place where they were felled to the loading tracks. There are Novo Hoists handling iron ore for the making of structural steel—clay for the making of bricks—sand and chemicals for glass—minerals for cement.

On the construction work in progress, it is the hoist and the boom that unloads materials and "spots" them on the job. It is the hoist that distributes concrete for foundations. As the job rises it is the hoist and elevator or hoist and boom that raises material five, ten or more stories to where it is placed in its final position. The hoist handles everything—concrete, steel, stone, brick, lumber, fittings,—and there are Novo Hoists for practically every operation.

Novo Hoists were designed for these purposes because of a definite and insistent demand on the part of the builders and material producers. For years these men have used Novo Engines on various types of power equipment. Being familiar with the sturdy performance of these engines it is only natural that they should ask for complete Novo outfits, built throughout over Novo specifications Novo Hoists were produced in answer to this demand, as were Novo Pumps, Novo Compressors and other Novo units.

These products have carried the name Novo to every part of the world where power driven equipment is used by contractors. Novo equipment of some kind will be found on practically every construction job of any size from coast to coast. Only one thing could bring about this wide use, and that is performance that establishes leadership.

World-wide distribution makes Novo equipment quickly available everywhere. Literature describing any product or the entire line will be mailed upon request.

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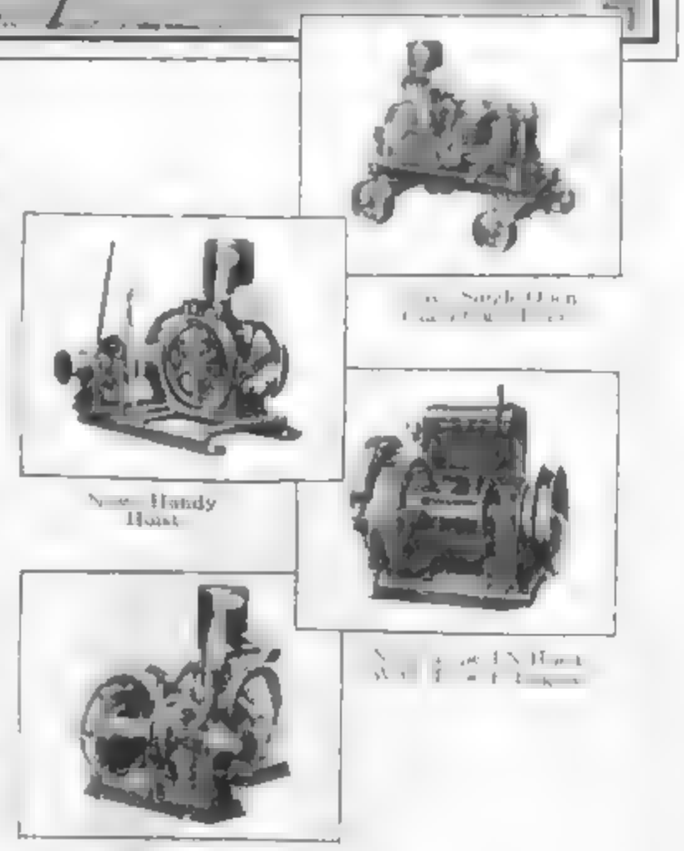

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COMPRESSORS
Three sizes—45 to 160 cubic feet—with steel housings—mounted on trucks Combination hoists and compressors

THE SPORTING THEORY OF POLITICS

(Continued from Page 27)

Washington had early acknowledged Tom Paine's great services to the Revolution as a pamphleteer, especially by his famous tract, Common Sense. Almost from that time Paine had experienced Washington's friendship. But like many another radical, the great Revolutionary pamphleteer was highly emotional. At one period of his life, at least, an unfortunate indulgence in French brandy tended to increase his excitability. He now publicly addressed Washington as follows: "Treacherous in private friendship and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be puzzled to decide whether you are an apostate or an impostor, whether you have abandoned good principles or never had any."

"If ever a nation was debauched by a man," said Aurora, "the American nation has been debauched by Washington. If ever a nation has been deceived by a man the American nation has been deceived by Washington. . . . Let this history of the Federal Government instruct mankind that the mask of patriotism may be worn to conceal the foulest designs against the people."

All this and much more in the same strain was printed less than twenty years after Valley Forge, and addressed to a public which must have contained a great number who knew that in many dark weeks nothing but Washington saved the Revolution from collapse. Already many must have felt that in him America had produced one of those excessively rare heroes who grow higher and brighter with the lapse of time and the ruthless probing of critical historians. Indeed, the great trouble with Washington as a historical figure is that far too few faults are discoverable in him. Nowadays biographers zealously treasure up his casual fits of temper and bursts of strong language in a pious effort to prove that he was, after all, flesh and blood and not a marble statue.

A great part of that public did in its heart know the true Washington, for contemporary records show that when he died, three years after a flood of abuse had been loosed upon his head, the nation sincerely mourned. The point of it all is that Washington was chosen President the first time by unanimous consent, and there was no opposition worth mentioning to his reelection. But during his second administration—the great business of founding a nation having been accomplished—national political parties definitely emerged, and an opposition party was strenuously aiming at the Presidency.

The Sporting Theory of Justice

In short, we began the national political game by copiously blackguarding the Father of his Country, painting him as a despot who aspired to destroy liberty and who regarded the great majority of his fellow citizens as a "swinish multitude." The warning, in his last message to Congress, against foreign alliance was seized upon as proof of his perfidy. What he meant, said the opposition, was that having already committed the country to a treaty with the odious despot George III he would forever forbid it to make a treaty with free, republican France—the opposition party being strongly pro-French. And so forth without end. Washington, although an old man and retiring to private life, was still the great pillar of the Federalist Party. Therefore nothing should be omitted to provoke popular prejudice against him and weaken his influence. Any lie was good if it would help to win.

This is the sporting theory of politics, which has obtained on and off ever since we had politics. So far as I know, it is the theory of politics everywhere. We have also what students of the subject call a sporting theory of justice. Monday Mrs. Blank calls at a hardware store and purchases a revolver. Being unacquainted with firearms she has the salesman instruct her in loading and firing the weapon. Tuesday she calls for further instructions. Wednesday she drops in at her husband's office and riddles him with bullets.

Now the statute on murder is a very simple affair. It says that whoever deliberately kills another shall be guilty, and so on. There is no question whatever that Mrs. Blank deliberately killed her husband. But that simple statute has very little to do with her trial. Directed by counsel, she is permitted to stage a melodrama, beginning away back when she was a simple village maiden and sang Christmas carols with the church choir on a snowy and moonlit village street. Loud sobs from supporting members of her cast. She relates how Blank, a drummer from the wicked city, insinuated himself into this paradise like another serpent into Eden. If she can show, or even plausibly allege, that Blank was a slacker in the late war, that counts in her favor. If he belonged to the Ku-Klux Klan in a community where that organization is very unpopular she is permitted to exhibit his Klan regalia to the jury.

On the other hand, the prosecuting attorney must do his utmost to persuade the jury that Blank was a dutiful husband and a high-minded gentleman—exactly as though the statute provided that only dutiful husbands and high-minded gentlemen were entitled to the protection of the law. It is a game. Practically each side drags in anything and everything that may appeal to the emotions and prejudices of the jury. The bald fact that one person deliberately killed another becomes only the small-type subtitle of a play which is frankly addressed, not to law or reason, but to emotion and prejudice. If this account of the matter seems fanciful, turn back in your memory to the Thaw case or to any other famous murder trial in that category. Essentially they are melodramas.

Political Mud-Slinging

Such is the sporting theory of justice as applied in the United States. The idea is when all the exaggeration and melodramatic claptrap on one side are weighed against all that on the other, the jury will strike a true balance. Each contestant is to heap its end of the scales until he runs out of material, and the net equation will then be the truth. It is a cheerful theory for lawyers, who stage-manage the contest and pocket the gate receipts; but one conspicuous result of it is to make murder, under certain emotional circumstances, almost as safe as basketball.

Politics is run on the same sporting theory of a game in which any exaggeration is permissible provided it can get itself believed for the time being, and where no point that may appeal to prejudice or emotion is to be overlooked. Lincoln, like Washington, was abused in terms which, as the latter remarked in his own case, would scarcely have been seemly if applied to a common pickpocket. Of course Lincoln and Washington are a good way in the past; but you doubtless remember that in the last presidential campaign an amiable statement that Senator Harding had negro blood in his veins was widely circulated. Men with negro blood in their veins have been endowed with fine ability and fine character. The authors of the Harding lie were saying nothing about his ability or character. They simply hoped to score a point by appealing to a very general and well-known prejudice. The game's general score card has room for all points of that nature.

Probably no man of this generation understood politics better than Theodore Roosevelt. He considered it worth his while to go into the Middle West and bring a libel suit just for the sake of an opportunity to disprove, by the testimony of competent witnesses in open court, the yarn circulated by political opponents that he was a habitual drunkard. Cleveland's opponents scored heavily by trapping an unfortunate British ambassador at Washington into writing a private letter recommending Cleveland's reelection. Calm reason can see nothing treasonable in the fact that a given ambassador admires a given President; but the authors of the Cleveland plot knew that a letter of commendation under the British coat of arms would appeal to an extensive prejudice against England.

It is in the history of our times that James G. Blaine probably lost the presidency because one of his friends, to Blaine's great consternation, made an insulting remark about Catholics. A like remark, insulting any great body of electors, made by a fool friend of the Republican candidate or

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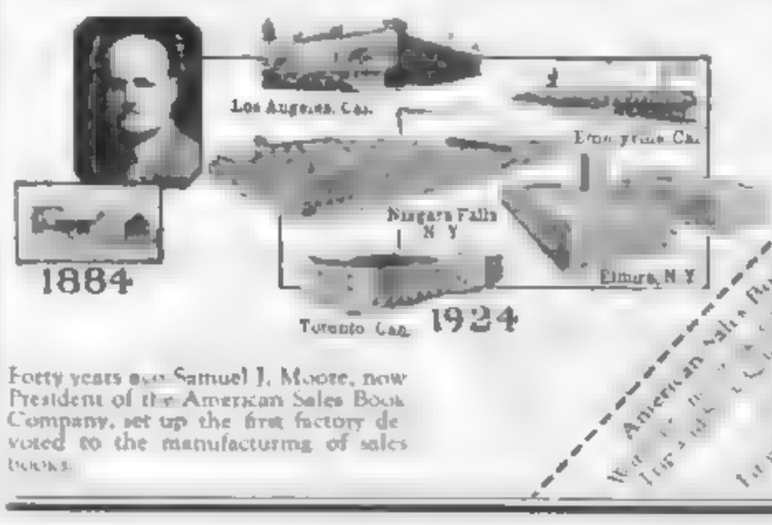

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DAISY AIR RIFLES

the Democratic candidate in this year's campaign might get more attention than the best-considered economic argument which the campaign may produce. That is one of the discouraging features of the situation. Another discouraging feature is that so many of the professional players take the game in deadly earnest. Maybe that is the way with all games

I knew a college lad who accepted failure in various endeavors not merely with Christian resignation but with the most irrepressible good humor. He failed in his studies, he failed to live within his allowance, he failed to pay his debts, he failed in other particulars of conduct, and still faced life with a wide grin. But when he failed in a critical juncture of a football game he sat down and wept like a heartbroken three-year-old and would not be comforted. That might be made into a parable of politics. In the heat and frenzy of the contest professional players work themselves up to believing anything they want to believe. No doubt at the white-hot moment of writing, "Americus" and "Portius" and "Calm Observer" quite believed that Washington was an odious villain, bent upon ruining his country. Probably this coming campaign will produce no exaggeration so preposterous and no lie so grotesque but that some professionals who repeat it will believe it—passionately and devoutly for the time being.

After all, believing whatever you want to believe on any subject that touches your emotions is the easiest trick in the box. Without doubt, millions of citizens of the allied nations and of the Central Powers believed, for four years, the scandalously doctored war communiqués and war propaganda.

Their emotions, profoundly agitated by the war, demanded belief, and belief was immediately forthcoming.

That is why astute politicians are always looking for an emotional appeal. If you can once get Jones to believe that Smith insulted his wife, then it is quite easy to get him to believe that Smith embezzled the funds of the orphan asylum. Get a man's heart all het up and his brain becomes a negligible organ. Wherefore, naturally, politics keeps a sharp lookout for whatever will arouse passion and prejudice.

The game has always been played that way. Maybe it always will be. The active contestants know its conditions and must expect such knocks as come their way. I am not speaking in their behalf. But this sporting theory, it seems to me, must often be very confusing to the jury, and the best time for a juror to make up his mind on the issues of the campaign is before the shouting begins. Probably no important melioration of the conditions of the game is to be expected from conservatives.

In a general sort of way the conservative position is that games are to be played according to established rules; but that very position limits them frightfully on the emotional side.

Melodrama in Politics

To illustrate: The political curtain rises. The conservative stage manager announces: "Ladies and gentlemen, you see here a certain scene and a certain set of characters. Well, they're going to stay pretty much this way to the end of the fifth act." That dry announcement of itself drives a good many emotional members of the audience over to the radical show, where the stage manager promises a grand transformation scene, ushering in the millennium, in the third act. And since radicalism has always been an emotional movement, one can hardly expect that it will forgo any plausible appeal to passion and prejudice.

Owing to the extraordinarily scrambled condition of political parties in the United States, this year's campaign will not be a clear-cut contest between conservatism and radicalism, yet whatever is really vital in it will probably turn in some fashion on that age-old division. It will be the duty of the radical to persuade as many people as possible that the United States is in a frightful condition, and getting frightfuller with every tick of the clock. He will have much to say about invisible governments, money powers and other shadowy monsters that steadily devour the people's substance. In comparison with the radical's rich emotional equipment, the conservative has only a rather meager and threadbare outfit. He is compelled to admit that there is a great deal of poverty, a great deal of waste, a great deal of ignorance and blunder and bungle. He has to confess that, as he sees it, those things can be cured only slowly by the patient application of proved remedies. It sounds dry.

A conservative is heavily handicapped in respect to those same invisible governments, money powers and like dim beings that figure so prominently in the radical piece, because there is no putting a finger on them. When you read Poe's well-known lines

—— vast formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their condor wings
Invisible wo!

your mind conceives a terrible but intangible image. Its horror consists exactly in its formlessness. It has no exact outlines, no definite features, no functions that can be described in concrete terms. A naturalist would say, "Let's get the beast out here in the light, weigh him, feel his ribs, observe exactly how his wings flap and precisely what comes out of them when they are flapped." But under any such brutally realistic treatment the monster simply vanishes; at most you have nothing left but a common bat.

That's the way with invisible governments and like stock dragons of radicalism. If your radical can set the stage and arrange the lights to suit himself he will give you a very goose-fleshy impression of something back in the shadow flapping condor wings; but ask him to put his finger on the beast's specific acts. Exactly what does it do—except elect conservative Presidents, senators, representatives, governors and members of the state legislature at free and open elections?

How are We Headed?

The last presidential election and the one before that were a good deal war products. By November, 1916, this country's attention had become absorbed in the tremendous European struggle. It was constantly in everybody's mind, with various powerful emotional reactions. In the West generally the most popular word about Wilson was that he had kept us out of war. In some sections of the East that was the most unpopular word about him. Undoubtedly the war motive influenced, in one shape or another, almost every voter in the country. And in 1920 the country was still in a powerful backwash of the war; disillusionment and reaction from war enthusiasm played a large part in shaping the result of the election.

In regard to Europe we seem to have pretty well settled down. Presumably this campaign will be dominated by domestic motives, for the first time since 1912. Meanwhile, since 1912—or since Europe set up that vast distraction of World War—some things of significance have indubitably happened in the United States. My notion of a campaign would begin with an attempt to assess those things, find out where we have been going, and what political policies have specifically helped or hindered. That leaves out most of the romance, for telling a man where he is at a given moment must always be a dull business in comparison with telling him where he might have been if only he had found a rabbit's foot or a magic carpet at the right moment.

Yet even telling a man where he is affords play for the imagination. Undoubtedly he isn't exactly where he wants to be. Nobody ever is. There is always something in the present situation that you would wish otherwise. So, in telling a man where he is you may invite his attention to what is agreeable in the situation, or to what is disagreeable.

For example, since 1912 savings deposits in the United States have risen from $8,425,000,000 to $18,373,000,000. I put ciphers in place of the last six numerals, for easier reading. The number of savings accounts, containing some duplications, now exceeds 30,000,000, which is more than the number of families in the country. You may place the emphasis on that, contrasting it with the state of Europe since 1912; or you may brush it aside and place the emphasis on the number of persons in the United States who have no savings account or other nest egg, as disclosed by the reports of charity organizations and by other evidence. But if you allege that an economic, political and social scheme under which 30,000,000 people saved $10,000,000,000 since 1912 is nothing but organized

Continued on Page 149

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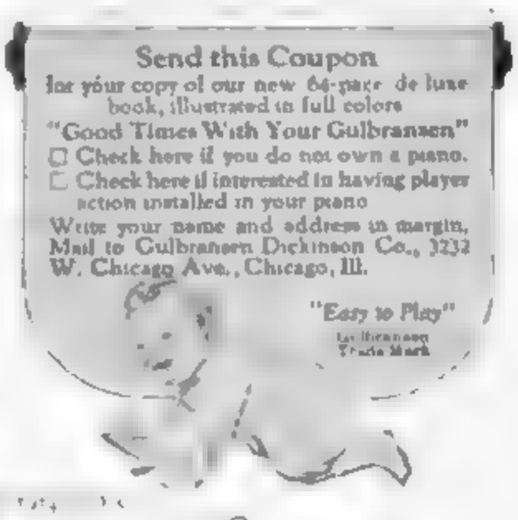
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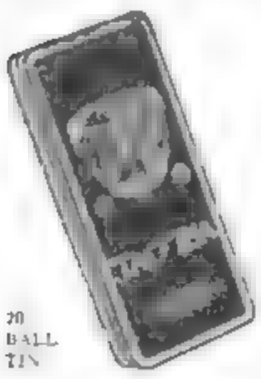

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(Continued from Page 146)

robbery of the common people by the plutocrats, you are obviously talking nonsense, or politics

Eighteen billions is a total of savings deposits that any other country has hardly even dreamed of. The accretion of $10,000,000,000 since 1912 is beyond the dream of any other country. Of the present total, in round numbers, New England has $3,100,000,000; the Middle Atlantic States—New York, Pennsylvania, and so on—have $6,900,000,000; the East Central States—Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and so on—have $4,600,000,000; the South $1,300,000,000, and the West Central and Pacific States $2,400,000,000. The total comes to nearly 90 per cent of the national debt, or 60 per cent of the war reparations charged against Germany. In short it belongs in that mythological arithmetic which ordinary people never heard of before the World War. It is all good money, equal to gold.

Again, the value of farm property, owned by over 6,000,000 proprietors, is placed by the census of 1920 at $78,000,000,000, an increase of $37,000,000,000 over 1910. You may look at that or at the offsetting fact that about two-fifths of these farms are mortgaged for one-third of their estimated value, or at the fact that the number of farms operated by tenants increased slightly over 4 per cent in the decade. But however you look at it, you must bear in mind that the census of 1920 was taken at the height of a boom in farmland prices. Since then, as happens after all rampant speculations, there has been a large decline in quoted prices of farmlands, taking the country over.

The census puts the increase in value of farmlands alone from 1910 to 1920 at $26,000,000,000; but practically it was the same land. The number of farms increased but little, and the acreage only 9 per cent. So we may dismiss that part of the increase as being the result of marking up the quoted price of the same property. Likewise the increase in value of livestock is mostly due to higher prices. But the value of farm buildings in the decade increased somewhat more than $5,000,000,000. As the buildings are appraised separately from the land and irrespective of land prices, this must be taken as a real gain; a saving, or accumulation of capital, at the rate of $500,000,000 a year.

Farmers sometimes figure as depositors in savings banks, but west of the Alleghanies their cash savings more often take the form of a time certificate of deposit issued by a commercial bank. My Middle-Western farm neighbors almost to a man used to put their cash surplus in such certificates, drawing 4 per cent interest. Many of them also kept a checking account for their day-to-day working capital; but a time certificate of deposit was the stocking into which surplus went. So $1,800,000,000 of time certificates of deposit in East Central and West Central States—included in the above total of savings deposits—must embrace a good bit of farm savings in cash.

The Demand for Labor

The number of farms and the number of persons engaged in agriculture increased hardly at all from 1910 to 1920. Probably both numbers are now substantially what they were before the war. In 1913 they turned out a net product of $6,926,000,000 and in 1922 a net product of $10,579,000,000. The increase is 52 per cent, while the price of goods, other than farm goods, rose in the same time 59 per cent. In 1922, then, farmers were behind the procession. There had, however, been some good years in between. In 1917 substantially the same number of agriculturists turned out a net product 89 per cent higher than that of 1913; in 1918, 138 per cent higher, and in 1919, 149 per cent higher. These figures are well above the increases in nonfarm goods. Farmers were leading the procession. Comparing 1922 with prewar, it appears that the same number of agriculturists turned out a greater quantity of all staple crops except cotton. The output per man is rising, and since 1922 some farm prices have risen. In 1923 farmers as a whole were undoubtedly better off than in 1922, although figures for 1923 have not been made up at this writing.

With regard to wage earners the situation is clearer. The Government's last census of manufactures covers 1921, which was a year of severe industrial depression following the collapse of a postwar boom in the year before. At the worst stage of unemployment some 4,000,000 hands were idle. Consequently the average number of wage earners employed in factories that year was slightly smaller than in 1914, but this slightly smaller number of hands received more than double the wages paid in 1914. Since 1921 the demand for factory labor has steadily increased, unemployment has practically disappeared and wages have risen still further.

Railroads, the next largest employers of labor, tell the same story. The number of hands employed in 1922 was practically the same as in 1914, but the amount of wages was double. Of course these higher wages affect the price of goods. For example, in 1922, the fore part of which was a period of industrial depression, the roads hauled only a trifle more freight than in 1914, but the labor cost was double. And in manufactures, multiplying the pay roll by two or more must be reflected in the price of goods.

So against the doubling of wages a higher cost of living must be set. The Department of Labor calculates that from the end of 1914 to the summer of 1923 cost of living for a wage earner's family increased about 64 per cent. This is based on consumption of food, rent, clothing, fuel, and so on, in an average workingman's family. But it is always necessary to keep in mind that there is no average workingman or average family. How could there be when the average family consists of four and one-half persons?

Misleading Averages

To illustrate, the Government is at considerable pains to describe the average farm in the United States. It contains 148.2 acres, is valued at $12,984, is worked by 1.9 persons, and so on. But the Government points out that this description would not fit any actual farm. No average would. To put it in the simplest way, the average weight of ten steers will not be the actual weight of any steer. And when you strike an average of millions of units, the result you get will by no means be a picture of any actual unit.

The great tractor-worked wheat ranches of the West, the New Jersey truck farms and the one-mule cotton fields of the South all go in to make the average farm, which has precious little resemblance to any of them

Most of all when you come to human units, with all their manifold individual characteristics, it is necessary to keep in mind that your averages are only arithmetical conventions, useful enough for comparative purposes, but by no means pictures of actual human beings. Maybe in the socialistic millennium, when a benevolent commonwealth furnishes every citizen with the same food, clothes, hall bedroom and ideas, we shall all be averages, and you can tell one human being from another only by his number. But that is some distance in the future.

I can prove by averages that a large part of the population of the United States is at least half starved at this writing. Thus the average yearly wage in manufacturing and railroading is under $1300. The average family contains four and one-half persons. When you deduct the average rent, clothing, fuel, lighting, doctor bills, and so on, which four and one-half persons consume according to various approved tables of averages, there is little left for food. Or, if you prefer to deduct food first, then you can average many millions of families out on the sidewalk with no roof over their heads and nothing to wear.

Of course these pay rolls contain great numbers of young persons, single persons, two persons in the same family, and so on. When you look around the actual world, even in the worst districts, you find few families on the sidewalk or suffering from lack of food. It is common experience that on the same income one man will have money in the savings bank and another will have his wife's wedding ring in hock. Your average is useful if you take it for what it is, but misleading if you take it for flesh and blood.

From the low point of depression in 1921 to the spring of 1923 the outturn of manufactured goods in the United States increased 40 or 50 per cent. This means quantity, not value in money. At present the output in quantity is equal to the highest point of the war. You haven't forgotten the commonplace that war greatly stimulated manufactures, and the insatiable demand for war goods caused a large expansion in manufacturing plant. We are making no war goods now, to speak of. Exports of manufactures are much smaller

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than at the war peak of production. But the factories are turning out as many goods as ever. So we are consuming more peace goods—more good goods—than ever. Considering the magnitude of the affair, that can be accounted for only by a high and general state of prosperity. Only an immensely rich home market could take this output of goods

In the year ending June 30, 1923, people increased their savings deposits more than $1,000,000,000. In two years such deposits increased by $1,700,000,000. And in the last two years people have bought more than 5,000,000 passenger automobiles—over three-quarters of them being cars that sell for less than $1000. Here and there a plutocrat may buy a car priced at less than $1000; but the plutocratic consumption of cars in that class must be quite negligible. The output of cars selling for $4000 or more—really plutocratic cars—is only about 1000 a month, while the output of cars selling under $1000 exceeds 150,000 a month. At present the yearly automobile bill, including repairs, tires, and so on, is put at $2,500,000,000.

About 90 per cent of all the automobiles in the world are made and bought in the United States—three-quarters of them common-citizen, low-priced machines. Since the automobile is an object of universal desire, that seems a fair offhand comparative test of the relative position of common citizens in this country. A good many other plain citizens, upon taking any fair survey of the state of the people here as compared with Europe, must be as surprised as I am at those fellow citizens who are eager to see European economic ideas adopted here—even those economic ideas which are now triumphantly established in Russia, where, by all accounts, a soup bone is by way of being a luxury.

Other items might be mentioned. For example, that the assets of life-insurance companies, owned by millions of policyholders, now exceed $8,000,000,000 and are growing at the rate of $600,000,000 or $700,000,000 a year. But the broad facts are too evident to be disputed.

Prosperity and Politics

As it happens, the present state of affairs has come about under a conservative administration—or, really, under 136 years of conservative administration. The political party that came into power in 1800 considered itself very radical and was so considered by its opponents. It allowed Hamilton's bank to die at the expiration of its charter; but otherwise, in practical effect, it left the work of its conservative predecessors untouched. The Supreme Court continued to hand down decisions which not only upheld national sovereignty but affirmed that a contract, whether made by a public body or a private individual, must be strictly observed. That was more or less the nub of the matter. The court would not let a state repudiate its deliberate action, although inflamed public sentiment at the moment demanded repudiation, and even though the original action had probably been procured by bribery. The state through its duly elected representatives had made the bargain. Let the state live up to it. States and the people themselves were bound by the Constitution which they had adopted. There were great sputters of indignation, but the decisions stood. In practical effect it has always been a conservative government.

I do not recall any specific political action that has played an important part in producing this present prosperous state of the country. Here and there government has helped—for instance, in 1921, when unemployment was at its worst and some 4,000,000 hands were idle. Various things of that kind may be cited; but they were all by way of putting a shoulder to the wheel, giving the old coach a boost, and not by way of making any extensive changes in its machinery, direction or mode of operation. They were conservative actions.

To be sure, since the war, politics has bestowed a new high tariff law upon us. Now if you listen to political discussions of the subject, all the difference between national prosperity and national ruin is bound up in the question of high tariff or low tariff. Low tariff, says one side, will sap the lifeblood of our manufactures, make us the easy prey of foreign competitors and eventually reduce our wage earners to chronic unemployment and destitution. High tariff, says the other side, will put the mass of consumers at the mercy of protected monopolists and eventually bring us around to the same state of chronic destitution. You know the arguments. They have been repeated for fully 100 years. In fact, for more than 100 years they have formed one of the chief staples with which the sporting theory of politics has dealt.

Before this present tariff act was passed import duties were the lowest since the Civil War, and commodity prices were much the highest since the Civil War. Under this high tariff, commodity prices on the whole have declined materially. In fine, tariff is only one factor among a great many. Other factors may, and usually do, far outweigh it in importance. Tariff is infinitely far from being the life-and-death matter which both sides represent it as being. They play a game with us on the established principle of each side claiming everything in sight.

Whether you review the last four years or take the whole 136 years, you will find that politics' contribution to the result has been quite largely of a negative sort. Once a real government was established at Washington, about the best that politics could do for the country, taking it by and large, has consisted in letting things alone.

Time for a Calm Look

For 136 years the country has been prosperous and the American people as a whole have been decidedly better off than any other numerous people on earth when, in the common phrase, business has been good. Barring war, the difference between good times for business and bad times for business has made an incomparably greater difference in the state of the common people than any political action has made or than any political action could make. In 1919 the factories employed 9,096,372 wage earners and paid them $10,533,000,000 in wages. In 1921 poor times had come. The same factories employed only 6,946,570 wage earners and paid them but $8,200,000,000 in wages—this latter figure, however, as mentioned above, being more than double the amount of wages paid in 1914 to a slightly larger number of wage earners. Business recovery began in 1922, and the factory pay roll—wage earners, exclusive of salaried employes—is now no doubt back to the peak. That is far more important to labor and to the country than any political action could be. Good business, increased production, is the best thing for the country that has yet been discovered.

The other day, as you doubtless read in your newspaper, a big industrial concern set up a mercury boiler by which about double the amount of power is obtained from a given quantity of fuel. In such things lies the prosperity of the people. On the other hand, the true enemies of the people of the United States are not foggy invisible governments, but waste and strife. For one instance that comes readily to hand, the Post Office Department not long ago was prosecuting fraud which involved a total loot of about $140,000,000. Those who have studied the subject carefully conclude that fake-investment swindlers of one sort and another take a toll of $500,000,000 or more a year. Preventable wastes in production and distribution run to huge figures. The waste of strife in the form of strikes is the same thing economically as the waste of war, on a smaller scale. Capable government can help here; but obviously by far its greatest possible contribution to the cure of waste will consist in cutting down the enormous national, state and local tax bill, which now takes one dollar out of every eight of the total yearly income of the people.

All of which, no doubt, is quite dry. It is difficult to get any emotional reaction out of a multiplication table. But without doubt the emotional reactions will be offered you in ample measure later. Politics, played on the sporting theory, specializes in them. Before the play begins and you are distracted by the spectacle of Eliza escaping over broken ice with bloodhounds at her heels, it seems to me a good time for the ordinary citizen to take a calm look about.

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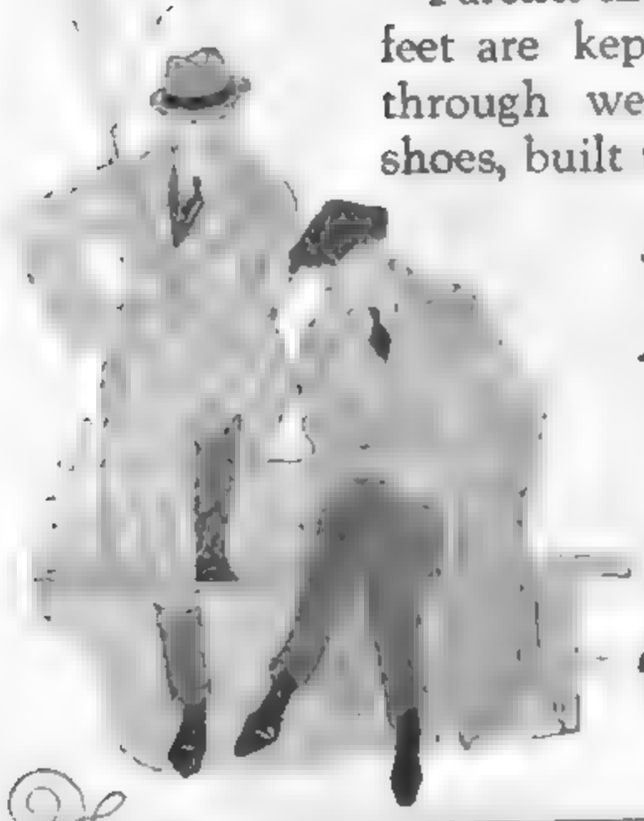

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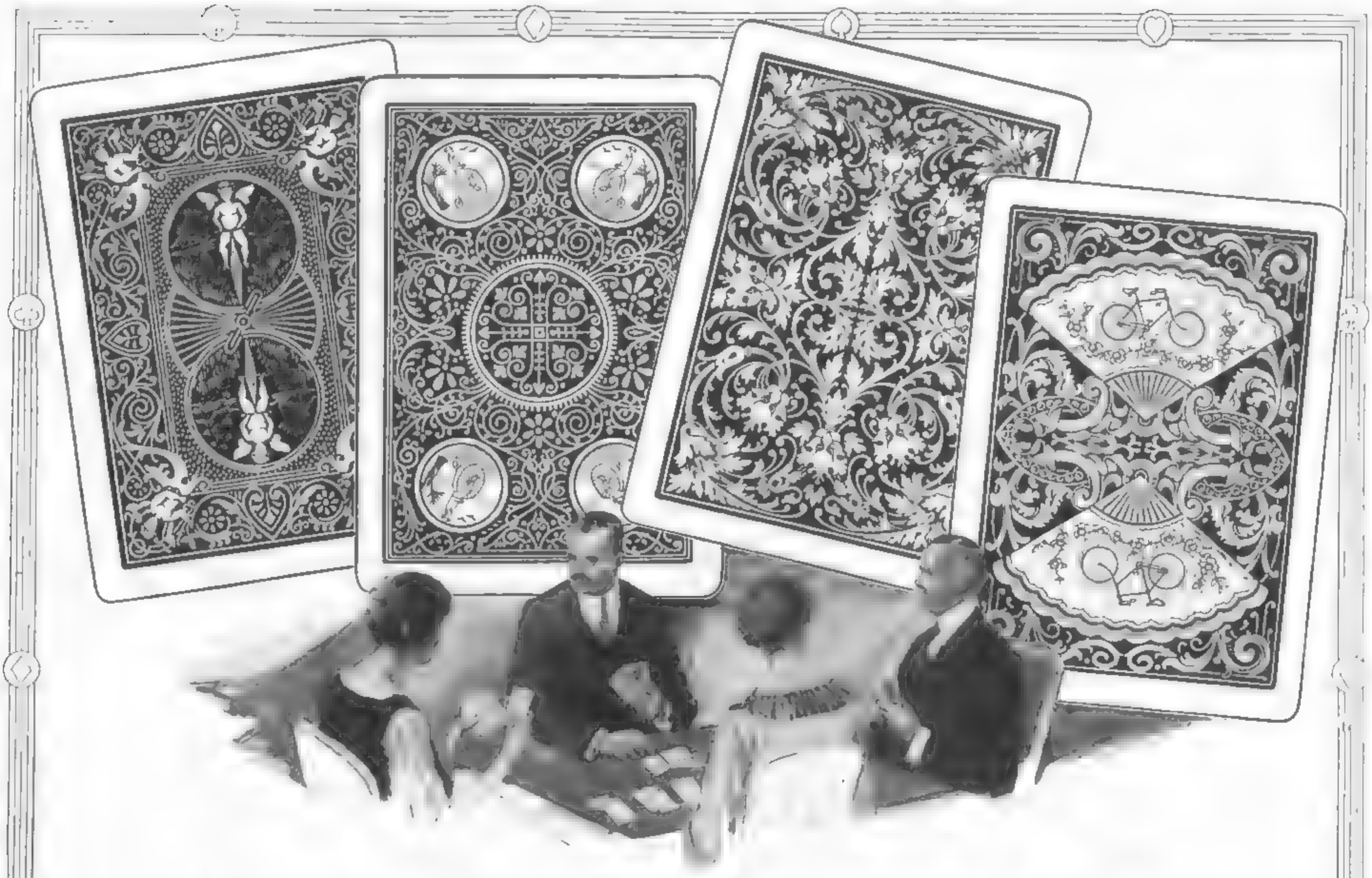

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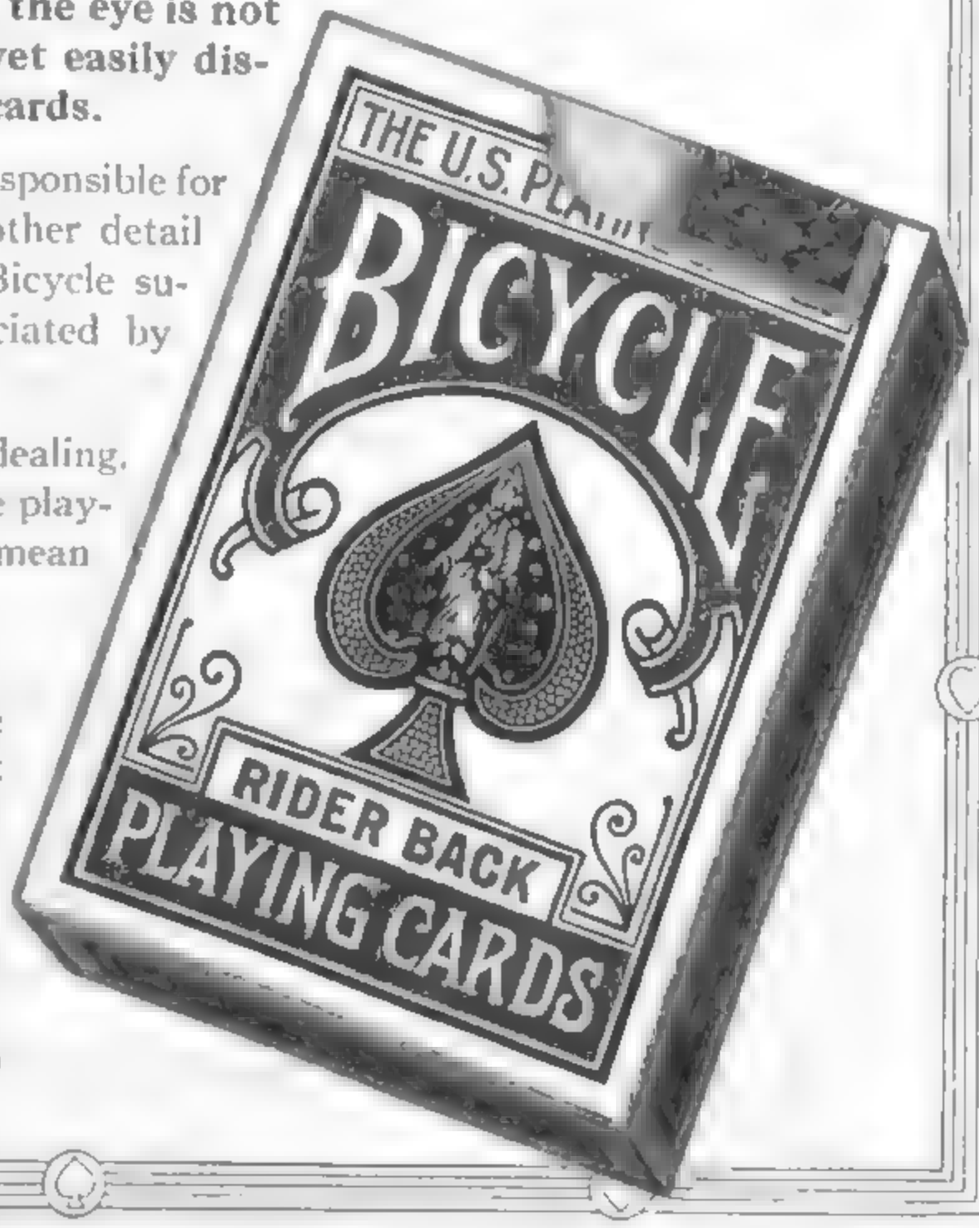

UNWRITTEN HISTORY

(Continued from Page 22

for the French dramatic rights and wrote a long enthusiastic letter explaining exactly how he would like to treat it as a play. As his scenario seemed to me to stick too closely to the book, I sent him my own play, of which every actor-manager in London was afraid, because my hero, otherwise charming, cheated at cards for a living. Oddly enough he liked it, and suggested a collaboration, which I jumped at. This consisted of the grafting of one or two of his ideas into the piece as I had written it, and its translation, not adaptation, into French. The scene was left in its English setting, because, of course, the second-son question—if it is a question—is peculiar to England.

One of my ideas in the novel, and not a bad one, was that hereditary titles should go down a step with every succession until they were worked out—a quick business in the case of a baronet, but a longer process in the case of a duke. This would mean that the sons, grandsons and great-grandsons or other heirs of men who had received titles as a reward for services must earn them again if they could by climbing back up the ladder, thus doing away with the frequently unfortunate inheritance of a fine old title by someone unable to bear it with the dignity it required. Otherwise it dies with honor a nasty jar to certain politicians who sold titles with which to buy barbed wire to preserve themselves within.

The work was finished quickly, arrangements made immediately for its production at the Théâtre Réjane, with Arlette D'Orgère in the girl's part and an exceptionally fine company in her support, and I went to Paris to attend the second week's rehearsals. This was a pleasant and even exciting reversal of the usual order of things, which had hitherto taken me to Paris to see French plays with Frohman for the English and American stages. From the Hôtel de Crillon, of which I was very fond, with its sweeping view across the Place de la Concorde and its nearness to the Bois, I went to the theater, there to be received not as in America, where the author is regarded merely as the easily convertible weakling who has written a play which everybody is going to alter as ruthlessly as possible, but as Monsieur le Maître, first by two of the inevitable tall-hatted, black-coated persons who haunt the foyer of every Paris theater and afterward by the collaborator and director and every member of the company. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, as the old man said to someone who probably earned a sort of living by the pen, and I make no bones about saying that I found this treatment most refreshing and perfectly correct.

Vernacular English

Rehearsals began at half past nine in the evening, and being a punctual creature who even errs on earliness, I was welcomed by the Bertons when they came in late—Berton, a short untidy man with restive hair, who suffered from reactions from an exuberant enthusiasm and energy, his wife, a very stout lady, as round as she was high, with a too remarkable knowledge of English, which led her into the frequent use of our swear words as though they were terms of colloquial affection. She started off by calling out, for instance, "Ah, by Jove, but here is my dear old bloody 'Amilton," which flung me into a panic. And after that every time I came into her line of vision she saw me red.

She had lived a good deal in a part of London, it transpired, where water-cart men loaded up with water, and had heard them use this quaint expletive with the usual persistence from her window all day long. My panic increased when, with another full, round, good-natured roar, she caught Miss D'Orgère's attention on the stage, summoned her over the bridge across the pit of the orchestra and presented me.

At something after twelve that night, the rehearsal having run along with delightful smoothness, except when one young actor had burst into a passion of tears at his inability to please himself in a scene in which everybody else considered him to be exceptionally fine, I became aware of subtle movements in the shadows at the back seats of the stalls. To my astonishment I found that two rows at least were filled with people of both sexes, who were watching the proceedings with rapt attention and interest. Asking Madame Berton who they were and why, I was told that they were dear old ruddy actors and actresses who had just come from their various theaters to watch and study the direction of her husband and the work of their confreres of the stage. A few of them were famous, and all of them—because the French stage is not, like others, free to all without teaching and diplomas, a sort of public golf course—were good. Some of them wilted in spite of this wonderful love of their art and left before one. Others joined our vivid, cackling, childlike party at a near-by café and ate enough supper to feed a starving town.

Berton, a little beyond the time of life for early morning gayety, sagged, but his buoylike wife was in her element, leading the shouts of laughter, inventing strange and devastating dishes and raising her cognac to untranslatable toasts. A remarkable woman of great intelligence, energy and wit, who appeared to be able to do without sleep and could talk on any subject at any moment of the day or night. In fact, nothing stopped her. Having no children, she was at that time taking care of a good-looking little relative, whom she dressed in the costume of a Scotch pipe major and introduced to me as Le Magrégor. It was not at once that I discovered that she meant MacGregor. The poor little man was the laughingstock of all the small boys in Paris, who, if they lived to go through the war, learned to show a healthier respect for our Ladies of Hell. They hold them, with the rest of the gallant men who helped to keep France from her invader, in small gratitude now.

An Anxious First Night

There were no other girls quite so pretty as Arlette, but several quite as charming. There were strange dark women with dead white faces and scarlet lips, equally at home probably in Salome, Magda or La Femme de Mon Ami, and men of all types and ages, the young ones smart, with well-groomed heads, the others eccentrically hirsute, with Dante profiles or heavy St. Bernard jowls. It was a merry meal, often repeated during the course of rehearsals and ending always with the flamboyant departure of the Bertons for their house near Enghien, in a dusty, rattling automobile of ancient vintage, to sleep until seven o'clock.

I have a notion that the production was backed by Baron Henri de Rothschild. The translation of the novel was, at any rate, dedicated to him in flowery language and ran through numerous editions. He was present, too, if I remember rightly, at the *répétition générale*, when first-night Paris poured into the ample spaces of the Théâtre Réjane—artists, actors, authors, critics, easily recognizable by their make-up, and those members of society who enjoyed the thrills of uncertainty that belong to such an occasion. Watching them arrive from an unseen corner, I filled a small book with swift caricatures.

I sat in the author's box with Berton, who was as nervous as a horse, and after the second act, everything having gone well till then, went round to Miss D'Orgère's dressing room to offer congratulations the thing to do. Her room had been turned appropriately into a bower of apple blossoms and was filled with men and bonbons, and while she changed from head to foot for her next appearance she received exaggerated murmurs of praise and kissed fingers with the coolness of a star. This was all the more remarkable because she had only just graduated from the Folies Bergère.

Towards the end of the first scene of the third act, however, there was a sensation which, but for Berton, would have sent me out into the street and the first available cab to my hotel. It came at the moment when Lord Francis Delemere, Franki, as they called him, had flung a victim from his house who loved his wife and had discovered their nefarious plan of earning a living, bringing everything to an end. The young couple were together in their well-conducted London house, discussing suicide as the only way out, when Joan told her adoring husband of the price of Denbigh-Schmitt's silence, which was to give him a fortnight of her life. Before Franki could find words to comment on this ghastly sacrifice the whole house sprang to its feet,

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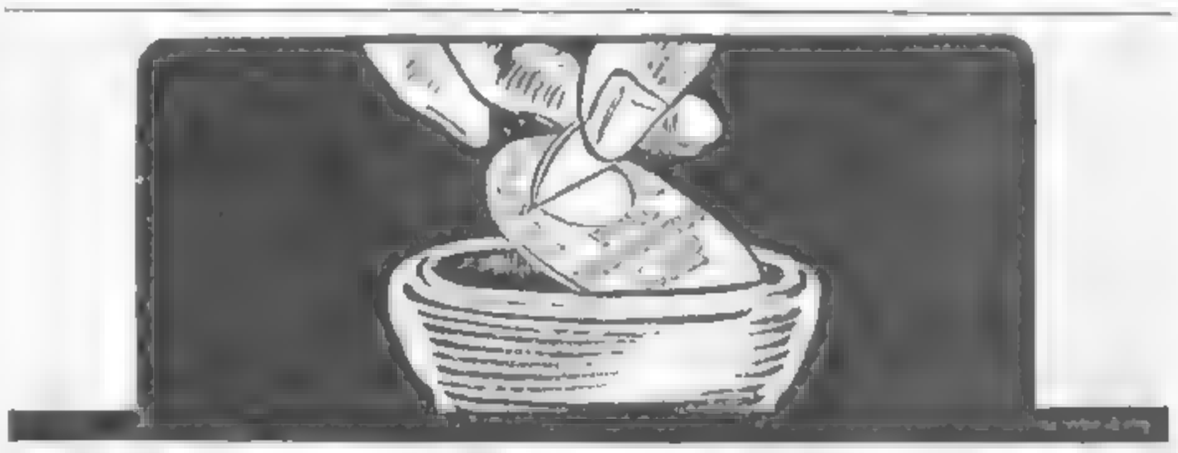

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calling out, "*Non, non, c'est impossible,*" which stopped the play and made a riot.

With an icy spine, I was just about to rise and get away with a whole skin when Berton laid a triumphant hand on my arm and said, "*Succès fou.*" The storm subsiding, Franki refused, with deep emotion, to save the position by any such horrible expedient and the curtain fell to roar upon roar of applause. It was an astonishing moment, especially in Paris, where its playgoers are accustomed to much stronger meat than that. And so Bridge, as Berton called the play, went over with that sophisticated audience and champagne flowed freely later at the Café de la Paix. In fact, in the swelling hours of the morning, the more thirsty of us drank it from the urns the bottles had been standing in. Polaire, the lady with the smallest waist, and Gaby Deslys, the lady with the most charming knees, were both present.

I had breakfast that morning with Miss Elisabeth Marbury, a very dear friend of mine, to whose sound sense and great ability I owed, as many other dramatists did, much gratitude. She had no objection to my sitting down in evening clothes. When I dined at her little gem of a house in New York the other night it was utterly impossible to believe that so much water had flowed under the bridges and so much champagne had been emptied into the Hudson since that rather unsteady breakfast at the old Crillon years before.

A dozen things, in addition to the time devoted to the production of Bridge, had delayed me from sitting down to work on a new novel, the delivery of which had come uncomfortably close. Just at the moment when I had made up my mind as to what I felt in the mood to write after that period of broodiness, so disastrous to everyone near by, during which, like hens that sit on eggs, every writing man goes through, I went blind. Or rather, having something inconveniently the matter with my eyes, I was rendered blind through the necessity of wearing a bandage. A nice kettle of fish! With barely six weeks in which to fulfill my contract and dig my way through eighty thousand words, I hadn't a dog's chance to be able to use a pen. I was intensely worried and anxious. To be late with the book meant missing the season, annoying my publisher and making a vacuum in my fluctuating bank account. It happened, luckily, that my brother Arthur was having a vacation from his cramming shop and he suggested that I dictate the book to him.

The Story of Plain Brown

Dictate? I had never done, or conceived the possibility of doing, such a thing. Description, possibly, but not dialogue, without the chance to polish a point. It seemed absurd. But time was flying as its wont is and something had to be done, however desperate; and so one day after tea I got as near to this new and apparently hopeless experiment as sitting down with my feet on my desk—stuck, mumchance and fearful, utterly blacked out. And for an hour I sat there wordless, wondering what to say, until at last, angry, I made a dash at it, and, by Jove, it went! At first very slowly, as though I had never rolled words along before; then with a little more confidence, and presently so fast that my brother, writing in longhand, yelled for mercy and I had to put on the brake.

The end of it was that I never enjoyed anything so much in my life. The luxury of lying in a comfortable chair while another man underwent the physical annoyance of writing, wrestling with a self-filling pen, trying to find a comfortable place for feet, was indescribable. The pleasure, too, of looking ahead, although sightless, of seeing where one was going without the impedimenta of blotting paper and inkpot, the falling of loose tobacco and all the rest of it, was all too good for words. It is true that the book was easy and light, about boys and girls and love, and the attitude of elderly people towards their young ones who were confident of uncertain wings, with a case of mistaken identity to play with and a place that I knew and loved. Be that as it may, the chapters were going from the typist to the publisher. I could rewrite nothing, add nothing, or cut. It gave me a sense of adventure, a feeling of daring and responsibility and a new relish for the job.

The book that came out of the dark was called Plain Brown, a Summer Story, in which a young Oxford man, who was, of course, by no means plain, but who had no hyphen and no final *e* to his name, went for a groom in the Thames-side house of the next Lord Mayor of London because, having to earn a living and that of his dog, he was too well educated to do so in any other way.

It happened that at the moment of his entrance into this family the son of Lord Southwater disappeared from his haunts to the complete mystification of Scotland Yard and the amateur detectives of the press. Because Brown wore a stringless eyeglass from time to time, and was modeled on the typical lines of all good cricketers, the family leaped to the conclusion that they were romantically harboring the missing man and treated him as such. Giving him a cigarette holder on which there were the initials of this person—a pure accident—I was inundated with letters from people who wanted to know how, having no acquaintance with the missing man, he came by such a thing, and it was necessary to keep handy a large supply of typewritten answers to satisfy the curiosity of the readers of the book.

Writing Against Time

In course of time, having done nothing with the idea for the play which I had refused to twist out of recognition for the actor-manager, as I have already described, I used it in a novel, which I called The Blindness of Virtue. It was very well received, and when my young brother came down from Oxford for the summer vac, and on the third hole of a golf course on which we fought bogey with daily persistence and fluctuating success, asked me why I didn't make a play of it, I replied that it was no earthly use to do so, because the boy's part would be far too good to permit its being produced under the existing system of actor-managership. I said that nothing would ever induce me to dramatize it. It would be a hopeless waste of time. But on the sixth green a sudden itch to do so became so painful that I foozled an easy putt and on the seventh tee sliced my drive into a bubbling stream. That settled the question.

I said, "Come on. Let's go and do the damn thing." And we turned up a game that had gone to pieces, stalked back to the clubhouse, mounted bicycles, rode home and started in.

With the book to help me, I dictated the first act before dinner, the second act before falling, dog-tired, into bed, the third act before lunch the following morning, and the last act in the small hours of that night. Spending the whole of the next day in going all over it, I sent it up to London to a typist and returned to the golf course considerably lighter in weight, and with nothing on my mind to undermine the urgent concentration without which one might far better occupy oneself with marbles than with golf. That was Tuesday. On Thursday I went to town, called for the typed play and was on my way home to look it over and see what it was like when Charles Kenyon, a young actor, who had taken a lease of the Little Theater in the Adelphi, saw me, crossed the street and said, "Why don't you make a play of The Blindness of Virtue? To which I said "I have," gave him one of the copies and arranged to stay in town until he rang me up and gave me his decision. This he did, and with healthy enthusiasm told me that he would like to put the piece into rehearsal the following Monday if he could play the boy. Quick work and very interesting. Not without a touch of excitement too. It might turn out that my decision, in spite of a feeling of disheartenment, had been a good one, and worth turning up a round of golf for, after all. But it seemed to me that Kenyon was better suited, with his direct and rather incisive manner and nice earnestness, to play the vicar than the boy.

We dined together that night to discuss the whole matter, which was of vital importance to us both, and eventually Kenyon was persuaded to tackle the part of the older man, and we cast the other characters on the back of a menu, with the exception of the boy. Where on earth was he? Among the names that we wrote down were those of Margery Maude, Polly Emery, Louie Emery, Beryl Faber for the vicar's wife, and Kenyon's dog for the vicar's boon companion. The puzzle was where to find that boy. The next day every theatrical agent was applied to and all available young actors scrutinized. No luck.

On the Saturday night, extremely worried, I went out to an outlying theater to

Continued on Page 157

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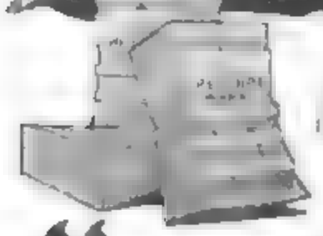

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(Continued from Page 154)

see an actor who was playing a small part, found Owen Nares, by all that was fortunate, and bought him off. Heading this ideal company, who were as keen as mustard on the play, with Harker designing the scenery, Kenyon set the pace, and it was a fast one. We were determined to open the theater in the quickest possible time.

It so happened, however, that the London papers were in the middle of a feud against the censorship. The Lord Chamberlain's department, which issued the license to perform a play, had been bitterly attacked. A very fine piece of work by Granville Barker had been refused its license and others had recently come under the ban. Bernard Shaw had let himself go and a petition of dramatists had gone forward, which incidentally I had refused to sign, begging for the abolition of the censor's office, and there had been in fact a great stirring up, an unholy row. The press was for the most part all on the side of the dramatists, and when, on the Friday before our Monday-night première, it got about that The Blindness of Virtue had not been granted a license and was about to join the list of banned plays, the whole thing opened again and the fire blazed once more.

The play had been submitted to the censor on the day that we began rehearsing, and it was perfectly true that no license had arrived. There was much heartburning and anxiety. Kenyon had been put to great expense, he had the theater on his hands, the company had worked like Trojans and I hated the idea of being labeled as a man who had written an unproduceable play. No one had said or written a word against the novel. Far to the contrary, indeed.

Saturday went by, with the papers crackling, and Sunday came—without a license. On the Sunday afternoon, however, Kenyon and I received a summons to appear at the Lord Chamberlain's office and click heels to Sir Douglas Dawson in St. James's Palace. This we did, wondering what the dickens was to be our fate, and found the tall ex-soldier Lord Chamberlain, cool and imperturbable, in a charming little room. From him we gathered, during a most affable conversation, that the rather Gilbertian process of passing upon the play had not ended in the necessary license because, after it had been reported upon by the experienced person, once a critic, whose duty it was to act as a sort of customs officer with his little piece of white chalk, it had to be looked at by other higher officers as a matter of form.

Getting the License

I don't think they ever read it, except when certain lines or scenes were questioned, and then I suppose there was much head wagging and a final vote. I am certain that there was no fiendish desire to make trouble and even great reluctance to stop the production of a play. There were obviously certain things that had been written down as objectionable and over a rigid line no one was permitted to step.

The whole business was extremely childish and irritating, but I would have nothing to do with the petition, because I preferred the Lord Chamberlain's department to that of one in Scotland Yard, which would lay the theater open to the arbitrary complaint of the faddist and the sort of pure person to whom everything was indecent. At any rate the officials were scattered at that moment in various parts of the United Kingdom, one in Ireland and the other in Scotland, and the consequence was that the script was still wandering about. Would I, as the author, give my word of honor that there was nothing in the play to which the least objection could be taken, no attack upon the sovereignty of the king, the status of the church, the sanctity of marriage, and so forth and so on? I would and did. Moreover I laid the play before Sir Douglas Dawson, gave him a brief résumé of its idea, and warmly supported Kenyon's offer to place a box at the disposal, for the first performance, of all the censorship.

"Very good," replied Sir Douglas Dawson, "here's the license then." And he signed it with a flourish, and all was well.

But in the meantime Beerbohm Tree, at the mercy of a phrase, had rushed into print in the Pall Mall Gazette, and written something to the effect that censorship would always be necessary so long as dramatists insisted upon standing on the edge of a sewer. This was pointed at me, although Tree had not read the novel, the play or attended any of the rehearsals. And so, in a perfectly friendly manner, I spoke to him on the telephone and told him that if he did not apologize for that unwarranted and inexcusable remark, which had doubtless given him great delight to roll over the tongue, I should be obliged most regretfully to refer him to my lawyers. His withdrawal, immediate and agitated, which I wrote for him, appeared in the Pall Mall on the Monday, thus making pistols for two and coffee for one, or its modern and more expensive equivalent, a quite unnecessary proceeding

But the paragraphs in the papers, the revival of the storm and the nasty insinuations in the gossip had had their natural effect. The theater was bombarded for seats by all those people who hope to enjoy a salacious evening against which they might howl a protest the following day. Very few of them found room, because the theater was little and all the seats had gone.

It was really rather a wonderful night, and what is euphoniously called all London was present. Cyril Maude had been delighted with his daughter, as he had every reason to be. Her performance was exquisite. Kenyon, although still hankering after the boy's part, made a fine, direct, manly vicar in the early forties; Beryl Faber did her usual delicate and beautiful work as his wife. Polly Emery gave sympathetic laughter to everything she touched, and the dog was so natural he brought down the curtain of the first act, first to a gasp of apprehension as to what appeared to be going to happen to the men in the orchestra and then to a roar of delight because it did.

The Sword of Damocles

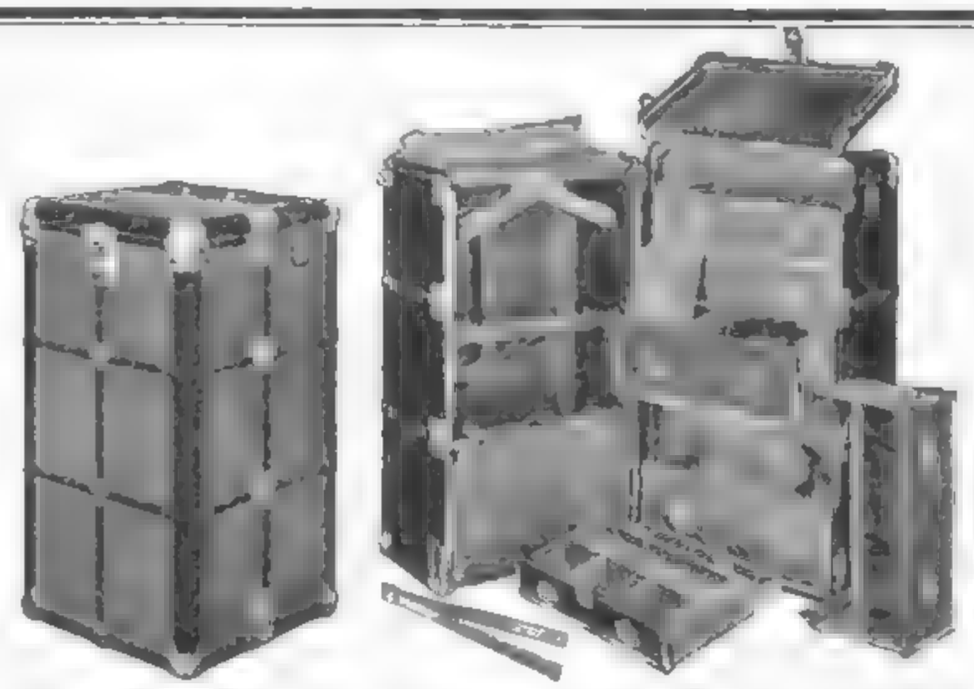
Owen Nares, unknown to London, was watched with immense interest and instant liking, and when at the end of the third act he rose to a great height of genuine and poignant emotion he brought down the house. It was the finest piece of acting by a young man of a most winning and delightful appearance and personality that had been seen for years. It stirred the women in the audience into something like hysteria, the curtain rose and fell as though a Caruso had been discovered and there was much waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs. All this was repeated when the play was over. There was a persistent call for the author, and with icy extremities and something in my throat I went on with the company; and having to say the usual few stammering words, told the true story of the delayed license, pointed to the box which contained the censors and gave the quietus to the nasty gossip.

In no part that Beryl Faber ever played was she so brave and beautiful as in her last one. This was in the following year when, with a specially chosen company of London players, she was to sail for America in the autumn to see what would happen to The Blindness of Virtue there. The Titanic had gone down, turning over the heart of the civilized world. At a benefit performance that had been arranged for certain of the survivors she was to act in a one-act play of mine called Soldier's Daughters, with Winifred Emery and Polly Emery. She had been nursing her mother through pneumonia and came to London feeling perfectly well. But as the rehearsals proceeded a sudden frightening cough made it impossible for her to speak. She was taken to my rooms in the Albany and put to bed. A doctor was called in. Then her father, who was a doctor, came, and shortly after that several large and ominous-looking tubes of oxygen were brought. Double pneumonia burned up her lungs and during the afternoon of the fourth day of her illness she turned to her father and said quietly, "So this is death."

In 1911 and 1912 all Europe was in a strange and uneasy frame of mind. The shadow of the sword of Damocles lay on Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Rome, Vienna and the smaller capitals, and London. Governments, for reasons that were hidden from the public, woke, startled, from their sleep. They must have heard the distant stirring of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

In 1910, as long before as that, a great German general had said to a Dutch officer attached for the maneuvers, "If Russia ever mobilizes we must fight at once."

Maxse had kept alive the stamped-out work of Lord Roberts and week by week had been forcing the attention of his readers to an inevitable war. Foreign offices and embassies shuddered from time to time, but



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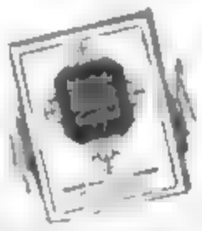

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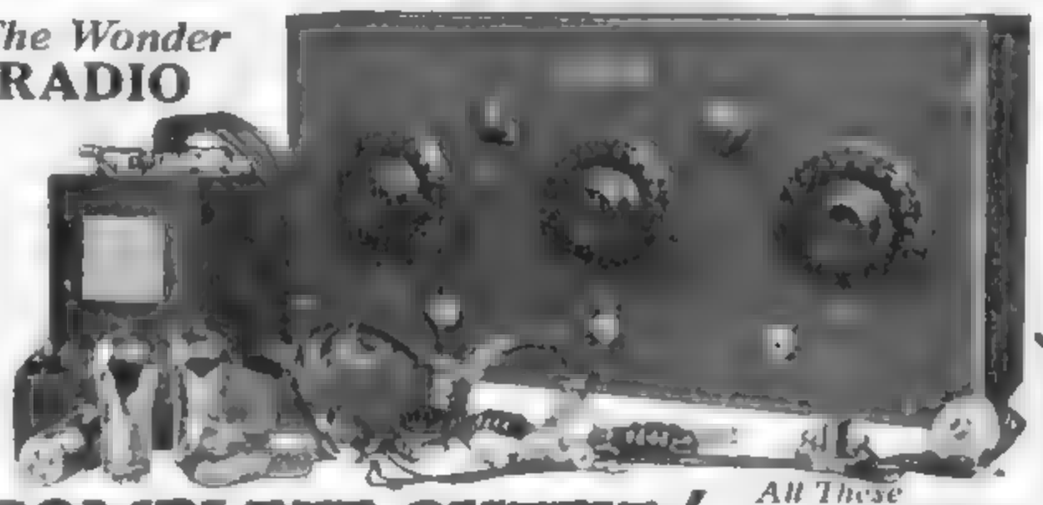

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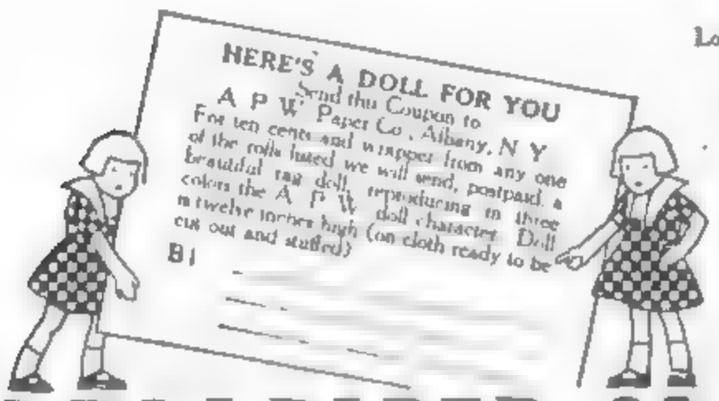
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hoped against hope. Armies and navies everywhere went through feverish moments of polishing, then simmered into ordinary routine. Officers, with their ears to the ground, said "This is the year" to their governments and went on playing bridge, because the men who were in power, without being powerful, giggled, talked intellectual bosh, pursued the usual policy of the ostrich, and left it to their foreign ministers to play chess.

The German ambassador in London was either blind or deaf, or being stuffed like a Michaelmas goose with Liberalism. At any rate, as subsequent events have proved with tragic conclusiveness, he was taught to believe that in the event of a German attack on France, whether through Belgium or not, Mr. Asquith and company would only honor the Entente Cordiale to the extent of supplying our friends with ammunition. It was written. There was no frankness between governments. A certain amount of puerile cunning, which goes by the name of diplomacy, and that was all.

In the streets, in the clubs, in drawing-rooms and on golf courses men were saying "When Germany starts fighting," and letting it go at that, with a shrug of the shoulders. What else were men to do? There was no strength or wisdom or courage, and little honesty in any of the leaders, only funk and weak hoping and eyewash. God's in His heaven; all's right with the world.

But one night early in 1912 a great ball was given at Covent Garden Opera House in which three thousand of London's amusement-seeking people indulged in an orgy of Orientalism, then the fashion, set by Reinhardt's Sumurun and Knoblock's Kismet. I led the procession, with a party of thirty people, as Abdul; and, ignoring the shadow of the sword, everyone, in the most fantastically exquisite costumes, danced and played the fool. Members of the Lords and Commons, army and navy, diplomacy and the stage, mixed in a phantasmagoria of color, and as I was shooting a comically fat man below my box with a soda-water siphon to the painful mirth of the man at my side, one of the men in power, he gripped me by the arm suddenly and said, "This means war." He must have been shocked at this gay riot at such a moment when he, better than most men, knew to what sort of Armageddon all Europe was drifting.

A Wordy Spanking

We may have seemed to deserve a kick in the face. But nothing was done, and London, like Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, put in a good time, with the subconscious feeling that it was dancing on the crater of a volcano. A short life and a merry one, and certain people related to the English Government set a rather nasty pace. They ran downhill into scandal, strange nights in steamboats, with drownings, and the like. The Westminster stage was producing a very lax revue, almost a burlesque, playing bridge behind the scenes. Kruppa was at full blast, and they knew it. What did it matter? The Kaiser and his Junkers took great pleasure in playing with cannon. It was extravagant fun, but it must be harmless. War, in such a state of high civilization, was a perfectly unthinkable thing. Don't be fussy, children. You may sleep peacefully in your or anybody else's beds.

I met Lord Roberts from time to time, "the old man in his dotage," the jingo, the firebrand, "that most uncomfortable prophet," as a phrase maker in the cabinet called him, and listened, chilled, to what he had to say. And I well remember the wordy spanking I received from this same phrase maker with an excellent taste in ties, when I wrote a paragraph in the Tuesday Review, an undergraduate weekly that I financed for my brother at Oxford, in which I heaved a sigh of relief at a faint mention of the development of an air service which "I hoped would be ready in time to meet the German Zeppelins when they flew towards London to drop bombs." I was told to dip my pen in less dramatic ink. However, a very good time was had by all.

And a very good time was had by my brother and his coeditors of that weekly, Romanes and Winnington-Ingram and me. It was, ironically enough, the organ of the Officers' Training Corps; and as it was printed at the Pall Mall Gazette office in London, its appearance was extremely nice. Rather, in fact, like that of the Saturday Review, upon which it ventured to model itself somewhat, and a very good model too. It was open to receive verses and parodies, but it closed its doors to triolets. It had two or three pages of editorial notes, many of which were written by dons and professors; a weekly star article from the pens of famous men; a series called The Compleat Oxford Man, light and satirical, written by my brother, afterwards brought out as a book and followed by Rowlandson's Oxford, now rare; several pages of O. T. C. news; The Younger Generation, supplied by future Oxford men then at Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby, Charterhouse, Cheltenham and the rest; theater criticisms, book reviews and a page at the end called The Sweet Shady Side of Pall Mall, which I contributed, calling attention to the doings of a city less important in the scheme of things than Oxford, but an amusing place to which to dash up and paint red. In The Isis it had a permanent rival, and there were, of course, other flowers of undergraduate literary effort that blossomed but to die.

High-Handed Methods

It was urgent that a definite splash should be made with the first and second issues, in order to wake the echoes of indifference at any price, and so a cold-blooded and most sarcastic attack was made upon the Union - the Oxford Debating Society and Club—which, as was hoped, drew both blood and immediate attention. In revenge the president of the Union moved, in the preliminaries, to take in six copies of the paper, which spelled the horrible diminution of circulation, and great excitement prevailed. Nothing like this had happened in Oxford since 1600 or so, and a whip went out for a full attendance of the O. T. C. and other supporters, with the result that the debate, and a heated one, on this motion occupied the whole attention of the evening and was lost. An account of this extraordinary happening was telegraphed to the London papers with the excellent result of fame. And during the subsequent career of the Tuesday Review don met don in its columns anonymously, and then came the tag of Greek.

It was great fun while it lasted. Also it paid its own way, which was not the story of the more highbrow, pompous and gorgeous-looking half-a-crown monthly called the Oxford Point of View, started some time before by Compton Mackenzie while he was at Magdalen, and in the first number of which I wrote an extremely grave and annoying paper entitled Oxford and Cambridge as Recruiting Centers for the Stage, which may possibly have had something to do with the fact that it went to an untimely grave at the age of three numbers. It was in that exquisitely named paper, however, that Compton Mackenzie came under the intoxicating influence of ink which has never left him, much to the edification of a larger and larger body of readers to whom he has since given Sinister Street, Carnival, and the Sylvia Trilogy, among other ebullient efforts of brilliant character drawing and a mordant wit. I remember the young red-headed, pale-faced Georgian Compton Mackenzie best when, in the production of Twelfth Night by the Oxford University Dramatic Society, he gave a ripe and Elizabethan rendering of Sir Toby Belch first in the Worcester gardens as a pastoral and many times afterwards in aid of various charities in the gardens of country houses.

I was with the O. U. D. S. once when it was staying in the house at Clewer, near Windsor, of Lady Dalton FitzGerald, to raise money for Princess Louise's *crèche*. The First Life Guards, which had given a musical ride in the grounds in the afternoon, had left all the instruments of their band in the billiard room. Finding these one night after supper, we insinuated ourselves into the brass twists, possessed ourselves of other musical weapons which none of us knew how to work and, with Charlie Maude at the piano, Compton Mackenzie between the drums, Jack Gilliat with the cymbals, gave one of the most eerie renderings of Tannhäuser that had ever been heard on earth. Poor Lady Dalton FitzGerald and her beautiful niece, Mrs. Fox-Pitt, and other members of the house party endured great agonies for an hour. But when, suddenly conscience-stricken, we opened the door to creep out, we found several servants sleeping peacefully in the hall, waiting to turn out the lights. Some people have no music in their souls.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr Hamilton. The next will appear in an early issue.

The Man's Angle

Discussing frankly whether or not our wives need the Kitchen Cabinet designed by 369 women

LET'S admit it and bow to the ladies: We men know just as much about running our wives' homes as they know about running our businesses.

We've learned that in the kitchen cabinet field.

For over a quarter century, men have made what they believed were convenient kitchen cabinets. Then, when the makers of Boone asked for *women's* suggestions, in our recent nation-wide prize contest, 369 practical housewives recommended improvements of which no mere man had ever dreamed.

Naturally, women enthused over these three new women-designed cabinets—Mary Boone, Helen Boone, and Dorothy Boone. Never has any household equipment achieved such a sensational success.

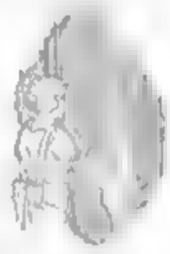
Your wife wants a new Boone, but does she need one? Let's discuss it from the man's angle.

You wouldn't think of working all day in your own shadow. Yet your wife has had to. The Boone has a woman-suggested electric light socket.

You push a button and some person or a machine in your office or shop carries out your orders. The Boone has a double electric light socket so your wife can conveniently attach an electric iron, toaster, or percolator to help *her* with *her* work.

Your business would be wrecked if you had no system of filing and merely threw bills in a drawer or stuck them on a nail. No wonder if your wife loses bills or pays some of them twice, with her present system. You have files, adding machines and ledgers to keep your accounts in order. The Boone has its orderly, compact desk section for your wife's bills, receipts, change, milk tickets, etc.

You are proud of your wife. You don't want her receiving callers with her hair disarranged and flour on her cheek. The Boone has a plate-glass mirror for that hasty glance and touch when the door bell rings.



In the morning nothing is better to start the day right than a cup of *fresh* coffee. Ground coffee loses aroma and flavor. The Boone has a coffee mill attached so your wife can grind coffee fresh as needed.

Then, when you arrive home after a hard day's work, don't you like to have dinner ready on the dot with no tears to wipe away because something was burned? The Boone built-in alarm clock relieves your wife of worrying—tells her it's time to prepare dinner—and reminds her when the roast or cake is done.

And most important of all from a selfish viewpoint, you like to come home to a rested, cheerful pal. Boone's Disappearing Ironing Board, Swinging Stool, Automatic Lowering Flour Bin, and Nested Drawers [which slide out with the table top] save your wife much bother and backache.

And all of these exclusive Boone women-designed advantages are on these new cabinets, *in addition* to the advantages of the ordinary kitchen cabinets that saved her many steps.

Can you refuse her a Boone? Might as well go down to your dealer and get a Boone now. Write for specifications of Boone Cabinets and name of dealer nearest you.

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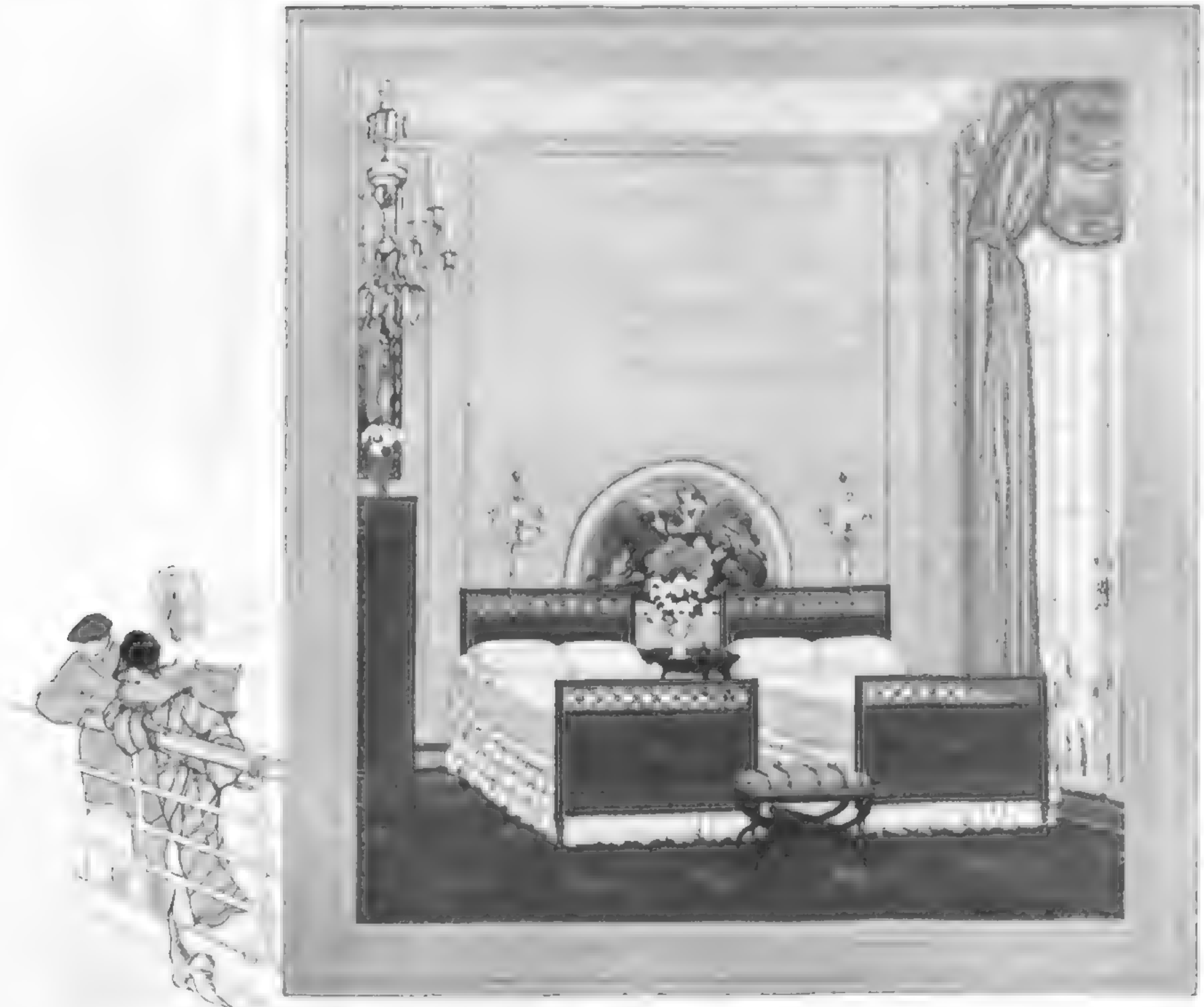

Will your sleep tonight restore the energy you use up today?

The law of sleep admits of no exceptions. If deep and tranquil, it is man's best medicine and restorative. If light or troubled, it inflicts a penalty, making further drains on your reserves of strength and energy.

Yet thousands select their sleep equipment without giving it more than a passing thought—and pay for their neglect in impaired health, vigor and personal success.

Your choice, perhaps, was more intelligently made. But even you may know less about your spring and mattress than you do about any other real necessity you use.

Devote a few minutes tonight to getting acquainted with the bed you sleep on. Compare it with the Simmons springs and mattresses your dealer will be glad to show you in various styles at the lowest prices they can be made of *safe, new materials.*

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DANGEROUS GAME—THE BIG FOUR

(Continued from Page 23)

that which he can devour or trample upon; or, what is oftenest the case, making for safety with a divided and constantly changing mind as to where safety actually is. As far as the hunter is concerned, his motives are negligible. All he can do is to stand on the alert and hope to heaven the band does not run over him. If it does he is in all probability done for. He might account for one or two of the beasts, if he had luck, but those behind would run him under. There is a faint chance that his shots may turn or divide the herd. It is only a faint chance, however, for the range is very short.

I know of few things so terrifying as this. One crouches in a little leafy room in the jungle, nerves tense. To the right, to judge by the sounds, a shingle mill is being wrecked. Sudden and complete stillness falls as the great beasts come to an abrupt halt to listen. It lasts perhaps ten seconds. Then, seized by another panic, crash—smash—splinter! They are off in another direction, plunging through the underbrush and small saplings as if they were not. One prays that they will take a line and keep going; but they don't. Here and there, back and forth, sometimes arousing hope by withdrawing to a distance, sometimes so near at hand that one can see the tops of the small growth shaking, they slam-bang about until at length either the man in trepidation makes a guess as to the safest route and withdraws, or the buffalo take a notion for a bee line and disappear. These short rushes back and forth have to many people the appearance of actually looking for the disturber with intent to attack. I believe them merely uncertain and excited and rather panicky attempts to get away.

The result, however, is the same if the herd happens to come your way. In such cover the buffalo is highly dangerous. Of course, no sensible man hunts for them in such circumstances. He finds himself in such a fix because in the following of some other intention he accidentally blunders on and arouses the herd. But the danger is not what one would call an intelligent danger. It is more akin to a natural force—like a tornado or an earthquake—and escape or destruction is largely a matter of luck.

One actually hunts buffalo in more open country. The animals are what one might call seminocturnal. Toward evening they begin to stir, and just before dark they are apt to work out to the edges of their cover or even into the open grass country. That is the time to pick your bull. And that is the time to estimate the intrinsic danger of the situation. Ordinarily the buffalo bull has just about the same surly chase-'em-over-the-fence disposition as a savage domestic bull. The buffalo herd has just about the same mob curiosity, the mob uncertainty, the mob tendency either to flee wildly in panic or to rush over the object of its attention as a herd of range cattle. If a man were to present himself to them openly on foot the chances are, at a guess, three in five that the whole outfit would turn tail and depart wildly in a cloud of dust. The chances are two in five that he will be attacked, either by one or more individuals or by the lot.

Swelled-Headed Buffalo

But—and this is the important point the man who thus deliberately presents himself on foot is justly a candidate for whatever happens to him. His job is to keep under cover to leeward until he has selected his beast and delivered his shot. This, ordinarily, is not too difficult. Buffalo are bovine and therefore none too bright. They are alert enough, as a usual thing, but rather thick-witted, and they do not see very well. Very ordinary stalking skill will take a man about, and at a shot delivered from concealment they will run. Some may stand and stare for a moment; and a few, probably in uncertainty, may dash by somewhere in the general direction of the hunter. But if he hugs his cover until the field is clear he is probably safe enough; especially as here, unlike his situation in the jungle, he has a chance of dealing with any strays that might by accident discover him and actually attack.

That is about the usual estimate of the situation, as the military textbooks have it. There are, however, certain herds of buffalo that have been much followed, or which have been preserved until they think they are some pumpkins, which are really dangerous at any time. A good sample of that sort of thing is the herd that inhabited the papyrus swamp north of Juja on Heatley's ranch. This herd was preserved pretty closely and some of the old bulls began to think they owned that part of the country. They were quite likely to attack anyone who came their way. As the swamp was flanked by open plains without cover in the short grass season, a deliberate approach was attended with considerable risk. A Beware the Bull sign would have been very appropriate just there.

In parts of Uganda also a combination of thick cover and comparative immunity makes a bad situation. A good many people, about their lawful business, have blundered against the animals and been killed. It must be remembered, however, that accidental encounters in thick cover are not or should not be common, for the reason that buffalo are so large and travel in such numbers that by spoor and sign their presence in any given locality is pretty well advertised.

It cannot be denied that he is to be treated with the greatest respect. He is sullenly truculent; he has the courage of a savage bull; he has the weight of numbers; he is often encountered in disadvantageous circumstances; he weighs from two to three thousand pounds. Outside the power such a mass represents, that weight requires considerable stopping.

Danger in Numbers

There is rarely anything particularly humorous in buffalo stories. Being killed by a buffalo is a mussy death. I remember an Austrian who came to East Africa on a hunting trip. He was a debonair, amusing little chap, gay as a chickadee, bubbling over with confidence and enthusiasm. The next time I saw him, three weeks later, he was a grave-faced, badly shaken little old man. He had been in no danger himself, but had been forced to stand by and see his gun bearer killed by a buffalo. He told me about it in his elliptical broken English. In some manner the animal had caught the man against a tree and with the broad boss of its horns had slowly crushed him to death like a fly against a wall.

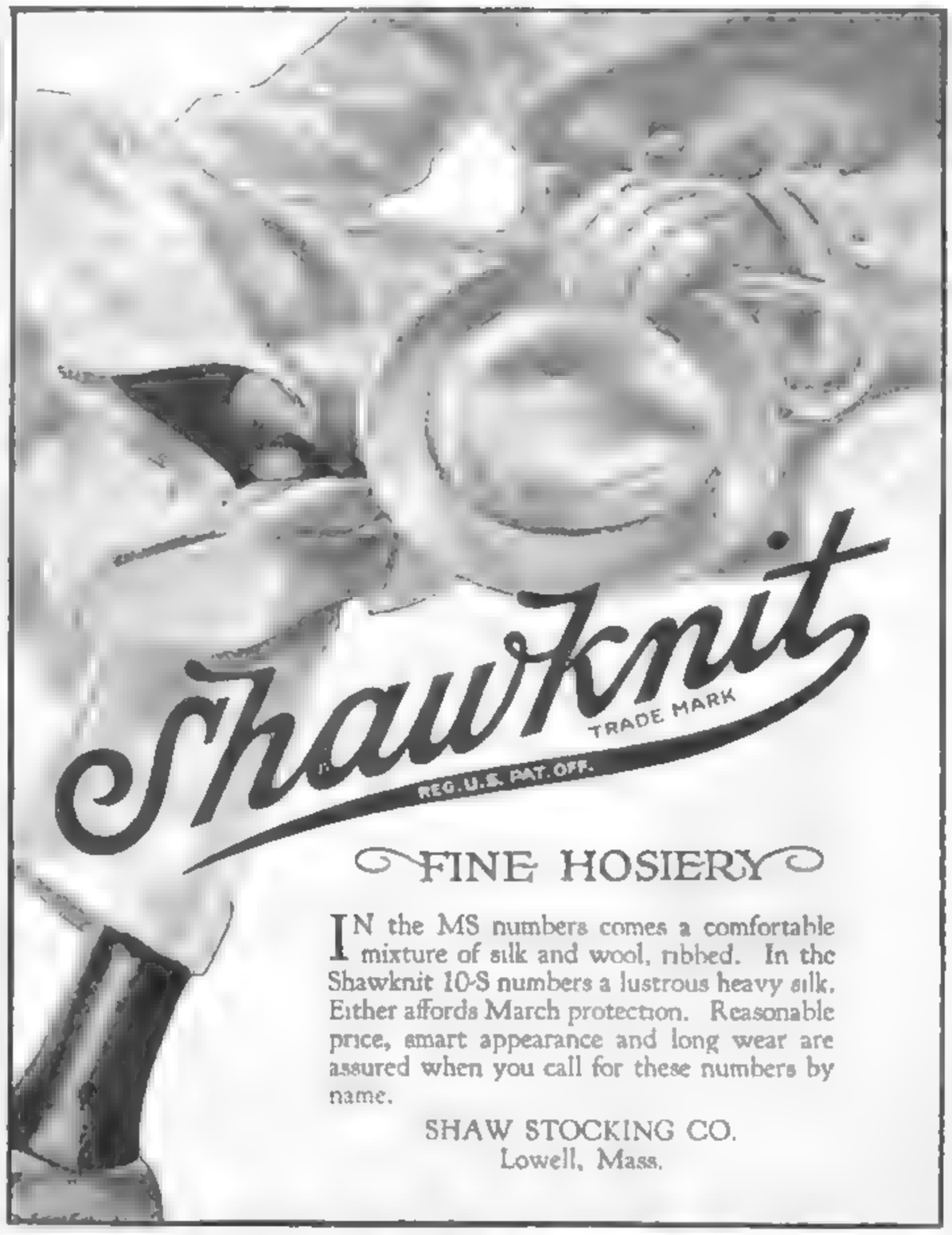
"It was not good to see," concluded the Austrian simply. He was going home; he had had enough.

So to men who have had such experience there is every personal justification for belief that the buffalo is the most dangerous of them all. I believe, however, that the danger is that of power and numbers rather than of intelligence; that it is more usually accidental than inherent; that it can be more easily avoided in the normal course of pursuit. Or put it another way: I believe that a good hunter will kill ten buffalo bulls, take them as they come, with less risk than he will kill ten lions.

The elephant's strong point is his intelligence; his weak point is in his eyesight. In open country he can be approached by a moderately skillful stalker without much danger. By open country I mean open elephant country—scattered trees and brush not too high. In some of the dense jungle, like that which clothes Mt. Kenya, where a man cannot penetrate at all except by way of the openings and paths the elephants themselves have made for him, and where he can rarely see over twenty or twenty-five yards, the pursuit of these animals affords many thrills.

By the very nature of the case the hunter must actually penetrate the herd, must slip in and out, round and about, crawling with infinite caution close to a beast in order to determine its sex and the size of its ivory, and withdrawing with equal caution when that particular animal proves unshootable. He must at all times know that every member of the herd is to windward of him. And that means to windward even when the airs are so light that a wetted finger is no indication and a tossed handful of dust or the smoke from a lighted and extinguished match will barely show the drift. A single mistake in that respect will discover him.

For long-sustained excitement, this repeated slipping in and out of an elephant



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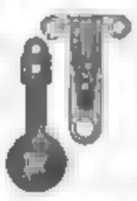

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herd cannot be matched. Man is so tiny in comparison with the huge beasts; he must perforce lurk so furtively; he must crawl up so near before he can see clearly what he must know. And in an encounter he has so little to depend upon in the way of escape his agility and the elephant's weak eyesight. Any tree small enough to be climbed is also small enough for the elephant to tear down. If the herd is aroused he must make his get-away by agility and by stealth.

And in case he succeeds, without discovery, in identifying shootable ivory, his troubles are not yet over. It is exceedingly dangerous—almost to the point of suicide—to open fire actually within the herd. He must patiently wait for his quarry to work to the edge, or preferably to undertake a little lone excursion of his own. In the meanwhile he must lurk, and he must lurk with discretion, and an eye and ear for strays that might get his wind. Then when at last the favorable situation occurs, he has still to maneuver into the proper position for a shot. One cannot shoot an elephant anywhere, even with the heaviest rifle. A heart shot is fatal, to be sure, but far from immediately so. In the twenty-odd minutes before the beast succumbs he has plenty of time to do all sorts of damage or to get clear away. In the latter case he often receives aid from his friends.

Reputable eyewitnesses have many times described this. One lines up on either side, inserting each a tusk beneath the wounded one's tusks, and by lifting with thrust shoulders they fairly carry him away. Carl Akeley has made a very beautiful bronze group of this sort of rescue. Nor must it be forgotten that while one shot merely startles and arouses, each subsequent shot calls attention to the exact location of the hunter. If he can fire once and then lie low his chances are so much improved of remaining undiscovered.

There is one spot, and one spot only, where results are certain. That is the brain. A hard-point bullet that actually penetrates the brain will bring the elephant down stone-dead in his tracks. But the matter is not so simple as a mere shot in the head. For all his intelligence, the elephant possesses a very small brain indeed—which ought to be a great comfort to those who wear a six-and-three-quarter size. It is shaped like a bologna sausage, about eighteen inches long by four or five wide, and slants slightly upward toward the rear.

Where to Hit an Elephant

If compelled by circumstances to fire at an elephant, face on, it is necessary to aim at the second or third wrinkle on the trunk, depending on how close he is. A hit there will range upward on a slant to reach his brain—provided you have calculated the angle right. Some prefer to shoot at the knee of an elephant charging head on. That at least provides the proceedings with a breathing space. But your choosy elephant hunter would much rather work his way around until he can get a side shot. He moves by inches, he spends hours; but at last, with the satisfaction of certainty, he places the bead of his front sight at a point midway on a line between the animal's eye and the orifice of its ear and pulls trigger. That single shot will be enough.

All this sort of thing takes time. If a man is to weave about within a few yards of wild animals he must not be impatient. To penetrate ten feet of chance dry brush without disturbance may take twenty minutes. It is not at all an unusual thing to hang around a herd for several days before getting a favorable shot at a shootable beast, and every moment of that time is one of extreme tension and thrill. On the basis of being scary, elephants take the prize. They can scare you, if not more, at least for a longer stretch of time than any other big game.

But the hunter has one thing in his favor. The wind is the one element of the situation he must concentrate on. Elephants, as I have said, see badly. It is sufficient to stand absolutely motionless to escape their attention. Also, they are themselves noisy beasts, so that a moderate latitude in that way is permitted the man—unless he happens actually to be making a near-by stalk. This jungle game of hide and seek, though supremely exciting and always subject to the unexpected, is not so difficult as it sounds. Furthermore, the elephant normally is inclined to be a peaceable citizen. He believes heartily in abating any nuisances within his immediate notice, but he would much prefer to go away from there if he thinks he has a chance of doing so.

But as he is a supremely intelligent animal, there are notable exceptions to this. The elephants in the great jungle forests about Mt. Kenya, for example, have been worried so much by hunters that they have declared war on the whole white race. Those forests happen to be of all elephant ground the most accessible to Nairobi. In consequence, two results: The herds, through sane protection, in that cows and breeding bulls are never shot, have held their numbers; and visiting sportsmen have for years gone there in search of their permitted trophy. As a consequence these elephants - and there are a great many of them -have become very savage. Cuninghame, who has been one of the greatest elephant men of his day, told me the last time I saw him that he had made his last excursion into the Kenya forests. He gave as his reason that it had become too dangerous; the elephants by long education had become too formidable. The odds were too great. And Cuninghame, as I know by admiring experience, when it comes to elephants loves the "bright face of danger."

He told me a further interesting fact illustrative of these animals' intelligence. At certain points near the borders of the forest where native *shambas* have been established the great beasts seem to have made certain distinctions. Native women cutting wood in the forest they vouchsafe no attention whatever, neither attacking nor bothering to move away. If native men happen upon them they quietly withdraw. On becoming aware of white men they almost invariably attack. It would seem that they have come to realize that women are always harmless; that native men are probably harmless, but subject to distrust; that white men are inveterate enemies.

Dumbest of Dumb Animals

But these are special cases. The normal elephant shooting—the sort of shooting that has supplied us with billiard balls and hair brushes and cigarette holders and chessmen—is a more open warfare. The opportunities for observation and maneuvering are greater. It is always dangerous, in that the quarry is powerful, capable, intelligent and courageous. Even in the best of circumstances accidental close encounters cannot be avoided. Furthermore, when the engagement does come to close quarters the immense size and vitality, combined with the small area of positive vulnerability, make the issue more doubtful. There have been a lot of men killed by elephants. On the other hand, many ivory hunters have quite successfully followed their trade for a great many years.

There remains the rhinoceros. He is the most exasperating of the lot, for he is so stupid that almost any degree of intelligence ought to be able to circumvent his thick wits; and yet, paradoxically, that very stupidity at times makes him extremely dangerous. In intelligence he is minus-zero. He is the original prehistoric pinhead. He has no ideas at all, and only a few confused impressions. One of these, which he entertains fitfully, is that he is the boss of creation and is privileged alone to inhabit the earth. When obsessed with this he believes it his mission in life to drive anything of which his limited senses become cognizant off the face of said earth. Another is that when stimulated by any external awareness he should run as fast as he can upwind, and in a bee line, until his breath gives out. A third is that in case of panic to which he is very subject—the appropriate gesture is to rush right through the focus of panic and out the other side, thus in some mysterious fashion dissipating it into thin air. You can never tell which of these impressions is uppermost and is the actuating force in his operations. You never can be certain of what in any given circumstances he is going to do. The only thing that you can be sure of is that he knows nothing whatever. And in disposition he is sullen and snorty.

Thus when he makes a mad rush in your general direction, tail rigidly erect, and blowing like steam escaping from a safety valve, heaven alone knows by what motive he may be actuated or what notion of conduct he harbors—if any—or what he will do when he gets there; or, indeed, whether he is not going to change his alleged mind three or four times en route. In pleasant circumstances of favorable cover you may be able to step aside out of line of his limited vision. When he gets to where you were, does he pause to look about for his

(Continued on Page 164

The AFRICAN "Drum talk" of TODAY

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The growth of the two institutions known as Crosley Manufacturing Company and The Precision Equipment Company in the radio field has been phenomenal. The public, recognizing unusual value, has clamored for the products of these two companies. Both institutions have been operated entirely independently of each other, but for various reasons, merger has been effected in the following manner

The name of The Precision Equipment Company, of which Powel Crosley, Jr., was and continues to be President, has been changed to The Crosley Radio Corporation.

An arrangement has been made whereby the business of the Crosley Manufacturing Company in its entirety has been taken over by The Crosley Radio Corporation. Thus many economies will be effected in production, administration, management, advertising, and in many other ways. The same policies will be effective as heretofore, with the same personnel in charge

Believing the Crosley Manufacturing Company and The Precision Equipment Company have each individually been producing more radio receiving sets than any other manufacturer in the world, an idea may be obtained as to the volume of production made possible by uniting the two institutions

The Crosley Radio Corporation now occupies three large plants in the city of Cincinnati, including its own wood working cabinet plant. A fourth plant larger than the present three combined has just been purchased for additional expansion

The products of the Crosley Manufacturing Company have carried the trade name "Crosley"; those of The Precision Equipment Company the trade name "Ace". In the future all products of The Crosley Radio Corporation will bear the trade name "Crosley"

Practically every dependable radio dealer in the United States sells Crosley apparatus; if not, he can get it for you. The success of the name "Crosley" in the radio field is founded upon a well defined policy of producing efficient radio apparatus, simple in construction, in large quantities to be sold at moderate prices, thus thoroughly living up to the Crosley slogan "Better—Cost Less".

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Crosley Model X-J, four tube, incorporating radio frequency	65.00
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(Continued from Page 162)

intended victim? The chances are about nine in ten that he does not. He sails majestically through at full speed and thunders off in the distance. As far as your vision extends he still goes on, straight ahead, tail up, hitting her on all six. His entire mental capacity is wholly occupied with good form in charging. He is like the golfer who gives all his mind to his swing and none at all to his ball. He's forgotten all about you. Soul wholly intent on keeping his tail rigidly erect, his horn at the classic angle for tossing, his snorts properly synchronized with the fall of his front feet, he disappears in a cloud of dust. I dodged one of these purists once and over twenty minutes later he reappeared. He had somehow got turned around—probably by following the breast of a swell of land—and was on the reverse journey. Somewhat winded by now, he was still charging. It was magnificent, but most decidedly it was not war.

But is anyone therefore justified in stating—as I have seen it stated—that a rhino always charges straight through, and that all a man needs is a little elementary dodging ability to escape all danger? No; most emphatically no; and then again not!

Occasionally he forgets his form—or else, like a good golf player, it has become so instinctive that he needs pay no further attention to it. Then he really and sincerely tries to get you, and he displays considerable pertinacity in the attempt. This does not often happen, I admit; but it does happen, and often enough to make the whole rhino business uncertain. I once lay in the grass for over an hour, toasting in the nice hot African sun, waiting for a chance rhino that was between me and what I wanted, to move out. The beast had got a stray scent of me, and he proceeded to quarter the ground as methodically as a bird dog in an effort to locate me exactly.

At first I thought he was merely uncertain and uneasy, but in the sixty minutes following I had plenty of time to watch his actions and to make up my mind that for once he knew quite well what he was doing. I was hoping he would get tired and go away, for I had trailed a fine old buffalo bull for twelve miles or so, and there he was taking his siesta under a thorn bush in plain sight—but beyond the rhino. So I did not want to do any shooting or make any moves if I could avoid it. Sometimes the old fool in his sniffing quest came to within fifteen or twenty yards of where Memba Sasa and I crouched. A dozen times at least I slipped off the safety catch of my double rifle, but each time I slipped it back again as the animal turned in a new direction at the last moment. Finally, when his shadow was almost over us, I had to fire. And there we were fifteen miles from camp, possessed of a rhino we did not want, while the buffalo we did want departed thence at a high rate of speed!

Spoofing a Rhino

Another rhino that showed great persistence was one I encountered at about seventy-five yards out on an open plain. So far from trying to escape his notice, I jeered at him and waved my hat and otherwise indicated my opinion of rhinos in general and himself in particular. The reason I did this was because at that moment I stood on the edge of a perpendicular-sided ravine, about ten feet deep and perhaps twenty feet wide; and that ravine was between the rhino and myself. He challenged the insult and came barging toward me in good classic style. When he perceived the ravine just in front of his nose he stopped—just in time. I did not much care whether his brakes worked or not. In the preceding fortnight I and my *safari* had been charged, or rushed toward—at any rate scared—just forty-nine times by actual count, and I was off rhinos and filled with uncharitable thoughts there-anent. So now I sat me down comfortably and dangled my legs over the edge of the ravine and reviled this rhino and laughed my head off at his baffled and futile rage. He ramped up and down, he pawed the dust, he snorted, he went through the motions of tossing, and he stayed with it for about twenty minutes. There was no question that he wanted to get at me, individually, and that he was willing to expend considerable trouble to that end. At last he suddenly gave it up and went away at a high-headed trot. He was a great satisfaction to me.

Another one came at us from a considerable distance in the rear. Three of us white men, with our three gun bearers, were walking several hundred yards ahead of the rest. This animal ignored the others and came directly at our little group. He had to turn considerably off course to reach us, so there is little doubt we were from the start his original point of aim. My two companions were walking together, but I was a little apart. The footing was very noisy; so noisy that we did not hear shouts of warning from the rear, nor the rhino himself until he was almost on us. For a few moments we had quite a lively battle. He would dash toward me, only to receive a broadside bullet from one of my companions. This would attract his attention in that direction. He would abandon me and rush at the man who had fired. That would give me a chance for a broadside, whereupon he would whirl back at me again. It took twelve bullets to sink him, mainly because the firing was all broadside. No one had a chance to deliver the fatal shot head-on over the top of the horn. Certainly this specimen showed no desire to charge on through.

The great difficulty is that you never can tell. You never can tell either where he is or when he is or how he is. He has a habit of lying down and resembling an ant hill so closely as to fool you completely about a quarter of the time. He is covered with red earth, he humps up into ant-hill shapes, and above all he is completely motionless. I mean really motionless. Most animals, even when holding themselves perfectly still, nevertheless show a flicker of eye or ear, a twitch of skin, even a slight ruffle of fur in the wind. Your eye may not catch this consciously, but subconsciously it registers as an impression of life. The rhino's pig eyes gleam with no intelligence and his tough skin is as still as the enduring rock; so that, in contrast to the others, his impression is of not life. It is astonishing how often even experienced men are deceived. And it is disconcerting to have a portion of the secure landscape suddenly heave itself into a life of snorts and alacrity. We used to classify all humps on the landscape into rhinos and rhinoids—and we learned to distrust them all.

A Plaguy Nuisance

If this is so true—as it is—on the open plain it is increasingly so in high grass and superlatively so in thick brush. After things have heaved up and snorted and crashed around and hurled four tons of diabolic energy within a few yards of you a score or so of times, you begin to get jumpy, however innocent of homicidal intent the majority may have been. You conclude that you are no rhino mind reader; and, though willing to acknowledge that a good man can dodge them, you establish a dead line for rampageous rhinos at about fifteen yards, no matter what their motives may be.

If, indeed, it were always a matter of the open plain one could get along. A sharp eye for both rhinos and rhinoids would do the trick, though that is not invariable insurance. I remember one beast that seemed to have materialized in full career about thirty yards away on a plain flat as your hand, with grass not over two inches high. Subsequent investigation showed that he had been lying in a hollow, unsuspected because the grass in it had grown just long enough to reach the level of the two-inch grass round about.

But in high grass it's the devil, not so much because of actual danger to yourself as because of the demoralizing effect on the men. Indeed, except through accident, there is little danger to yourself. You can duck and dodge in what is ideal cover for the purpose. But a *safari* on the march presents a wide mark. It straggles along single file for a mile or so. If a rhino happens to be down wind he rushes in the general direction of the scent, and he is certain to break through the line somewhere.

Even if he keeps right on going, as he generally does, he leaves panic, consternation, lamentation and damaged loads behind him. At the cry of *faru* every porter promptly dumps down his load and takes to the nearest tree. That does the load no good, and not infrequently the rhino pauses to finish the job on any that happen to be directly in his way.

Now the scattered little trees to be found in this sort of country are armed with straight spiky thorns, not only on the limbs amid the leaves but also on the trunks themselves. With a rhino hard after, your African attains the top unhesitatingly,

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without pause, in two jumps and a wiggle. But coming down in cold blood through all those sharp needles is different. Hence the lamentations. It is vain to point out to these primitive people that the rhino always charges straight through, and that as he can pass but one point in an extended line, it would be sensible to locate him and dodge him in a cool and orderly manner. They believe it better to be a slightly punctured live native than a potentially heavily punctured dead one, and they act on that belief with promptitude and decision.

Nor is their reasoning wholly unjustified. Once in a bad rhino country it happened that the only tree available was a tall and limber specimen a good deal like an exaggerated sapling. It possessed carrying capacity for perhaps ten men. At the cry of *faru* there were at once thirty candidates for the position. Of these about twenty managed to get what you might call a cling hold. The sapling looked like an overloaded switch of a blackberry vine. They clung by hand, by foot, by eyebrow. And the rhino, instead of charging straight through, stopped below and cocked his eye upward. He decided it might be worth while to wait a bit; for the overladen sapling was slowly but surely bending earthward, like a fishing rod, under the weight of its burden. The occasion was urgent, but it was comical. The natives hung on and yelled bloody murder; the sapling creaked and bent, threatening at any moment to give way entirely; the rhino down below, with a relishing eye aloft, made little joyful anticipatory rushes back and forth. Had it not been for the white man and his rifle that rhino would have had an unparalleled opportunity for a flock shot sitting.

In the course of one morning our men were rushed six times. By noon they were so jumpy that they let go all standing if a bird rose in the grass. In that day our only two bottles of whisky were smashed. By night nobody loved rhinos any more.

But it is in the heavy brush that this beast ceases to be merely annoying and a cause of rasped nerves, and becomes really a source of apprehension.

Lone Scouting in Africa

I recall very vividly one afternoon in the high mountains near the northwesterly border of German East Africa. We were traveling a difficult and pathless country; pioneering a way. Our plan of procedure was to march our thirty men and sixty donkeys half a day, and then ourselves to scout ahead in the afternoon, determining a feasible route for tomorrow's journey. Naturally this, with the return trip, meant that we had each day to cover the triple distance; so we took turns at it, and we usually went armed only with a light rifle and unaccompanied by even a gun bearer. The country was very high and rugged. Considerable of it was thick jungle, and considerable more of it was like a dense chaparral resembling that on our Pacific Coast mountains, only worse. We were greatly helped both as to our best route and in getting through cover by the numerous rhinoceros trails, old and new. The rhinoceros is an excellent engineer.

The afternoon in question it was my turn to scout ahead. Leaving the men and my companion camped by a little stream, I climbed over a low spur ridge to find myself overlooking a pocket valley about two miles wide. To the left were high mountains, to the right sheer cliffs, straight ahead a break that looked like a pass. Obviously the only thing to do was to cross the valley. The only difficulty with that was that the floor of the said valley was covered with one of the densest thorn thickets I ever saw. I descended and took a look. A fine broad rhino trail offered itself. This I followed It led in the proper direction. Soon it began to be joined and crossed by numerous other rhino trails. The indications were unmistakable that they were in recent and constant use.

Now I bethought me of several sufficiently obvious things. The thicket was much higher than my head; it was so densely grown that it would sustain the whole weight of my body thrown against it. I was strictly confined to the three-foot width of the trails; as strictly confined as though between brick walls. Suppose a rhino happened to be using his own trail, and suppose he also happened to be going in the opposite direction to myself. I could not give the right of way, and I doubted very much if he would.

Singing for Dear Life

The job had to be done. The only question—should I sneak or should I advertise? I decided on the latter. I wanted every rhinoceros in that valley to know of my presence in ample time to wake up, to think the matter over thoroughly and to come to a decision long before I got there. So, although the sun was terrific, and I was already thirsty and did not feel in the least jocund, I began to sing at the top of my voice. And so the bold knight marched down through the enchanted forest caroling his merry roundelay. Somebody once said that you can always tell a man's age by the tune he whistles when he is preoccupied; he is about twenty years older than that tune. My selections were of After the Ball, Rosie O'Grady, Down Went McGinty vintage. Now you know. I sang them all in rapid succession, without a pause for breath, and my throat ached and my tongue dried in my mouth. But it seems incredible that any beast, even of the most rudimentary intelligence, would willingly remain to listen any longer than he had to. The thought that he might be aroused to murder did not occur to me until afterwards.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding all this, I came around a curve in the trail face on to a rhinoceros. He was sauntering along, lost in his antediluvian thoughts, and apparently the first he knew of me was when we confronted each other. He ought to have his hearing looked after.

While he blew off steam and lowered his horn I did some quick thinking. He was sure to charge; he had a nice narrow groove to direct his efforts; I was in the groove, and I could not possibly get out of it. Furthermore, I was armed with a .30-caliber rifle. I will confess that I honestly believed myself done for. There was only one small chance, and I took it.

Often in the open one can deflect a charging rhinoceros from an undesirable straight line by planting a light bullet in the extreme outside of one shoulder. The beast feels the impact as though from one side and often turns toward where he imagines the thing comes from. The slight flesh wound amounts to nothing. So, though it seemed incredible that this would work

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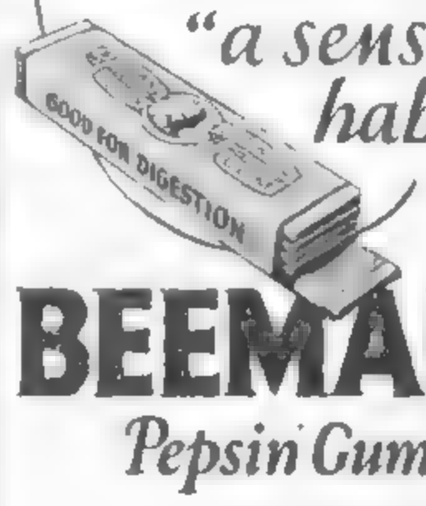

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with me in plain sight, and a dense thicket on either side, I smacked one in on his left shoulder before he had got started. He threw up his head and whirled square across the trail, broadside on, his hind quarters crashing through that impenetrable thicket as though it were grass. I gave him another in the side of the neck. He made another lightning quarter turn. Now he was facing away from me. As fast as I could work the bolt I delivered a kick in the tail to start him on his way. He went, full speed. My only solution of the extraordinary performance was that he was deaf and did not hear me. I went on my way singing, and if I had known any hymns of thanksgiving I certainly should have produced them.

This yarn is an illustration of the fact that a rhinoceros is a bad citizen in thick brush; and also adds strength to the thesis, You Never Can Tell.

Ordinarily in thick country where rhinoceros dwell—they are not found everywhere, and the indications of their presence are easy to read—a man himself carries his heavy double rifle and is ready for emergencies. A five-hundred-grain bullet pushed by eighty grains of cordite is pretty good life insurance even in the brush. It delivers quite a wallop. Indeed, the wallop is not confined entirely to the little end of the gun. A twelve gauge loaded for ducks kicks twenty-six pounds; my double rifle recoils fifty-eight. I found this out once when I sat down to shoot a rhino that had to be killed very dead and immediately. Ordinarily, for close shooting, I like the sitting position. It affords a rest for both elbows against the knees. So I let drive. The rhino—fortunately—went down in a heap. So did I. The back of my head hit the baked earth so hard that I thought my bump of benevolence must be flattened for life. Never again did I shoot that cannon without knowing I was well braced.

One needs steel-head bullets with these fellows. I fired a .22 long-rifle cartridge against a slab of rhino hide. It flattened after penetrating about halfway through the skin. Such a bullet would not affect a rhino as much as a mosquito bite would affect us. All he would get would be the miniature shock from the impact. Having made this discovery, I used to get up rhino fights by hitting one of two with a .22 bullet. He, thinking the prod had come from his companion, would retaliate with his horn. And then they were off. Anything to annoy a rhino. They are difficult to annoy, and they have in their time certainly annoyed me. They have annoyed everybody. The only people who regret that the rhino will be the first of the African big game to disappear is the man who has never traveled in a rhino country. They are admittedly stupid; admittedly their charges are nine times in ten blind rushes; admittedly they can be dodged—and all the rest of it. But they are always potentially dangerous; and they are a nuisance—Lord, what a nuisance!

One fellow tells the tale of one of his men peaceably returning to camp with a coal-oil can full of water on his head. He was suddenly rushed from behind. In his convulsive leap for safety he jumped right out from under that can of water, which fell upon and was impaled over the rhino's horn. The rhino disappeared, taking the Standard Oil can with him, and was never seen again. Now Standard Oil cans are scarce and valuable in Africa. Such things should not be permitted.

So, though because of his general stupidity the rhino cannot be permitted to rival the lion as the Colonel Bogey of dangerous game, we can with a clear conscience award him the hard-point bullet as the prize unexpected nuisance.

Our next discussion will take up such terrible creatures as the grizzly bear, the ravening wolf and the bloodthirsty panther of legend, and the same critters in reality.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. White. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Table of Contents

February 16, 1924

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Not Just Now!—*Roland Pertwee*	8
Hon. Dink O'Day—*Sam Hellman*	10
A Monroe Doctrinaire—*Norval Richardson*	12
Stub—*Captain Dingle*	16
The Clean White Page—*Hugh MacNair Kahler*	20

ARTICLES

U. S. Ships; U. S. Mud—*Garet Garrett*	3
An Elusive Panacea: Sought in the Quagmire of Taxation—*Albert W. Atwood*	14
Antiqueering—*M. L. Blumenthal*	18
Unwritten History—*Cosmo Hamilton*	22
Dangerous Game—The Big Four—*Stewart Edward White*	23
The Sporting Theory of Politics—*Will Payne*	27
The Danger of Europe: The Failure of Civilization—*Philip Gibbs*	36

SERIALS

The Dollar Chasers (In two parts)—*Earl Derr Biggers*	6
Ruin (Second part)—*Ben Ames Williams*	24
Ancient Fires (Fifth part)—*I. A. R. Wylie*	30

MISCELLANY

Editorials	26
Short Turns and Encores	28
The Poets' Corner	44

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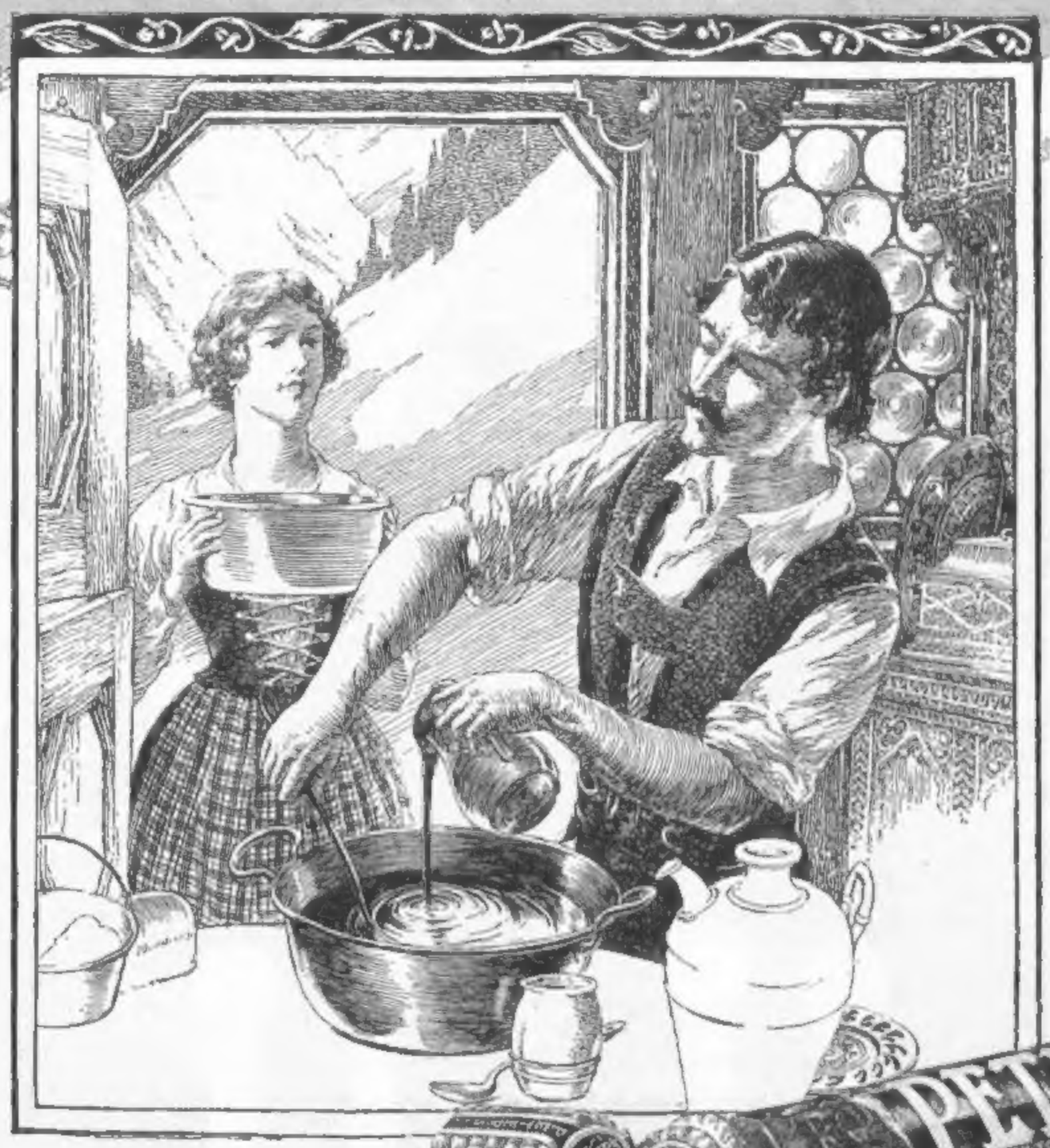

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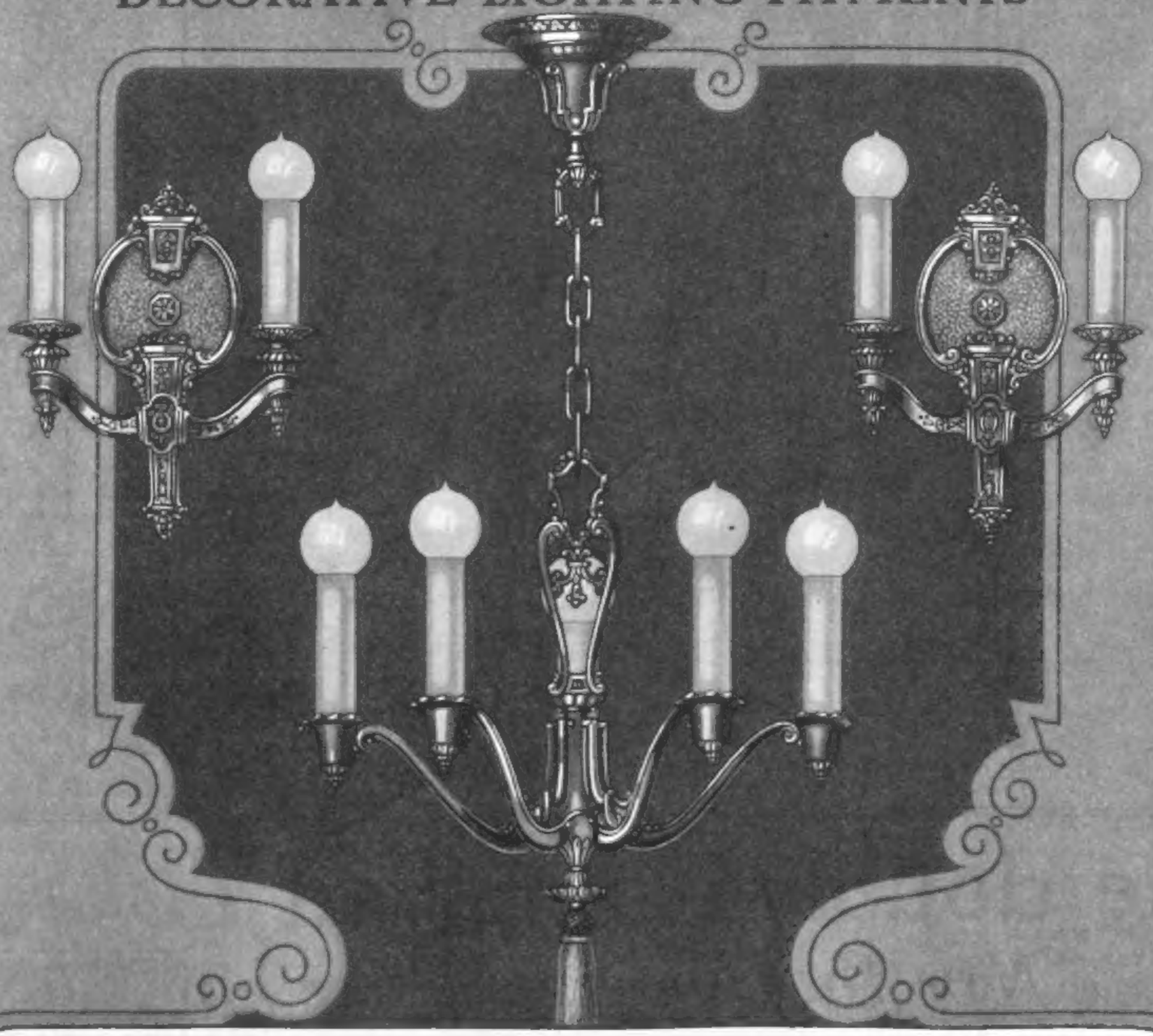

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Why linoleum floors are so desirable

Armstrong's Linoleum is made of cork and linseed oil and burlap. Cork is tough. Linoleum is tough. Both cork and linseed oil are waterproof. Dripping umbrellas and wet soles have no terrors for linoleum. Cork does not splinter. Neither does linoleum. Cork does not stain easily. Neither does linoleum.

Just as soon as your new linoleum floors are laid, give them two thin coats of wax. Not too much wax, but plenty of rubbing, until the wax hardens and takes on a firm polish. That wax is like armor for linoleum floors. Tramping feet never actually touch the linoleum, just as the moving parts of machinery never touch each other because of their protecting oil film. So the wax surface protects linoleum floors. Given a daily brushing with a slightly waxed dust-mop, linoleum actually thrives with use. The wax film becomes harder and richer in tone. Your floor mellows with time.

The linoleum floor, permanently cemented in place over a lining of builders' deadening felt, is practically waterproof, and always smooth and tight

Great telephone companies have demonstrated the actual economies of linoleum floors. Records show that in one large telephone building the entire cleaning, waxing, and labor costs on thousands of square feet of linoleum average about a quarter of a cent per square foot per month.

Inquire about linoleum floors

Look into the matter of linoleum floors for your place of business. Ask your local merchant who sells Armstrong's Linoleum to submit samples of the beautiful designs in plain colors, Jaspés (two-tone effects), tile inlaids, marble inlaids, and parquetry inlaids. Floors of linoleum with a tile, Jaspé, or pattern field and a border of black or some plain color have the appearance of a floor built to fit the room, and are in keeping with the finest appointments for offices, stores, and smart shops. Your architect, contractor, or any good linoleum merchant can give you estimates on the cost of Armstrong's Linoleum, and advise as to laying and care.

Write for a free copy of our 48-page book, "Business Floors," which shows colorplates of the different designs of Armstrong's Linoleum and gives detailed directions for laying Armstrong's Linoleum over concrete or wood.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, *Linoleum Division*, 830 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

Old Dutch goes so far because it's a *natural* cleanser; its fine, flat-shaped particles *erase* dirt easily without grinding it in or scratching the surface. Due to their flat shape they cover more surface.

Millions of housekeepers save time, work and money by using Old Dutch. There's nothing else like it!

Doesn't hurt the hands

Old Dutch is your *greatest* cleaning help because it does so *much* with so little cost and labor, and nothing else can do it so *well.*